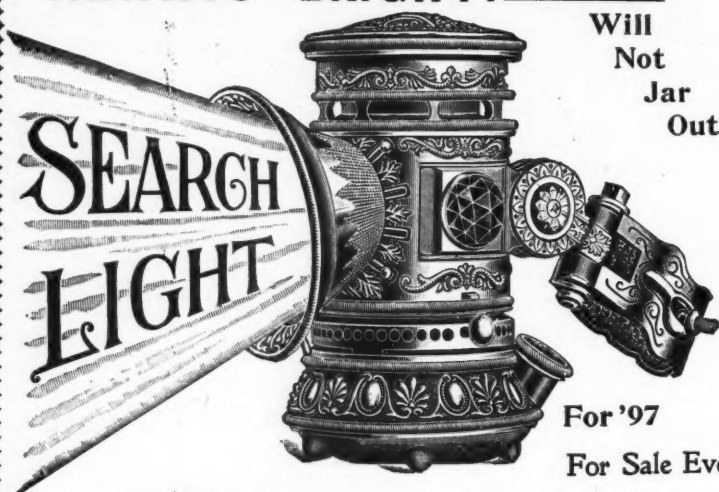


# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE



SEPTEMBER

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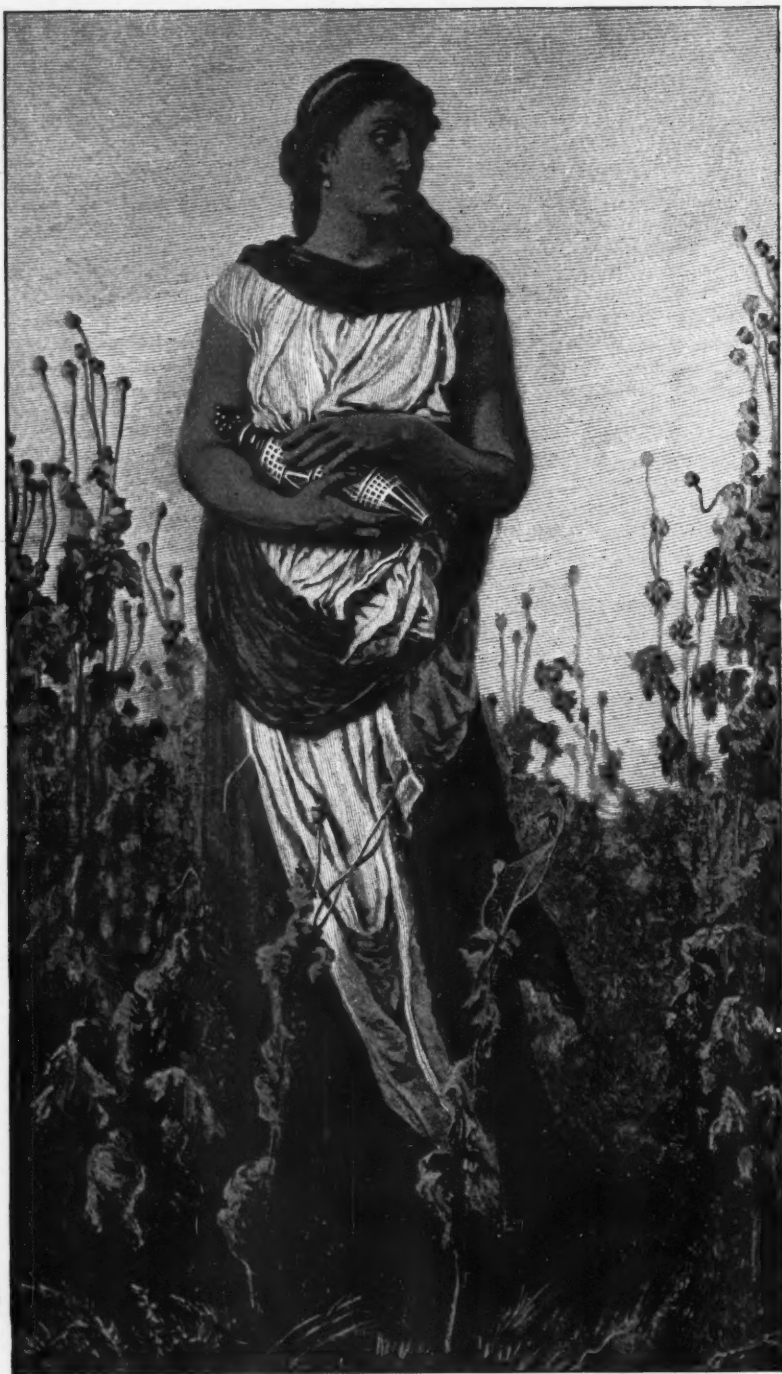








From the collection of the  
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"Memory."  
*From the painting by Eliku Vedder.*

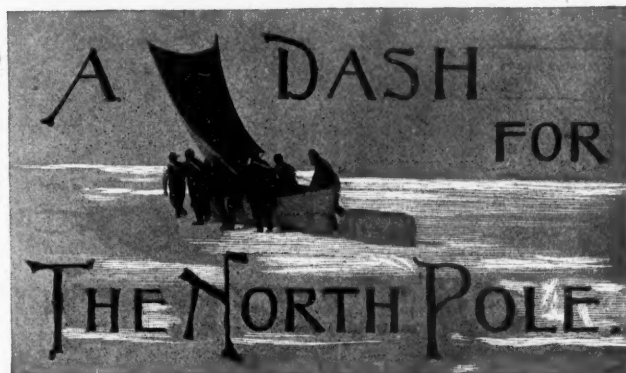
# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

No. 6

Good Progress with Wind and Muscle.



BY WALTER WELLMAN.



**D**ASH for the "North Pole" is now the favorite theory of the Arctic men. The first "dash for the pole" was made by the writer, who is the author of the phrase. Like all previous efforts to reach the spot at which there is no other direction than south, it was a failure. But the experiences of the journey were exceedingly interesting and instructive. It was the first day of May, 1894, that we sailed from the far-northern town of Tromsø, in Norway, for the region of eternal ice and snow. We were aboard the little seal and whaling steamer "Ragnvald Jarl," which in English means the Earl Ragnvald. There were twenty-five of us in all, fifteen belonging to my party and the remainder composing the crew of the ship. We were a rather cosmopolitan crew. Four genuine Americans, Professor French of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, Doctor Mohun, of Washington, Artist Dodge, of the Navy department,

and myself; a Norwegian-American, Mr. Franklin; a young English engineer, Winship; one Swede, and the remainder Norwegians. Our purpose was to make a summer dash for the North Pole over the surface of the frozen sea. To be wholly frank, we scarcely expected to reach the Pole itself, but we did hope to get nearer it than any one had been before.

Spitzbergen was our first destination. The Spitzbergen islands lie to the east of Greenland and to the north of Norway. They are large lands, ice-capped, uninhabited. Not even Esquimaux live there. Spitzbergen has been a whale and seal fishery for two centuries or more. A long time ago the Dutch, the English and the Russians visited its shores in great numbers every summer. Once there was at the Danish island, the northwestern point of the group, quite a summer town. It was composed of rude huts thrown up for the use of temporary inhabitants, all of whom were busy trying out whale oil on the sandy shores. Many died there, and

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their graves are still to be seen. Some remarkable quality of the air of Spitzbergen preserves the remains of dead men for many years, and it is rather a gruesome but exciting experience of latter-day visitors who are not squeamish about such things to open up the graves and see what the Dutchmen of two centuries ago looked like. Spitzbergen reaches as far north nearly as the eighty-first parallel of latitude, which is much farther north than Franklin and the early explorers succeeded in going. The western island, which extends as far north as the eightieth parallel, is every year accessible to ships in July and August, and excursion steamers are now run up there every summer. It is a most beautiful country, with its glaciers and sharp-peaked mountains, but is sadly afflicted with fogs and mists after the middle of July. If one could go in May, as we did, it would be worth the while, but the steamship companies will not risk their vessels till the ice has all run out.

Though we started quite early we were able to push through without much loss of time. May 10th we were at Dane's Island, near the eightieth degree, where there is a house owned by a Mr. Pike, a roving Englishman who sometimes goes up there in July to shoot—when he is not

in India, or South America, or on his Texas sheep ranch. It is in this house that Andree, the Swedish engineer who is trying to reach the Pole by balloon, lived last summer while waiting for the wind which never came. Here he was at last accounts this summer, again waiting for the south wind which he hopes will waft his airship across the Pole. In this house we left ample stores for a winter sojourn,

should we be compelled to remain over. We left a man there to look after the stores. He preferred to remain alone, as indeed he might without danger, for in six weeks the sealers would visit him, and there was nothing to be afraid of, anyway. He had all the good things of life at his command, and plenty of them. But a roving Englishman came that way later in the summer after the ice had run out and made navigation safe, and on his return to civiliza-

tion he set up a hue and cry in the newspapers about the heartless manner in which I had "abandoned" Professor Olen to his fate at Dane's Island! I was actually denounced as little better than a murderer on both sides the Atlantic.

Having advanced in ten days from the electric light, the cable and all the adjuncts of civilization to a point within six hundred miles of the Pole, or farther

north than the early explorers were able to get through years of effort and sacrifice, it might naturally be thought that success was about to crown our efforts. But it was at this point that the Ice King met us and gave battle. He did indeed withdraw his



Mr. Walter Wellman.



Making a Camp on the Ice.



Outdoor Comfort in the Arctic Summer.

forces a few days, long enough to lure us on a stormy journey to the northeast along the north coast till we had arrived within the vicinity of the Seven Islands, just under the eighty-first parallel. Here he came down upon us in all his fury. Here he gave us a taste of the power which he interposes against the rude invasion of his domain by curious man.

Our plan was to put the steamer in safe quarters, to leave her with our sledging parties, to strike out over the frozen sea and see what we could do in the way of a dash Poleward. The ship was finally moored near the rocky coast of Walden island. She was run in behind a projecting ledge of heavy shore-ice which formed a little haven. Here her captain, Mr. Bottolfsen, who was the first man to greet Nansen's "Fram" after she came out of the ice last summer, said the "Jarl" was perfectly safe. Fifteen years had Captain Bottolfsen sailed in Arctic waters hunting the whale and the seal, and there is no better ice navigator than he. Captain Pedersen, my ice-pilot, peace to his ashes (he was killed two years ago upon his

whale ship), said the same thing, and he had been twenty-five years in the ice, starting as a cabin-boy. All the other Arctic sailors on board, and we had plenty of them, said the same thing. But they were all mistaken. Our sledging expedition left the ship May 24th. Three days later, when we were twenty miles away, a messenger overtook us with the sad intelligence that the "Jarl" had been crushed by the ice. A heavy storm from the northwest had come down upon her. It had broken off the massive shore-ice, twenty or thirty feet in thickness, which had been relied upon to protect her. With the irresistible force of miles upon miles of pack, weighing millions upon millions of tons, urged on by the strong wind, the icy masses had driven under the poor little steamer, over her, and through her staunch sides as one would shove a fork through the shell of his breakfast-egg. At the risk of their lives the brave captain and his crew went down into the creaking hold and drew out stores and boxes and coal and cut away timber and saved pieces from the wreck with which to build a hut upon the shore.

I left the sledge party and went back to the wreck, travelling on skis in the face of a bitter northwest storm. After consultation with Captain Bottolfsen I decided to go on with the sledge journey, trusting to finding a sealing sloop at the edge of the ice on our return from the north. For ten days the "Jarl" remained afloat, held up by the ice. Then the wind shifted, the ice moved off, and the crushed hull sank to the bottom of the sea.

That northwest storm played havoc with our plans in more ways than one. In addition to wrecking our steamer it piled the ice up along the coast in frightful confusion. Just as we were ready to leave the land and take to the frozen surface of the sea the storm came on and made the road impassable. For weeks we hunted along the coast for a place where the ice might be practicable. We found it not. At various points we sallied forth, wallowing about in the slush and sludge, breaking our backs trying to lift the boats and sledges over hummocks and irregular pieces, only to meet with defeat. Had we once been able to get across the belt of pressed-up ice near the shore and to have advanced twenty or thirty miles out to sea beyond the region of pressure, we might have done something. But the fates were against us, and he is a fool who in Arctic work or anything else butts his brains out against a stone wall. Along the coast we found much smooth ice, but whenever we attempted to move northward we encountered the same indescribable mass, large pieces and small, lying in all sorts of shapes, now twenty feet above the water's level, now a hole full of small loose pieces, the debris of the pack, neither solid nor fluid, not fish and not fowl. In such stuff we could not move a mile a day.

Though we succeeded in getting only a little beyond the eighty-first degree of north latitude we had experience enough to enable us to realize what Arctic work is. For several weeks we

were toiling along in bay ice, where the tides ripped through and kept the mass in constant motion. One moment some of us would be down in the sea up to our shoulders, but hanging to the drag-ropes our companions would pull us out and we would go along as if nothing had happened. After a day or two of this sort of experience a man thinks no more of a bath in ice water than he does of his morning dip in his tub at home.

The first ice bath of the journey was taken by the writer early in June. We had been away from the ship some two weeks, and up to this time had been compelled to melt ice for drinking water and cooking purposes. But by this time the rays of the sun were becoming warmer and warmer, and fresh water began to form in little pools on the surface of the ice. One day, as we stopped for mid-day lunch, a large pool of water was seen near by. It was fresh water formed in an opening between two over-running floes which did not quite meet and therefore left a pit eighteen inches deep. It was really a natural bath-tub, with ice for the floor and ice all round for the walls, and the water within it looked very inviting to the civilized man who had not had a dip for a fortnight as it glistened and sparkled in the sunlight. I undressed in the snow and slid into the pool. The temperature of the air was about 28, and of the water about 33, but the only disagreeable thing about it was the few steps in



The "Ragnvald Jarl" crushed by ice.

the soft snow that I had to take before sliding into the water. The bath itself was really enjoyable, though of course one did not care to stay in more than five minutes. Not to be outdone by an American, Juell, one of my Norwegian athletes, stripped off his clothing and took a dip with me. Later on several of us enjoyed a bath in the sea, diving off an iceberg where a seal was disporting himself in the water, and great was his astonishment at seeing these two-legged creatures invading his domain.

num boat, when three or four walrus came snorting around us. They swam after the boat, dived under it, and came up again and again within ten feet of us, their little round eyes blazing with excitement and astonishment. Once we thought a big fellow was going to attack us, and some of the men wanted to shoot him. But I knew what a troublesome customer a walrus bull is likely to be when wounded, and did not care to take the chances of having a boat stove in by one of his ugly tusks. Besides, we had no



Sledging a Bear-skin to the Ship.

Curiosity is the predominating characteristic of the animals of the Arctic. The seal, walrus, reindeer, and above all the ice bear, want to see and to know everything that is going on about them. It is often a fatal impulse. If there are seal anywhere about where men are they will swim as near to their human visitors as they dare, bobbing their noses up out of the water every few minutes, looking about for a brief instant with eager eyes. The walrus is perhaps even more curious than the seal. One day we were boating through a little pool of water in an alumi-

ned for the big creature's carcass, which it would have been difficult to save had we shot him, for the walrus sinks as soon as the life leaves his body. After following and inspecting us with their uncanny eyes for an hour or so these fellows made off, and we heard them roaring and grunting for a long time afterward.

The reindeer is very curious, too. We came upon one herd of about fifteen, and nice, sleek and fat they were. They were easy to bag. They had never seen man, and did not know that these strange bipeds were the deadly enemy of all animal

kind. So they stood still to be shot. One could go up to them almost as easily as one could approach a cow in the fields. One day a couple of nice deer walked right into camp, and it was kind of them to save us the trouble of hauling our meat to pot. No one knows how good reindeer meat is till he secures a supply after having lived for several weeks on ship's bread and canned and desiccated foods. We used to get up in the middle of the night to go out and roast ourselves steaks by the camp-fire.

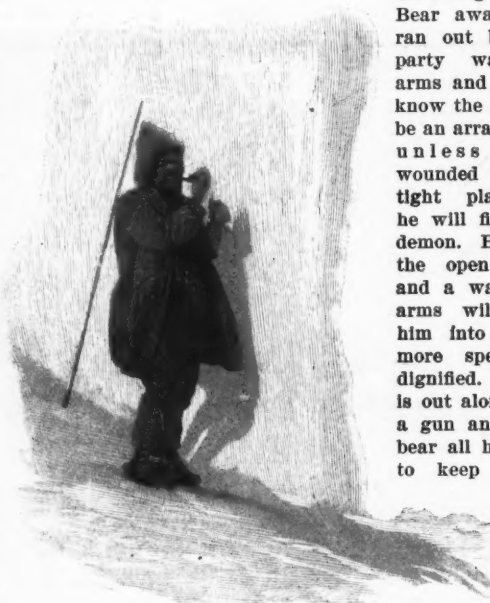
The most curious of all Arctic animals is the ice-bear. Time and again we had a bear walk into camp and get a bullet or two for his pains. Nature was unkind to the polar bear in one very important particular. She placed him in a region of eternal ice and snow, where the sun glitters and glistens during the summer, blinding his eyes, and failed to give him optical orbs that can endure the strain. Man knows how to protect his eyes by the use of snow glasses or veils. The dog's eyes, at first becoming sore, soon develop a secondary film which leaves their vision practically as good as before. Other Arctic animals appear to possess the same advantage, but the ice-bear goes nearly blind as soon as the summer's sun gets high in the heavens. He is then forced to depend almost entirely upon his sense of smell, and of course this is wonderfully developed. If there is a bear within several miles of a sledge party you may be sure his keen nostrils will detect the strange scent and lead him to the spot. If one burns a bit of blubber it will attract the bear from a distance of ten or twelve miles to leeward. We killed in all thir-

teen ice-bear, and found their flesh very palatable, especially the young ones.

I was reading the other day how Payer and his men in Franz Josef Land saw a bear coming toward them. They made a barricade of their sledges and ranged themselves behind it, three or four of them armed with rifles, and in a state of considerable excitement awaited the coming of the enemy. Payer and his men were not cowards, but they did not understand ice-bear. Any one of them could

have frightened Mr. Bear away had he ran out before the party waving his arms and yelling. I know the ice bear to be an arrant coward, unless he is wounded and in a tight place. Then he will fight like a demon. But out in the open a shout and a wave of the arms will frighten him into a retreat more speedy than dignified. If a man is out alone without a gun and meets a bear all he needs is to keep his wits

about him. It is easy enough by a hostile movement to



A Cool Smoke.

frighten the creature away, but the minute you stop rushing at him and turn to go your way he will turn, too, and follow you till you repeat your tactics and become again the aggressor. Over and over again this must be done till you reach camp.

The ice-bear's curiosity is so great that he likes to stick his snout into your tent or boat. He rummages everything he gets hold of. He breaks open all packages and tins that fall in his way, and when he gets a good chance makes a frightful wreck of a camp or tent. The ice-bear lives on the seal, and in catching the seal



he is a great adept. One day we watched a bear for an hour while he was trying to capture a fat seal which was sunning himself near his hole in the ice. The bear first went around to the leeward, so that the seal might not smell him, for the nose of the seal is as keen as that of the bear himself. Then he hid himself behind a hummock of ice and peered out from its corner to see if his prey was still there and quiet. With remarkable skill he passed from behind one ice hummock to another,

all the time getting nearer and nearer his victim. At length he came so close that he did not dare walk, but lay flat on his belly and pushed himself along with his hind legs. Coming still nearer to the sleeping seal, the hungry bear adopted a ruse which shows that in his big white skull there is brain enough to do a little reasoning. Realizing that though all of his body but his nose is white, and not easily discerned against a background of ice and snow, his snout is very black and therefore likely to be detected by the seal, because of the contrasting color, what did the bear do but place one of his white paws over his black nose and push himself nearer and nearer his dinner? When within thirty or forty feet of the seal the bear made a mighty bound or two, clearing a hummock of ice, and pounced with great fury upon the spot where the seal had been only a moment before. But by this time the wary seal had plunged into his hole and was safe in the depths of the sea. Nothing could exceed the rage of the bear. He thrust his nose far down the seal-hole. He belched and tore at his fur with his claws. He picked up pieces of ice and threw them high in the air. He was simply beside himself with anger and disappointment. Finally he wandered away, reluctantly turning now and then to look regretfully at the hole through which his dinner had escaped. Coming upon a nice pool of fresh water he evidently con-



Hut built on Walden Island from portions of the Wrecked Ship.

cluded that if he could not dine he could at least enjoy the luxury of a bath, and when we started away on our journey the bear was wallowing in the pool apparently well content with his lot in life and himself.

The Arctic summer is delightful. Most people imagine it is always bitter cold in the far north. But the coldest weather we saw in our whole summer was eleven Fahrenheit above zero, and that was 'n May. Of course the winter is another story, though the cold of an Arctic winter has been much exaggerated in the popular mind. The chief difference between the Arctic and the northern part of Minnesota in winter is that farther north the cold is steady and continuous. After May we found the temperature ranging all the time about the freezing point, rarely much below or much above. The hottest moment was at two o'clock one morning, when the mercury climbed up to 58. Of course the sun was as high at that hour as it is with us at three in the afternoon. We worked most of the time in our shirt-sleeves, and with bare hands. At night it was often too warm to sleep in the reindeer sleeping bags, and so we would lie on top of them with only a blanket over us. More than once have I dropped down right on the snow, clad only in ordinary woollen garments, and taken a nap after luncheon, basking in the warm sunlight. This so far up on the top of the earth that the distance around the globe is only

thirty-six hundred miles. The early part of the Arctic summer is pleasant. Later on the fogs and mists, caused by the enormous evaporation of ice and snow under the twenty-four-hour sun, are rather cheerless and trying. It is always cold in the Arctic when the wind blows.

Notwithstanding the comfortable temperature of summer, that is not the season for Arctic sledging. The ice is too much broken up, the snow too soft and "heavy." Sledges run hard. Spring or autumn, when there is light enough and great cold, is the true sledging season. We had one of the best equipments ever put in the field. Our aluminum boats were light and strong. They withstood all manner of knocking about. The salt of the sea had some little effect upon the metal, but not enough to damage them. For a journey extending over more than one year I would not recommend aluminum, as in time the metal disintegrates from the action of salt. Our sledges were so constructed that they could at any time go into the water, and it was very fortunate for us that they were, as we had to flounder about both in the salt sea and in the fresh water that formed upon the surface of the floes. Our food was stored in water-tight cases large enough to give displacement sufficient to float the whole load, and in this particular we had a distinct improvement upon all former sledging outfits. If Doctor Nansen had had such sledges he could have done even better work during his famous ice journey.

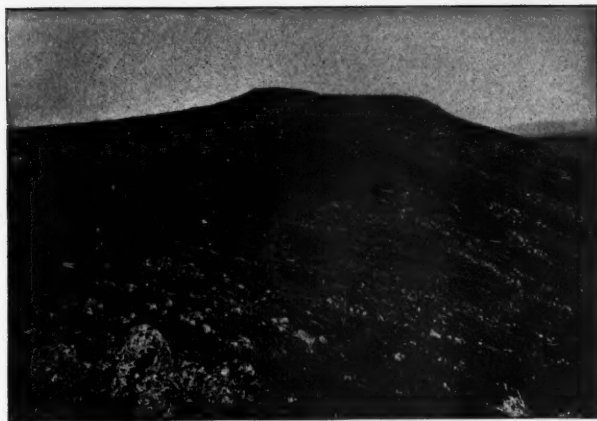
After searching in vain for a practicable road to the north we were reluctantly compelled to turn back. On our return journey to Walden Island we found many long leads of fresh water about eighteen inches or two feet deep. Through these we waded day after day, occasionally breaking through the floor of rotten ice underneath into the sea, and thus being wet from morning till night. But the boats and sledges floated along and it was much easier to drag them in water than upon the surface of the snow. Now and then the wind was favorable, and then we put up sails to help us along with our burdens.

We reached Walden Island in safety, and found a part of the crew of the "Jarl"

living there in the hut which they had built out of the wreck of the steamer. Captain Bottolfsen and three men had taken our little aluminum boat, only fourteen feet long, and gone south over ice and farther down through the stormy sea to Dane's Island. They were looking for a sealing sloop to come and take us away. Before they could carry out their mission we broke camp, took the heavy wooden boat saved from the ship, together with our light aluminum craft, dragged them over ice to the open water which by this time had come up to within ten miles of us, made our way by dint of sail, paddle and occasional dragging some eighty miles to the south, and there had our hearts gladdened by the sight of a small fleet of sloops at the edge of the heavy ice. One of these we chartered and in her returned to Dane's Island, picking up Professor Olen and the stores left there, and then back to Tromsø, where we arrived two days after Captain Bottolfsen had sailed with a sloop after us.

At Tromsø we learned, greatly to our surprise, that reports to the effect that our steamer had been crushed and all our party lost had been published all over the world. These reports had their origin at a time when we were hundreds of miles beyond the nearest human being, and of course were purely guess-work. The rumor-makers guessed correctly as to the loss of the steamer, but not as to the loss of life. Only one man was injured in our expedition. Mr. Alme, the meteorologist, broke a bone in his foot and had to be carried several weeks on boat or sledge, but he was well before reaching home. One of the strangest things in connection with Arctic work is the manner in which rumors concerning the fate of a party start up and are given more or less credence throughout the world.

The glamour of the Arctic is cast over every man who visits the region of eternal ice and snow. Few travellers in those cheerless but fascinating climes return to their homes without resolving some time or other to brave again the no-thoroughfare edict of the Ice King. The race for the Pole, now resolved into a "dash" at a promising hour from a proper base of departure, is as fierce as ever before. He will be a lucky man who wins it.



Mount of Beatitudes.  
From a photograph.

## CHRIST AND HIS TIME\*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

### THE KINGDOM OF GOD

The Sermon on the Mount—Jesus Heals the Centurion's Servant—Jesus Meets a Funeral Procession from Nain—The Message of John to Jesus—Anointed by a Woman who was a Sinner.

MARVELLOUS were his works of healing but the words of teaching that now fell in simple earnestness from his lips were infinitely more wonderful. Newer than the morning, clearer than the light, sweeter than wild music, broader than the over-arching skies, deeper than the blue of heaven, more natural than breathing, flowed forth that divine discourse from the soul of the Saviour, the very truth and spirit of Heaven, clothed in the familiar forms of earth, that those listeners and that we, might understand. This sermon is not the sum of Christ's teaching, not the whole of the Gospel of Jesus, but whether we view it as a moral system, as an ethical code, as the "full delineation of the ideal man of God," or as the principles and laws of a Heavenly kingdom, it is infinitely new, beautiful and comprehensive.

But the Sermon on the Mount is more

than a moral system, than a code of ethics, than a picture of the ideal man of God, than the principles and laws of the Kingdom of God; it is a description of the Kingdom of God. It is not the laws and principles of this Kingdom, it is what this Kingdom of God is. And yet it is more than a description of the Kingdom; for to the listeners who believed and received, it became, indeed, the very Kingdom itself.

In its ultimate conception the mission of Jesus was to establish upon earth, in the hearts of His believers, the Kingdom of God. He came, not to describe an ideal condition, but to establish an ideal reality; not to "found a school, but a Kingdom; not to propound a system, but to institute a fellowship." Other teachers have conceived lofty and beautiful ideals for society—though none of their conceptions, even those of Plato and Mahomet, have been without serious limitations and grievous errors—but Jesus actually es-

\* Christ and His Time was begun in November, 1896.

tablished a society, a reality, infinitely more lofty and beautiful and inclusive than the defective and yet unattainable ideal of any other teacher.

As the establishment of the Kingdom of God in the hearts of men, was the supreme purpose of Jesus, all He said and did was with reference to the Kingdom. It is from the point of view of the Kingdom that we must see the whole life of Christ, and in terms of the Kingdom interpret all His teaching. His ethical teaching is of the greatest importance, but as Professor Bruce so clearly says, the ethics of Jesus are the ethics of the Kingdom, "the laws by which its subjects are to govern their lives." His teachings regarding sin and Himself as man's Saviour, are of still greater, are of supreme importance, but the "doctrine of salvation only shows the way by which men enter into the Kingdom."

It is with this thought of the Kingdom before us that we must study the Sermon on the Mount, and in order to appreciate the most of its heavenliness we should place ourselves in the position of those in the multitude who heard it the day it was spoken by the Master; that is, we should contrast it with the teachings of the Rabbis current at that time. We have always lived in a world made light and warm and beautiful by these words of Jesus, and they have grown so familiar to us that we no longer wonder at them—as we cease to wonder at the miracle of springing leaf and opening blossom, after the procession of the flowers has been passing us for months and the asters of autumn have arrived. Let us mingle with that Rabbi-taught multitude as one of them, and listen for the first time to these words of Jesus—though only their barest outline can be attempted here.

Matthew, we believe has reported the sermon in full, as it was delivered, in Chapters V., VI., VII., of his Gospel; while Luke has given us only a careful extract of the sermon, using other parts of it in various connections throughout his Gospel. Following here the lead of Edersheim, we find in the three chapters of the sermon by Matthew, three aspects of the Kingdom of God: First, in Chapter V., the Kingdom as the natural successor of the Theocratic Kingdom of Moses; secondly, in chapter VI., the king-

dom as a progression upon the old in the sense that it is purely inward and spiritual and no longer legal and outward; thirdly, in Chapter VII., the Kingdom as universal; not any longer national and Jewish.

The sermon begins with a series of ten Beatitudes; not ten stern and rigorous commandments, delivered, amid darting lightnings and crashing thunders, and wreathing smoke-clouds, by the Unseen Presence, upon a rent and flame-wrapped mountain, as the "fiery Law" of a people that lay prostrate in terror while the awful blast of the trumpet shakes the earth; but ten infinitely rich and precious promises, delivered to a charmed and eager multitude, sitting upon green and flower-studded slopes, under a smiling sky, by a loving human-divine Teacher and King, as the sublime outline sketch and character of His Kingdom, open to them all.

This contrast between the delivery of the Law and the Sermon, is no more striking than the absolute contrariety between the Kingdom as Jesus now presents it, and the contemporary Jewish teaching. The knell of popular Jewish hopes for the Kingdom was sounded with the first Beatitude. There was nothing national in that promise; it was world-wide. And with the Beatitudes was swept away the principle of "good works" underlying the hollow Jewish religion. There was to be no merit system in the Kingdom. The poor in spirit were to receive the Kingdom; they that mourn were to be comforted; not *because* they were poor in spirit, not as a reward for mourning, but because the Kingdom is a gift to all men, with grace sufficient for every need. And its subjects, who should thus be kept and lighted by the Kingdom, were to preserve and light the whole world.

This closes the introduction of the sermon, the outline of the Kingdom. But this Kingdom was the one promised of old to Israel, and what is its relation to theocracy of Moses? Not a new Kingdom, but the old continued and universalized. Jesus had not come to destroy the Law. Law was eternal; founded on eternal principles of right and wrong, and heaven and earth could be swept away more easily than a fraction of that Law. Jesus came to fulfil the Law by being the first to keep it perfectly; to fulfil it by re-



The Sermon on the Mount.  
From the painting by Gustav Doré.

vealing its infinite truth and universalizing its cogency, and by imparting to all men, through faith in Him, power to keep it as He kept it. Thus the "Law came through Moses; but grace and truth by Jesus Christ."

The Law is eternal and must be kept now in a much realer sense than the Scribes and Pharisees keep it, for said He, "except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." And with this transition there follows to the end of the chapter a detailed criticism and interpretation of the Law. This is Christ's literal interpretation of the Law, and how it differs from the bare, narrow literature of

the Scribes! Stripping them of everything external, He reveals the real spirit of the Commandments. Murder, adultery and perjury are traced home to the heart, and the spirit that prompts them is condemned as the real breach of the Law. The law of retaliation and revenge was to give place to a spiritual law of pity, patience and forbearance, that should rule the heart; while the law of love was made absolutely universal, for all men were the children of one Father, whose love was as wide as His world. In short the children of the Kingdom were to be in all points touching the spirit of the Law, perfect as their Father was perfect.

In the next chapter, the "criticism is carried deeper," and the question is not



what constitutes merely keeping the Law, but what constitutes *real* "piety, spirituality and sanctity." To illustrate the true spirit of the Kingdom Jesus shows the motives that underlie real almsgiving, prayer and fasting. The externalism of the Pharisees in these three leading features of their religion is shown, and this contrasted with the modesty and secrecy which ought to attend these acts. But more than this, even modesty and secrecy are not enough; a deep underlying motive must prompt to these actions, and that motive must not be the thought of merit and the Pharisaic desire for earthly reward, but the motive of pure love to God, by which almsgiving, prayer and fasting are the natural results of an absolute surrender, a complete self-dedication to the Father. This is the true righteousness of the Kingdom; to seek this must be the sole care of men henceforth, for with righteousness will come all other needed things.

In this next chapter we have a picture of the Kingdom in its external aspects. First, the Kingdom is universal. Men might seek to circumscribe it, by casting out all who did not conform to their ways and beliefs but it was not for men to say who should or should not enter; secondly, the Kingdom could not be "extended by external means," by the sword and outward force, but must grow in response to men's desires as the gift of God; thirdly, men could not be forced into the Kingdom; not even God could make men members against their wills; they must enter by personal effort and self-denial. And finally, it was not by words or forms of those who preached the truths and professed to live by the spirit of the Kingdom, that we should know them as real members, but by the vital fruits of their lives. And then, concluding His great sermon, He said, whoso enters into this Kingdom is like a wise man who builds his house upon such a solid foundation, that neither rain nor flood, nor wind can undermine or blow it down.

"And it came to pass when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at His doctrine; for He taught them as one having authority and not as the Scribes." No! never man spake as this Man, for His authority was not that

of a scribe and teacher, but of a Saviour and King.

#### JESUS HEALS THE CENTURION'S SERVANT.

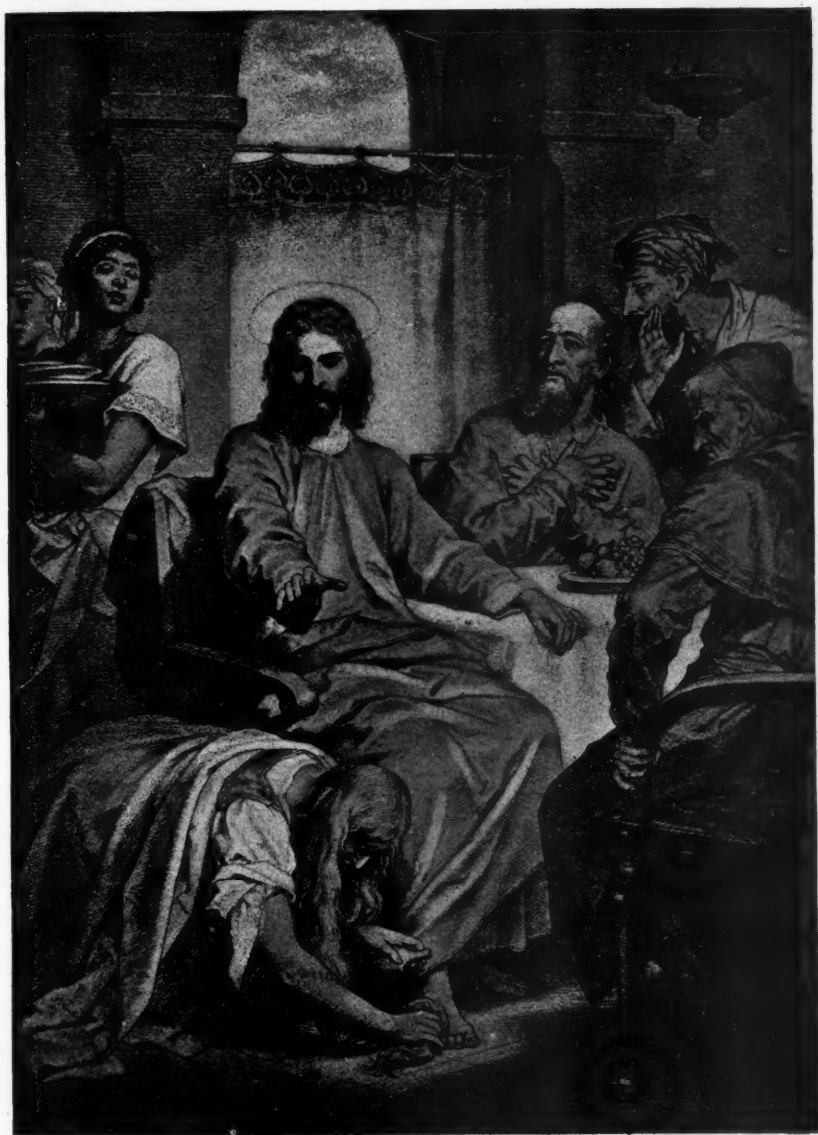
After the Sermon, Jesus with His new Apostles, returned to Capernaum, followed by a large part of the multitude, who rarely let Him escape from their sight during these days of popularity. The hostility of the Scribes had not yet affected even the Jewish elders of Capernaum, as we see from the event which followed directly upon the return to the town; and the common people attended Him with increasing numbers and still heard him gladly.

He was now constantly besieged. After a day of incessant activity and a long night of prayer, followed by a morning of healing and teaching, Jesus was worn and exhausted, but so persistent and pressing were the multitudes that neither He, nor His disciples, found time for rest and sleep, nor even time to eat. So unremitting were His labors, so consuming His zeal, so exalted His spirit, that His friends had begun to fear for His health; and now, when they learned the whole truth about the activity of these last hours they thought His zeal had at last overbalanced His reason. They thought Him beside Himself and came out to Him in the streets to take Him by force from the people and His toil.

These "friends" were not the same as His "brethren and Mother" mentioned a little later by Mark, as coming to take Jesus away; for the solicitude of these latter was from a different cause, as we shall see hereafter; but both incidents show us the same picture of Jesus' extreme activity, His burning fervor and deep love, so inexplicable to all, especially to those who had lived for thirty quiet years with Him in humble, obscure Nazareth.

As He was entering Capernaum this day (Matthew follows no chronological order here, but groups the miracles as he groups the sayings and parables of Jesus, guided by unity of subject) a deputation of Jewish elders met Him in behalf of a centurion, whose servant had been seized with paralysis.

These elders were the rulers of the synagogue, the chief men and magistrates of



The Sinner Anointing the Feet of Christ.  
*From the drawing by Hofmann.*

Capernaum, and that they should come on a mission of entreaty for a Roman centurion, of all men the one they would naturally most hate, almost shocks our belief in the truth of the narrative until we hear their needed explanation. Though he is the commander of the Roman garrison in their town, this centurion is in sympathy with the Jews, and has even so far learned to reverence the God of Israel as to build with magnificent liberality a synagogue for Capernaum.

The ruins of this very synagogue (See National Magazine, April, page 21). Are to be seen today, lying in a broken heap upon the site of ancient Capernaum, still attesting in their rich carvings the munificence of the centurion. The accounts of this healing in Matthew and Luke differ in detail, for Matthew originally told the story for Jewish readers, while Luke told it for Gentile readers; but the great essentials remain the same in both gospels.

This deep concern for a mere slave, at a time when slaves were treated no better than beasts, shows us the centurion as a man of rare feeling and unusual morality. Jesus at once started for his home, but before reaching there the centurion sent out other friends to intercept Him, begging Him not to trouble to come, for it was not fit that He should enter so unworthy a roof, but to merely speak the word and his servant would be healed; for as an officer he knew his own commands would be instantly obeyed and he believed even in the authority of the word of Jesus to heal.

His was a Gentile home and unclean, and so unfit for so great a Jew as Jesus; and he was a Gentile, and so unworthy so great an honor as a visit from Jesus. Such were the humble feelings of the centurion. But what were these than the very spirit of the Beatitudes? Here indeed was one who met the conditions of entrance, to whom the Kingdom of God must be thrown open; and marvelling at the simple faith, the real humility of the blunt soldier, and that this first to claim the Kingdom, should have been a Roman soldier, rather than a Jewish Rabbi, Jesus speaks the word of power and the centurion's prayer is answered.

At the side of the Master there stood that deputation of Jewish elders and a number of followers who, now, had not

only heard the Sermon on the Mount, but had seen its application. It was an opportunity for Jesus. Turning to them, and inverting one of their own favorite passages, Jesus pointed a lesson from this Roman's faith that stung and startled them, for it was in absolute contrariety to their Jewish claims and beliefs. "Many shall come from the east and the west [Gentiles]," He said, "and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven; but the sons of the Kingdom [the Jews] shall be cast forth into outer darkness."

They were expecting an outward kingdom for Jews only; Jesus brought an inward Kingdom for Jews and Gentiles, whose entrance was by faith; whose bond of fellowship was the kinship of spirit.

#### JESUS MEETS A FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM NAIN.

About twenty-five miles south-west of Capernaum on the western slopes of Little Hermon can be seen to-day a few squalid huts of mud and stone upon the ruins of what once was a city of considerable size, with walls and gates. This grovelling hamlet is all that remains of the ancient city of Nain—"the pleasant." In the time of our story Nain was entitled to its fair name. The wide prospect of mountain and plain was a repetition, with varying features, of that glorious Galilean landscape which rolled away from the ridge behind Nazareth. From the heights of Nain, Nazareth lay a few miles to the west; the beautiful leafy slopes of Tabor to the north; Endor might be seen to the right; while the Plain of Jezreel ran wide on the south.

It was the day after healing the Centurion's servant, that Jesus, with a great following, started in the early morning for Nain, to begin His second circuit of preaching among the Galilean synagogues.

The long summer twilight was falling as the multitude climbed the rocky road before the gate of Nain. They had nearly reached the wall when the wailing of women was borne to them on the still air, and forth from the gate issued a funeral procession. Leading the sad company came the funeral orator telling the good deeds of the dead; and behind him the mourning women, chanting in wild

strains their song of sorrow, timed to the tinkle of cymbals and the notes of the flute. The body in an open wickerwork coffin followed the women, and was carried by relays of friends, who walked with bare feet. Behind the bier came the relatives, and the reverent multitude that had risen up one by one as the procession passed them, or turned as it met them and followed it to the cemetery—the "house of eternity."

Above the lamentations of the regular mourners was heard a shrill cry of more than usual bitterness and woe. It was needless to tell Jesus that such a wail could come only from a mother's heart. But there was still a deeper anguish in that cry. We cannot understand the fulness of its pathos, for we hardly know what it means to be not only a Jewish mother, but a Jewish widow and her dead an only son.

The two processions had come nearer and Jesus saw the mother before the bier, her outer garment rent in grief, weeping, as she led him to the grave, who was the light of her life and her only support. Should His joyous, happy procession give way and let this company of sorrow and despair move on? Could Jesus the Prince of Life, meet Death and let him with his train of woe pass unchallenged? even turn and follow him as a victor is followed, to his triumph—the grave? Hastening a step forward in response to the irresistible appeal of want and woe, He said to the mother, with infinite com-

passion, "Weep not," and putting forth His hand He touched the open coffin, as He had touched the leper, and the bearers stood still. The wailing ceased. A hush of dread and awe fell upon the multitude, and in that silence, spake the Master, calmly but with a divine authority



Jesus Heals the Centurion's Servant.

that thrilled every heart: "Young man, arise!"

It was the Son of God, through Whom all things were made, in Whom is life and light, that spake, and His command was heard in that other world. The young man sat up; he spake; and Jesus, the giver of life, gave him back to his mother. As we are suddenly awakened from the realm of bright dreams, and in waking forget what we have seen and where we

have been, so from that spirit world the young man was recalled as though from dreamful sleep.

It is little wonder that fear took hold on all; that they glorified God, exclaiming: "A great prophet is arisen among us; and God hath visited His people;" and that the report of this greatest deed went hurrying over all Judæa and the region round about, until it reached even the ears of John the Baptist, imprisoned behind the gloomy walls of the far-off fortress of Machærus!

#### THE MESSAGE OF JOHN TO JESUS.

The domains of Herod Antipas included the province of Galilee west of the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, and the province of Peræa, east of the Jordan and south of the Sea of Galilee. Peræa was a narrow strip of territory extending from Pella on its northern boundary to the citadel town of Machærus, guarding the southern boundary on the edge of Arabia.

In the keep of this heavy-walled fortress, Machærus, John had been imprisoned since early spring. He had incurred the deep hate of Herodias, the adulterous wife of Antipas, and the degenerate Tetrach, incited by her and played upon by the plotting Pharisees, had thrown John into the dungeon, in order to still the fearless, accusing tongue of the Baptist, and to keep him where there could be no possibility of his raising a revolution among the people. Here he had lain, waiting these many months, sustained by the great hope that Jesus, Whom he believed to be the Promised Messiah, would somehow, by His almighty power, now restore the Kingdom of David, and sit upon David's throne the Ruler and Arbiter of all nations.

But the long, dark days dragged on; reports of wonderful words and wonderful works came to the eager ears in the gloomy cell; yet no sign of the restoration of Israel for which his intense spirit so deeply yearned; and as he waited he grew weary and weak. His faithful followers came and went between Capernaum and Machærus, bearing news of all Jesus did and said, but with the defection of hope deferred, chafed by his chains, weakened by inactivity and the loss of light and air, and preyed upon by solitude and the foul fends of dungeon dark and damp, John

began to despair, his vision clouded, and doubt commenced to gnaw into his brave believing breast. Had he made a mistake? Would the Christ do the things this Jesus was doing? Could such reports be ever said of the real Messiah? Could the Son of God, for Whom he had so long waited, upon Whom the spirit of God had descended, and the voice of Heaven pronounced benediction, spend His time in these evil days eating and drinking with publicans and sinners, while the world cried in woe and want and His own Prophet lay dying in a dungeon?

It was natural; it was no less than we should expect even in John the Baptist. Moses had faltered; Elijah had wrapped his face in his mantle and retreated in fear to a cave; but John, greater than Moses and Elijah, was also tried by a hotter fire, and this weakness now is only little less than superhuman. To him, in the midnight of the prison, in the black shadow of horrible, hovering death, his whole life seemed worse than a failure. His years of self-denial, of burning zeal, of fierce, convicting, converting preaching, had brought him only a dungeon as reward; a dungeon and death at the hand of a woman, worse than a Jezebel; his power, so lately shaking all Palestine, was fettered with cankering chains; his innumerable followers, even before his captivity, had fallen to a pitiable few; and oh, the bitter, bitter truth!—Him, whom he had proclaimed, at hand, had come, had passed, and had left him, the Baptist, alone, comfortless, languishing in prison, even seemed to have forgotten His own infinite mission to men; and finally and most terrible of thoughts, it might be that it was all an awful error, a vision of his over-wrought, over-expectant soul; that he had led men astray; had hoped in a delusion; that Jesus was not the Messiah!

Was this He Who should come, or should they look for another? was the question in John's mind and the message he sent by two of his followers to Jesus. Plainly this was doubt in Jesus; but who shall say whether it was more of doubt than of belief? Doubt prompted this question; but only faith could have led to this straightforward solution. Doubt came, and his cell would have become his



grave had that doubt kept him away from Jesus; but, instead, it led him to Jesus, and his night of dread and despair broke into the full dawn of faith and hope and knowledge.

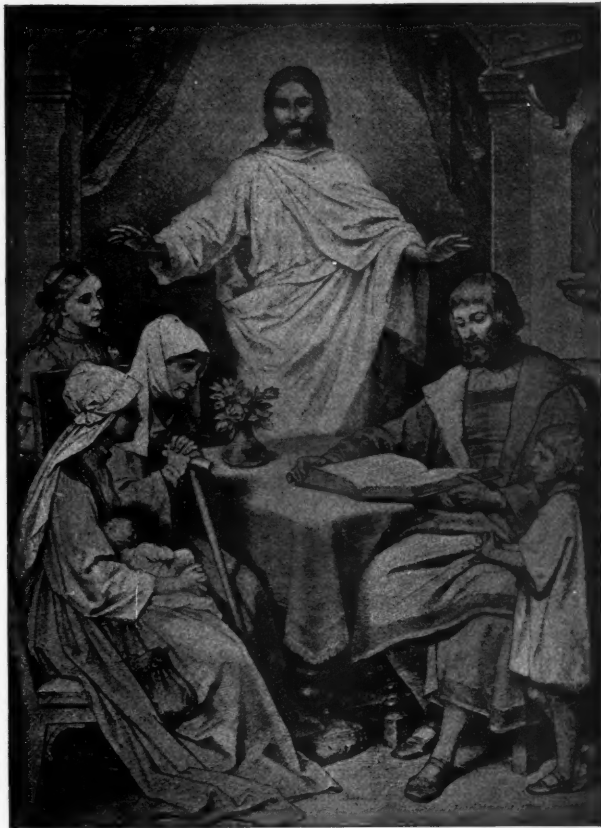
The two messengers found Jesus in the midst of His self-forgetful, saying toll, and without pausing a moment, He told them to return and tell John what they now saw and heard, which indeed was the very fulfilment of a prophecy of John's teacher, Isaiah. This would settle his doubt, and He added as they moved away, say to John, not in reproof but as a promise: "Blessed is he, who-soever shall not be offended in me."

They departed, and when gone, Jesus faced the multitude about Him and pronounced that eulogy upon John, the most beautiful and lofty, grandest, noblest ever said of men.

Greatest is John of all born of women, says Jesus, but how strangely to His listeners, how sweetly with Heaven's music to us, does it sound when the Saviour adds: "But he that is least in the Kingdom of God, is greater than he." Not greater hearted, greater souled than John, but greater in knowledge of truth, in spiritual possibilities, in peace and hope and joy.

ANointed BY A WOMAN WHO WAS A  
SINNER.

Just where and when the foregoing and the following events occurred, except that they both took place during the second missionary journey of Jesus, we do not



Omnipresence of Christ.  
From the drawing by Hofmann.

know. It was, perhaps, shortly after leaving Nain, that Jesus having taught in some town was invited, as was natural, by the leading Pharisee of the place, to dine with him. The Pharisee had the very common name of Simon, and because of this name and some other apparently similar features to the story of the anointing by Mary at Bethany, these two anointings have often wrongly been thought of as one.

Simon had no laudable motive for this invitation; curiosity or pride prompted it; and he received Jesus with cold, condescending courtesy; and did his best to make Jesus feel that in accepting this hospitality, it was the guest, not the host, who was honored. Jesus slipped off His

sandals, as the custom was, at the door, but Simon purposely gave Him no water to bathe His feet; neither did he give Him any kiss of welcome; nor yet, as he would have done to any other Jewish Rabbi, did he anoint His head with oil; he simply, scarce graciously, made a place for Him at his table.

The meal was in progress; all were reclining on the couches, their left arms resting on the table, their feet pointing away from the table toward the walls of the great room, when suddenly a woman entered the open door and stood behind

more, and to tell Him her sorrow and love and gratitude; and she followed Him to the house of the Pharisee.

Every eye was turned in hate upon her, save the Master's; He did not shrink nor loathe her, and bending to hide her shame, tears filled her eyes, and fell upon the Saviour's feet. Her unbound hair, too, had fallen in a veil about her face, and seeing her tears upon His holy feet she bent lower, forgetful of all but shame and love, and wiped the tears away with her hair and covered his feet with kisses. But not yet had her penitence gone deep enough, had she shown all her love; and drawing a vial of sweet perfume from her bosom she poured the precious oil over His feet and bathed them in its fragrance.

Simon saw it all; his ill-concealed contempt, his open disrespect for Jesus deepened into something of the disgust he felt for the woman. "He a Prophet?" thought Simon, "a Prophet would have known what kind of a creature this woman is." Jesus read the unspoken sneer, the contempt, the



Mount Tabor.  
From a photograph.

Jesus over His feet. For any woman to have thus come into the presence of men would have been highly improper, and sure to have been met with censure; but for this woman!—a scowl of disgust and loathing clouded the face of the Pharisee.

She was a sinner (we do not wish to know her name); and her impure life made her notorious in the town. But she had heard Jesus speak that morning; she had looked into His face, and a change was wrought within her. The stain upon her soul blackened and burned; her life was terrible and hateful; for a great hope woke in her heart—a new life, pure and beautiful, had been held out to her by this Teacher, the Jesus. She had believed, but yearned to see and hear Him

thought upon the self-righteous Pharisee's face. "Simon," said He, "I have somewhat to say unto thee."

"Master," (with mock reverence) "say on."

"A creditor had two debtors; one owed him five hundred pence the other fifty; neither had wherewith to pay, and he forgave them both. Which of them, tell me, would love him most?"

"I suppose," indifferently answered the Pharisee, "he to whom he forgave most."

"Thou hast judged rightly, Simon," then turning for the first time to the woman, he continued: "Seest this woman? I entered thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears and wiped them with

the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no  
 kiss; she hath not ceased to kiss my feet  
 since I came in. My head thou didst not  
 anoint with oil; she hath anointed my  
 feet with ointment. Therefore her sins,  
 which were many, are forgiven; but he  
 to whom there is little forgiveness loveth  
 little. And to the woman with infinite  
 tenderness and delicacy He says what al-  
 ready she knows; that her sins have been  
 forgiven, and to eternal peace and joy dis-  
 misses her with His blessing, saying,  
 "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."  
 And they around the table in wonder  
 began to say within themselves: "Who is  
 this that forgiveth sins also?"

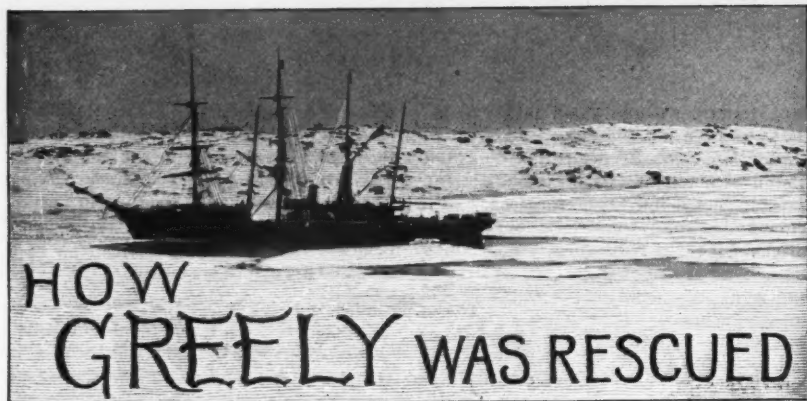
To be Continued.



## AN AUTUMN IDYL

A rain of lurid leaves falls thro' the air,  
 And lies in drifted heaps upon the  
 ground;  
 And thro' the hawthorn hedge with mur-  
 muring sound  
 Of sorrow keen, the wind bemoans the  
 fair  
 Dead summer days; but I feel no despair  
 For Nature's death, a nymph with hair  
 unbound  
 And deftly twined with crimson leaves,  
 has crowned  
 Me with her love. Her lustrous eyes  
 declare  
 The secret of her soul, and as I gaze  
 Into their dark enticing depths, and feel  
 The ecstasy of joy flow thro' my breast,  
 I float to regions fair, where summer days  
 Forever reign, and death can never steal  
 The bloom of life, nor give the heart  
 unrest.

*John Luther Brenizer.*



The Relief Ships at Cape Sabine.

BY JOANNA R. NICHOLLS

THE Massachusetts Humane Society, which was established in 1791, has throughout the century of its existence been in the habit of presenting a gold medal in recognition of deeds of exceptional bravery, not only to those under its immediate jurisdiction, but to others who save human lives. This noble institution never bestowed its highest mark of commendation in a more worthy manner than when, in 1884, it awarded the gold medal to Captain, now Commodore, Winfield S. Schley, U. S. N., commander-in-chief of the expedition which at great personal risk, effected the rescue of Gen. A. W. Greely, of Massachusetts, and six of his party from the desolate shores of the Arctic Ocean. Although thirteen years have passed since that memorable 22nd of June, 1884, the recital of what brave men can do and dare never loses its fascination, and the story of that wonderful deliverance amid the gruesome surroundings of the Polar regions when the unhappy explorers had reached the last stages of starvation and had abandoned all hope of rescue, is as fresh to-day as when first enacted.

It will be remembered that, in 1881, Lieutenant Greely, with a party numbering in all twenty-five individuals, was sent to the northern shores of Greenland for the purpose of furthering the scheme of Gen. W. B. Hazen, chief signal officer of the War Department, for the establishment of a temporary colony for three years, during which period it was hoped

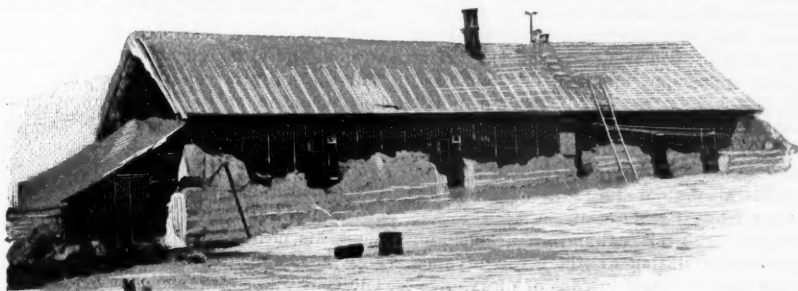
that a favorable opportunity might be seized for penetrating the frozen mystery of the North Pole. Proceeding by way of Baffins Bay, through the adjoining straits and basins which lead to the far north, the Proteus, a steam sailing vessel, constructed for ice navigation, successfully made the passage from Upernivik to Lady Franklin Bay, in six days; being the fourth vessel that had ever crossed the fatal waters of Kane Sea. The party was safely landed at Discovery Harbor, where Greely established his headquarters under the name of Fort Conger, and sent back the Proteus to the United States. He was fully supplied with provisions for the three years during which he was to prosecute his investigations; but, to insure the welfare of himself and comrades, explicit arrangements had been made to send additional supplies each succeeding summer. Even the minutest details were entered into by the instructions given by Greely himself regarding the relief to be sent him, but the old adage, "L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose," held true in this tragic instance. The ease with which the Proteus made the journey both going and returning conveyed an impression to the United States that the dangers of Arctic navigation had been exaggerated, and that it would be a simple undertaking to communicate with our distant countrymen in their self-imposed isolation. In 1882, the relief ship Neptune, which was selected to carry the first instalment of supplies, proved unfit for entering the

heavy ice encountered at the entrance to Kane Sea, and was unable to proceed further. Although obliged to retreat, the expedition was not regarded as a complete failure, as, in obedience to Greely's instructions in case the relief ship was unable to reach Lady Franklin Bay, Mr. Wm. M. Beebe, who was in charge of the enterprise, landed part of the provisions at Cape Sabine and placed them in a "cache," or depot, and crossing Smith Sound to Littleton Island, about twenty-three miles distant, made a second cache.

The following year greater care was exercised in the preparations for aiding the Arctic explorers. The *Proteus*, which had so ably effected the passage of Kane Sea, two years before, was chosen, and sailed under the command of Lieut. E. A. Garlington, accompanied by Lieut. J. C.

of reason, for it was obvious that all the Arctic channels would soon be locked in their impenetrable winter fastness, and the utmost that could be done was to set about organizing an expedition to start as early as possible the succeeding summer. Meanwhile public opinion vacillated between sympathy for Greely, indignation that so much time and money had been wasted, and terror of the treacherous Polar regions. It was in this emergency that Captain Schley volunteered his services to go to the relief of Greely, an offer whose gravity can be best appreciated when it is realized that it was the confident expectation of those embarking in this adventure, that they would be compelled to spend the winter in the Arctic.

From the initiation of the relief project



Lieut. Greely's House at Fort Conger.

Colwell, of the Navy. What was the consternation of the country when this expedition also proved abortive, and, after months of anticipation, the terrible news was learned that the *Proteus* had been crushed in the ice of Kane Sea, that she had become a total wreck, that her crew barely escaped with their lives and that most of the provisions which she carried had been sunk beneath the waves. With difficulty Lieutenant Colwell had secured the services of the unruly crew to load about fifty rations into one of the whale boats, which he then took ashore and cached at Cape Sabine. The excitement at Washington mounted to such a height that the most irrational propositions were made to send out another expedition immediately, late in the season as it was. But emotionality subsided before the sound arguments

it was the intention of the Secretary of the Navy to identify it with *one* man and rest its ultimate result upon his individual executive ability, which was to be untrammelled in every respect. The order, which as early as February 18th, vested Captain Schley with authority as commander-in-chief, charged him with the whole burden of responsibility. From the examination of the ships, the selection of all subordinate officers and enlistment of the crews, selection of sleds, Esquimo dogs, boats, and navigation instruments, down to the smallest articles of outfit and clothing, all was placed under his personal superintendence. In addition to the preparations which were being pushed forward by the secretaries of war and of the navy, Congress offered a reward of \$25,000 to any person or persons who should recover the Greely party, in order



to stimulate the exertions of the masters of whaling vessels.

The relief squadron fitted out by the government was composed of the *Thetis*, the *Bear*, and the *Alert*, the last named vessel having been presented to the United States by England to aid in the rescue. The *Bear* being ready first, her commander, Lieut. Wm. H. Emory, a young naval officer of superior ability, was directed to leave New York, on April 25th, but as that date chanced to be a Friday, the time of departure was changed to the preceding Thursday out of respect to the sailors' superstitious scruples, and the journey began under happy auspices and amid the acclamations of a large crowd collected at the wharf. A week later, the *Thetis*, having the commander-in-chief on board, sailed from New York, followed by ringing cheers and the boom of cannon, Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, himself being on the dock to wish her godspeed. The *Alert*, under the command of Com. Geo. W. Coffin, U. S. N., was instructed to sail on May 10th, to stop at St. Johns, Newfoundland, for coal, and to time her movements so as to reach Littleton Island about the first of July; there to build a house from the material carried for that purpose, land the coal and provisions, and maintain a station to which the advance ships might retreat in case of disaster.

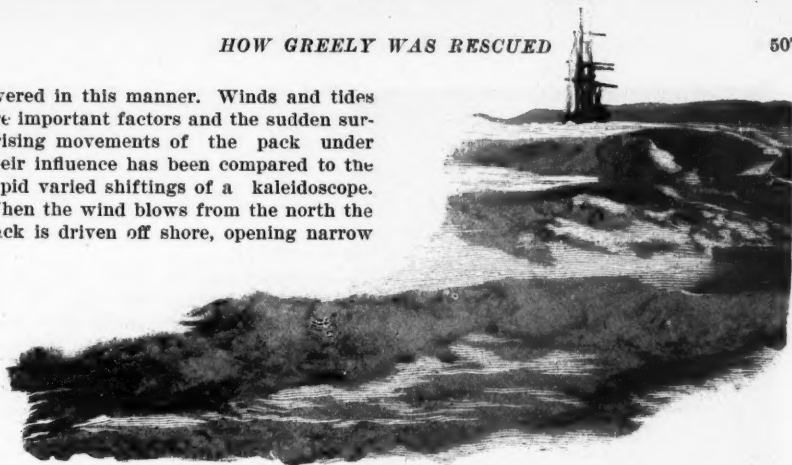
Following the fortunes of the commander's vessel, the record shows that by the aid of fine weather the *Thetis* was able to reach St. Johns in eight days. A team of Labrador dogs and various supplies were taken on board there, and the *Loch Garry*, a coaling steamer which had been chartered to convey five hundred tons to Littleton Island, being ready, the two vessels left St. Johns on May 12, and proceeded to Godhavn. As speed was the chief object of the adventure, as few stops were made as possible.

The first iceberg sighted was contemplated with an awe which was laughable before the horrors of the journey were complete, when the ships were obliged to make friends with these formidable monsters and use them as places of shelter from the running fields of ice. The much dreaded pack was met with much sooner than usual, owing to the early time of the year, and at North Ford such a solid barrier of ice was presented to all onward progress that the *Loch Garry* was sent

back to Godhavn to wait for more favorable conditions. Prior to assuming charge of the relief expedition Captain Schley had had no experience in Arctic navigation. His life had principally been passed on southern waters, he had witnessed some of the most important events in the history of Mexico and of the countries of South America, and his name represented the part which the United States took during the Korean troubles. Theoretically he had informed himself as to the methods of navigating among ice floes, but, in his own words, "the first week spent in the crow's nest afforded a liberal education on the subject." This seat of learning is reached by means of a ladder and consists of a barrel with the upper end knocked out attached securely to the foremast by iron bands and provided with an iron rest for the telescope. Watch is kept from the crow's nest sixteen hours at a stretch, and although it may be imagined that the uniform conditions of this outlook would make the duty a monotonous one, in reality the work is so interesting that upon one occasion the commander remained thirty hours in his lofty perch so deeply absorbed that he was not aware of the flight of time, the only interruption being his meals which he disposed of almost mechanically when brought to him. The cold was so intense that his face became frozen on the side exposed to the wind and he almost lost the use of one eye from the perpetual strain of gazing out on the blinding whiteness.

When closely observed under the telescope, the smooth, dazzling expanse of ice gradually appears to be diversified by dark spots, which a little practical experience teaches are air holes, while irregular black lines, which traverse the whole, indicate cracks through which the ship may push her way. Afar on the horizon may be noted either the "water blinks," (dark clouds formed by the mists ascending from open pools)—an auspicious omen for advance,—or the "ice blink," a warning sign of bands of light caused by the reflection of solid impassable ice on the sky above. Ships used in the Arctic regions are specially constructed for "ramming," as most of the progress made is obtained by the vessel's striking the opposing ice with her stem while under full steam. A pan of ice two hundred yards across has been split by a single blow squarely de-

livered in this manner. Winds and tides are important factors and the sudden surprising movements of the pack under their influence has been compared to the rapid varied shiftings of a kaleidoscope. When the wind blows from the north the pack is driven off shore, opening narrow



The "Proteus" in the Ice-Pack.

lanes, technically called "leads," which are instantly taken advantage of by the navigator; but if the breeze shifts to the south the detached mass is driven back against the land ice, and is liable to catch the ship in the terrible "nip," holding her fast like a wedge while grinding her to pieces. By skillful management this fate may be avoided even in the midst of the crush by taking refuge in the natural basins formed between the jagged projecting edges of the two meeting masses. Another horror to which those who venture into the Arctic regions are exposed is the chance of the vessel becoming frozen to the solid floes and drifted helplessly off with the pack.

After an anxious passage, to whose excitement a bewildering fog had contributed, the *Thetis* arrived at Upernivik, on May 29th, and joined the *Bear*, which had reached the same port only the night before, on account of an even more uncomfortable journey and frequent delays. The Danish governor gave the expedition a hearty welcome and assisted them in securing the services of an Esquimo interpreter; but his report of the conditions northward were anything but encouraging. The winter had been the severest known in thirty years, and Melville Bay, which had been crossed, in 1881, in thirty-six hours, was likely to present a harder task. On the afternoon of the following day the two relief ships bade farewell to Governor Elborg, and started north in company with eight whaling vessels, whose masters, incited by hopes of the promised

reward, had determined to go as far as Littleton Island. A commendable rivalry existed between the Scotch whalers and the United States party, and from the constant intercourse which he held with these competitors Captain Schley gained a high opinion of their frank, generous nature; but he made up his mind that the experience "which had made them experts in catching whales had not at all fitted them to be catchers of men." They were too cautious, and under the present emergency caution had to be cast to the winds. Risks must be taken; there was no time to be lost in being cautious while every day might count in the saving of human lives. Some one has ably said that the automatism by which a man chooses the correct thing in moments requiring instant decision is the result of a life-training. In this case, the entire responsibility which rested upon the director of the expedition was a fine test of his qualities as a commander. Every foot of the way pursued through Melville Bay was a battle. Never had the passage of this body of water been attempted in June before, and the ships were anchored off Duck Islands four days, gazing hopelessly upon the vast frozen field over whose stillness myriads of icebergs presided like stately ghosts. The only changes which swept over the solemn landscape were fogs and snow storms, the prospect resembled a veritable Norwegian inferno.

Three long weeks were spent amid the vicissitudes of Melville Bay. At times bars of ice eight feet thick and rising in places to sixteen and twenty feet, would

completely block the way, and long delays were enforced, waiting for a crack to open, which always, like the unfoldings of destiny, happened in the most unexpected manner. Torpedoes were exploded on the ice several yards ahead of the vessel, making fractures which loosened the jam and enabled her to push on. Sometimes open water would be gained where the ships would be kept busy dodging the floes of ice which the wind and currents were sweeping across the pool. An iceberg was then found a wall of defence to which the vessels were confidently moored, though the huge monster was liable to turn on its pivot and expose its charge to renewed dangers. By dint of hard fighting, and by winding paths, Cape York was reached at last, but no news could be learned of Greely's party. At this point the whaling vessels began to be discouraged. They had stuck fast in the pack so many times and it had re-

quired great labor to extricate themselves; besides the chance of losing the summer's catch was to be weighed against the bare possibility of winning the offered reward. So they reluctantly abandoned the enterprise and with warmest good wishes for the success of their whilom comrades, said good-bye.

The *Thetis* and the *Bear* also parted company, each choosing a different direction in order that one or the other might seize the first fair opportunity of pushing further north. As it eventually happened the commander's ship won the race to Saunders Island, an Esquimo resort for fishing and hunting; but the fifty natives who were met there could tell them nothing about the lost travellers. Hope sunk lower and lower with the falling temperature. At one time a stretch twenty-four miles long occurred so thickly crowded with icebergs that no passage way be-



*Lieutenant Greely. Captain Schley.*

On Board the "*Thetis*." Rescuing-Party in the Background. Survivors of the Greely Expedition in the Foreground.

tween them could be discovered until close abreast of them. Alone amid the Arctic wilderness, the Thetis struggled on to Littleton Island, with a persistence worthy of her namesake, the ocean goddess. Landing on June 21st, the party examined the bleak surroundings and, under three feet of snow, found the cache made by the captain of the Neptune, in 1882, still in good condition, and in that hour of suspense the formal address upon each barrel to "Lieut. A. W. Greely, Fort Conger," seemed like the dismal inscription upon a tombstone, seemed a mockery of civilization. The cairn of the English explorer, Nares, was also discovered with its coal undisturbed, its food in good condition. It was evident that Greely had never returned to the island. What was to be done next?

Loath to assail the fatal ice of Kane Sea before learning something of the whereabouts of her consort, the Thetis had just deposited a record stating that she was going to Cape Sabine, on the other side of Smith Sound, when the strain of anxiety was relieved by the arrival of Lieutenant Emory, with the Bear in good condition, although in the dense fogs with which he had been beset, the vessel had come perilously near being nipped. The young officer's seamanship had been put to the severest proof and his unshrinking endurance of hardship had given an inspiring example to the whole crew. Both vessels proceeded once more together with the intention of making a cache at Cape Sabine and at once entering Kane Sea. Little dreaming that the objects of their toil and anxiety were now only a few miles distant, they stopped at Brevoort Island and a careful search was instituted of all the small islands in the vicinity. Parties were scattered on the ice, and Lieutenant Colwell with Chief Engineer Lowe and several men had set out in the "Cub," a steam cutter belonging to the Bear, to go around Cape Sabine and take a look at the depots there, when he was arrested by the sound of cheering. Records had been found in the cairn on Brevoort Island, and from the first hasty glance at the papers a rumor spread that Greely and all his party were well and at Cape Sabine. As soon as the records were received on



An Iceberg Monster.

board the Thetis, three loud long blasts were sounded from her whistle to recall all who were still dispersed on land. The papers, which gave a condensed history of the two years spent at Lady Franklin Bay, were read aloud to the eager group assembled in the ward room, and glad anticipation was exchanged for horror when the last lines were reached; for the record at one place spoke of "desperate circumstances" and "a forlorn hope" of finding provisions, and closed with the statement that there were only "rations enough for forty days left." The latest date borne by any of the papers was October 21, 1883. The disappointed officers shuddered when they pictured the eight months of starvation which had elapsed between that date and June 22, 1884. America held the honor of having penetrated the "farthest North," but at the expense of a bloody sacrifice! The conviction that all hope was extinct was irresistible, yet as Cape Sabine had been mentioned as Greely's destination for the winter, the spot must be visited, and the cutter was manned anew, with dogged perseverance. Before leaving the Thetis, however, Lieutenant Colwell caught up a can of pemmican and of hard-tack with the expectation of spending several hours on shore,

and the cutter proceeded slowly up the channel.

Those distant recall blasts of the Thetis were heard by Greely himself at Cape Sabine, as he lay helpless with his companions in misfortune beneath the half fallen tent which would soon have been their death shroud. So long had they watched and waited for the sounds of coming help that when the blessed note at last reached their ears it was hardly credited. Most of the seven suffering survivors were too weak to walk or even stand upright, but Private Long, the strongest of the party, dragged himself with difficulty to the bluff which commanded a view of the channel. The wind, which had blown down their tent, was raging fiercely; there was no sign of a coming steamer; and, sick at heart, he returned to "Camp Clay."

Precarious indeed had been their means of subsistence during seven long months!

Its contemplation reveals painfully how much human beings can endure ere death releases them from their tortures. On August 9, 1893, they had quitted Fort Conger and travelled south as far as Smith Sound. Here they were adrift on the ice for thirty days, after abandoning their boats; but at last landed at Cape Sabine in safety. For protection against the bitter weather a hut barely large enough to hold twenty-five persons was constructed out of loose stones. It was only four feet high and was roofed with pieces of canvas from the wreck of the *Proteus* and one of their whaling boats. The neighboring depots were ransacked for provisions, and hunger was successfully kept off for a while; but these supplies were ultimately exhausted and starvation was imminent. What rendered the situation most pitiful was the fact that only twenty-three miles away, on Littleton Island, was a cache which they could not reach owing to the violent gales which kept the channel open all winter. Mournful expedients were adopted by the starving men to reduce their appetites to a minimum. No exertion was made by any member of the party except those who did the hunting. The rest kept as quiet as possible, lying in their fur sleeping bags sixteen or eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, and substituting sleep for food. Two seals were caught, a bear

and a few foxes were shot as well as some doves, but the cold and darkness of the advancing winter put an end to hunting, and the party were reduced for subsistence to sand shrimps (miniature creatures not more than a quarter of an inch long) and boiled reindeer moss. In May the hut was rendered uninhabitable by the invading water, so a tent was pitched upon higher ground, and the boat which had served as a roof was split up and used for fuel. One by one the strength of the sufferers gave way before the sharp ordeal, and the graves along the hill side began to outnumber the living. All the terrors of that dreadful famine will never be known except to the survivors themselves. As a last resource for nourishment, the seal skin linings of the sleeping bags were torn out, cut in strips and boiled, making a loathsome jelly, which none but starving men could have been induced to swallow. Had help arrived but two days later the bleak shore would have been devoid of life!

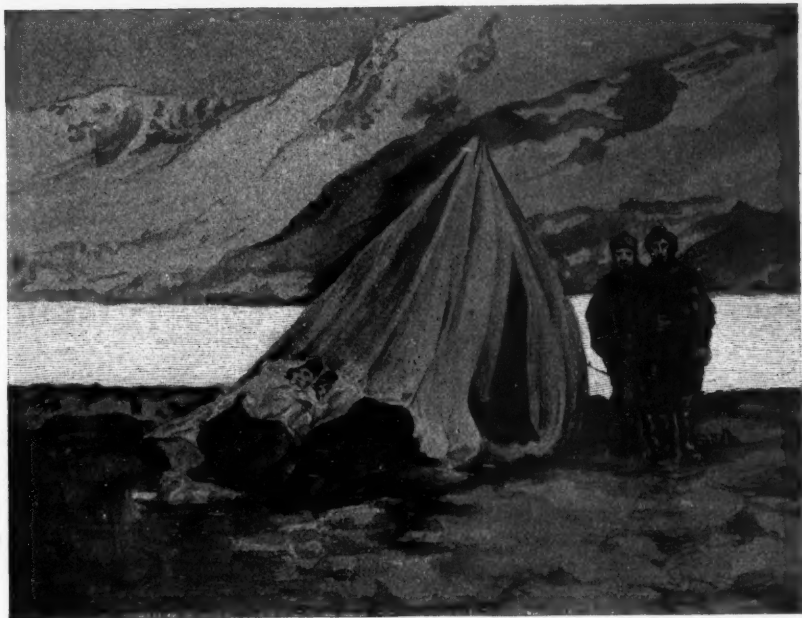
As it was, about an hour after his disappointed retreat from the bluff, Long went back again, as if moved by a mute attraction, just as the cutter came into view. Even then he was inclined to distrust his senses, and imagined the boat to be an apparition of his disordered faculties, but Lieutenant Colwell caught up and waved a small flag in triumph. There is no American perhaps who has not felt his patriotism profoundly stirred at sight of our national emblem waving over some military or naval parade; some of us while sojourners in a foreign land have been moved to tears on hearing the familiar strains of the *Star Spangled Banner*; but there is not one of us,—not even those who bled to uphold the tattered ensign,—who can enter into the feelings of that wretched castaway in the Arctic desert, to whom that flag meant not alone liberty and home, but life itself.

Almost the first words spoken were "How many of you are there?"

And with the answer "Only seven!" Long instinctively drew off his glove and gave his hand to his rescuers.

The Bear, now having Captain Schley on board, had followed closely in the wake of her "Cub." Thither Long was conveyed, and as the commander and his officers gathered about the emaciated





"CAMP CLAY"

Tent in which the Survivors of the Greely Expedition were found at Cape Sabine. The above drawing was made from the photograph taken during a hurricane.

*Drawn by Rosamond L. Smith.*

spectre of humanity and listened to his tale of the "hard winter," not one of the brave men was ashamed of the tears elicited by the recital of such cruel sufferings. "The bravest are the tenderest, the darling are the loving," always!

Meanwhile Lieutenant Colwell had hastened to the tent which in its fall imprisoned the feeble inmates. As the canvass was torn aside a ghastly sight was revealed. One man lay dead, but the rest, with their hollow eyes and attenuated features, seemed oblivious of his fate, while intent upon sharing the last drops of brandy from their hoarded bottle. In the state of inanition to which they had been reduced mentally and physically, even hunger itself had ceased, and they hardly appreciated the fact that they were saved. Greely himself stared at the intruders with his frenzied eyes and asked if they were English; then, the passion of exploration strong in death, he muttered, "We are dying like men,—we have beat the best record."

Stronger, more convincing arguments than any words were the first mouthfuls

of pemmican and biscuit which were fed to the wretched men, who struggled up on their knees to receive them. The awful cravings of hunger, from which they had become exempt, returned in full force after the first taste of food, and the poor trembling creatures, too weak to stand, held out their hands and begged for more with piteous insistence. Their prayer was wisely denied, but while their deliverers were engaged in raising the tent, the can of pemmican was seized and scraped clean before it could be gotten away from them. By the directions of the ship's surgeon, who with the commander and others of the party arrived shortly after, a fire was kindled and warm punch and beef extract were administered every ten minutes to the invalids. They were too weak to take even a convalescent's interest in what was going on, but from their rambling talk it was discovered that they were not so ignorant of recent events in the civilized world as was supposed, for they had read the newspaper wrappings around some lemons found among the stores of the Proteus. One sentiment

which all shared with any ardor was the desire to leave Camp Clay, as if they feared to wake and find the rescue only a dream. Fortunately this desire could be gratified, though Greely fainted from exhaustion after being carried on a stretcher to the boat. His condition was the most critical of all the party, with the exception of Corporal Ellison, whose feet and hands were both frozen off.

Although the leader of the exploring party protested that the bodies of his men should be left like soldiers on the field of glory, Captain Schley did not allow this poetic fancy to warp his clearer judgment. Some of the dead had been washed from



*Captain Schley.*

*The Officers of the "Thetis."*

their shallow resting places by the waves, but those which remained were in perfect preservation, and on being removed to the ship were placed in alcohol. Nothing which might be of the least value was

left behind, and by five o'clock on the following day the journey home had begun. It was none too soon. The heavy ice in Kane Sea was moving south with rapid strides and blocked the channel immediately after the relief ships left it.

Melville Bay was found to be still densely crowded with icebergs, and heavy ramming was necessary to force a passage through; but as speed was no longer an essential but the comfort of the sick men was of the utmost im-



*Lieut. Emory and the Officers of the "Bear."*

portance, the ships took fewer risks and frequently lay anchored, patiently waiting for favorable changes. On one occasion, however, the tempting prospect of open water immediately beyond the line of opposing ice induced the *Thetis* to attack the bar with more energy than prudence. The reactionary effect from the solid wall knocked down everybody on deck and almost precipitated the captain out of the crow's nest. Perseverance and determination won the battle as it had conquered all other difficulties of the journey, and fortune seemed inclined to smile upon the hero of the expedition, for the consorts met their relief ship, the *Alert*, fast in the ice off Devils Thumb, and by their united efforts effected her release. The rest of the way was but little impeded, and its cheerfulness was only marred by the death of poor Ellison, notwithstanding all the careful medical treatment he received.

When the squadron was sighted from St. Johns, the town was filled with excitement and boats were sent out with eager inquiries. No curiosity was gratified, however, until a cable message had been sent to the Secretary of the Navy, giving an abbreviated history of the expedition and asking for further instructions. The answering cable from Hon. Wm. E. Chandler expressed in a concise form the feelings of the nation.

July 17, 1884.

"Commander W. S. Schley, U. S. N.,

"Receive my congratulations and thanks

for yourself and your whole command for your prudence, perseverance and courage in reaching our dead and dying countrymen. The hearts of the American people go out with great affection to Lieutenant Greely and the few survivors of his deadly peril. Care for them unremittingly and bid them be cheerful and hopeful on account of what life yet has in store for them. Preserve tenderly the remains of the heroic dead, prepare them according to your judgment, and bring them home.

William E. Chandler,  
"Secretary of the Navy."

Exactly three months from the date that the *Thetis* sailed upon her perilous mission, amid dark forebodings, the relief squadron entered the harbor of Portsmouth, N. H., escorted by the *Reliance*, one of the vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron, which lay at anchor near by. Secretary Chandler, General Hazen and other distinguished personages had come down to the wharf in honor of the event, and a warm greeting, both official and friendly was extended to the captain and his whole command.

Viewed from its standpoint of success the direction of the expedition was an admirably skilful piece of work, but viewed in the light of its humane motive the voluntary service of the commander-in-chief assumes the sublimity of heroism. Commodore Schley has "written two lines in history," but he has also inscribed a whole volume in the hearts of the American people.



The Medal awarded Capt. Schley for his Rescue of  
Lieut. Greely.



## THE AFTERMATH OF YEARS

BY MARY FRANCES CURTISS.

Only a harsh, discordant strain,  
 From broken, time-worn strings;  
 Only a faded, crumpled flower,  
 Which faintest perfume brings;  
 Only a ling'ring, stifled moan,  
 For youth's strong faith so true;  
 Only a sigh for promised hopes,  
 Which ne'er fulfilment knew,  
 Only a tender memory  
 Of love that could not die;  
 Only a dream of long ago,  
 A dream of days gone by.

But tho' the music's voice is still,  
 And dust of withered flowers  
 Is all that's left, save memories,  
 Of those bright, blissful hours;  
 Tho' all things dear to youth's young  
 heart  
 Have vanished with the years,  
 A strange deep peace steals o'er me now.  
 Is mingled with my tears.  
 For wonderfully sweet and calm,  
 It soothes the bitter cry;  
 And in the dream of long ago,  
 I live those days gone by.

## PIETRO

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

THE chief engineer was making his weekly inspection of the new work, walking the line with the contractor's timekeeper. It was on that portion of the grade assigned to "Camp 20," and in Camp 20 the laborers were Italian to a man. At the heel of the great dump, where the big Irish foreman stood watching the shovellers and quarrymen in the rock cutting, the chief stopped.

"Where's your drinking-water, Mike?" he asked.

The foreman took the empty bucket from its niche in the rock wall of the cutting, and called across to a boy who was trying to make a sketch of the opposite mountain with a bit of chalk on the bottom of a disabled scraper.

"Jump! ye little scrap of a Dago! Don't ye see the chief'll be goin' dhry whilss ye'll be makin' pictur's with a lump o' chalk?"

The water-carrier dropped his crayon and made haste to obey. He had been obeying some one as far back as he could remember; cheerfully, for the most part, but always with a fear of consequences for an underlying motive. Guiseppi had taught him that; and Guiseppi's heart was hard and his hand heavy.

When the lad came across for the bucket the chief engineer forgot his thirst for the moment.

"By George! What a picture he'd make, himself," he said, when Pietro had gone on his way to the spring in the gulch. "Where did you pick him up, Turner?"

"He came in with the others," replied the timekeeper. "That ugly-mugged brig-and holding the drill up there on the first bench claims to be his father, but I don't believe it."

The chief looked long and hard at Guiseppi. "It doesn't seem possible, does it?—but you can't tell," he said, finally. "The boy probably takes after his mother; you'll see just such contrasts any day in the streets of the Italian cities. And, see-

ing the children without the parents, you'd say they came of better stock."

"Faith, then, an' ye might say that of Piethro, annyway," asserted the big foreman. "The little lad's a gentlemun, every inch of um, an' he's the makin' of a foine arrtist in them taperin' fingers o' his."

"What do you know about him, Mike, anything?"

"Sorra a bit, beyant fwhat Misther Turner's been tellin' ye, sorr."

Pietro himself knew but little more. His earliest recollection went back to the streets of a great city, where he had been taught to beat time on a tambourine to the mechanical music of a machine piano. Later, he had been sent out to beg, and in this employment his small bare feet had measured endless miles on the pavement of many other cities. And for a grim background to all recollection there was always the black-browed Guiseppi, who would beat him when he came in at night with the pennies and nickles—beat him whether there were many or few, and always because there were not more.

Here, on the railway grade in the bleak valley of the Frying Pan, high up among the peaks on the western slope of the Rockies, it was a little better. For one thing, Guiseppi had to work hard himself,—the foreman saw to that,—and when night came he was commonly too tired to beat Pietro. Moreover, the men bunked together in gangs, and one night in the bunk shanty, when Guiseppi allowed his temper to get the better of his weariness, knocking the boy against the stove by way of keepin' his hand in, the others objected, and there were soft-spoken Italian threats, and an ominous flashing of knives in the candle-light.

Big Mike Ryan, the untterrified foreman of Camp 20, bullied his men on principle, and, to the outward ear, made no exception in the case of the water-boy. Ryan's interpretation of his authority was broad, and his badge of office—a heavy pick-



handle—served him indifferently for a sceptre or a scourge, as the occasion required. For Pietro, however, he never had anything worse than an outburst of good-natured abuse; and in time the small water-carrier came to regard the big Irishman in the light of a well-meaning and somewhat awe-inspiring friend.

It was on the day following the chief engineer's inspection that Guiseppi, whose malice rebelled at Ryan's evident partiality for Pietro, again let his temper get the better of his discretion. Pietro was entering the rock cutting with a full bucket of water, and Guiseppi, from his perch on the ledge, called for a drink. The boy swung the bucket up to its niche in the wall, and began to look for the cup. Before he could find it, a short drill whistled through the air, missing him by a hair's breadth and smashing the bucket.

Whereupon Ryan, who had been looking on from the head of the cutting, cleared the intervening benches at a bound, and the next moment Guiseppi was jerked from his seat on the empty powder can and flung cursing upon the broken rock at the bottom of the excavation.

"Ye'll get mad an' t'row drills, will ye? ye murtherin' spalpeen!" shouted the foreman, brandishing his pick-handle. "For wan cint I'd break every bone in the black-marrowed skeleton of ye! Get up an' go to wurk, now; an' don't yez ever be liftin' the weight o' yer finger at the lad ag'in. When ye do, it's Michael Ry'n 'll be the black death o' yez!"

Guiseppi scowled and climbed back to his place on the ledge, biding his time, and the foreman would have forgotten the incident had not the water-boy plucked his sleeve at the toe of the dump a little later in the day.

"Fwhat is it, me b'y?" asked Ryan.

Pietro looked fearfully over his shoulder toward the men in the cutting, and spoke under his breath.

"I'll not like—a to speak ver' much 'bout my fader, but he's been ver' angry 'bout you. P'raps you not—a care ver' much 'bout dat, but me, I'm 'fraid."

"Oh, he does be angry, does he?"—the foreman fondled his sceptre caressingly and looked beyond the boy toward the group of men in the cutting. "It's little enough I care for the likes o' him. Au'

he'll not be layin' the weight of his little finger on you, me b'y. Piethro, tell me the troot, now; is that man the own father of yez?"

The water-boy looked up wistfully at the question and shook his head. "He alway say yes, but he's not—a make me b'lieve dat. My fader won' beat me like—a the way he do."

"Bates ye, is it? Don't tell me that he bates ye now, lad."

"No, not—a to-day—dis week—many time, long time 'go;" and Pietro told the Irishman the simple story of his life with Guiseppi. "Dat was biff," he concluded; "now, he'll be 'fraid of you—'fraid of the men."

"He'd betther be that same," growled Ryan. "Don't ye forget now, Piethro; ye'll be tellin' me the very first time he does be liftin' a hand at yez."

Pietro went back to his work, comforted but not wholly reassured. There were some dark passages in Guiseppi's life, known, previous to Pietro's late confession to the Irishman, to no one in Camp 20 save the water-boy. In one of these—it was just before the Colorado migration—there was a nameless horror that always made Pietro shudder when he thought of it.

It was in a city,—one of the many in the endless round of vagrancy,—and he had been begging all day. It was dark when he reached the cellar where Guiseppi usually waited for him, and at the foot of the steps he stumbled over something that felt like the body of a sleeping man. There were matches in a niche near the door, and when he lighted one he saw a white face and two wide-open eyes staring up at him from the floor at his feet.

That was all, but it was enough to send him flying up the steps to the street, where Guiseppi met him, and together they left the city far behind them before morning. The man was sick, Guiseppi had said; it was the plague, and Pietro would be sent to the *lazzaretto* to die if he ever spoke of it. And the next day Guiseppi shaved his beard and they joined the party of laborers going to the mountains of Colorado.

Pietro tried to forget it, but the sick man's face haunted him, even after he had come into the free air of the moun-

tains. If he were not heedful it would work its ghastly outlines into the sketches he was always making of the cliffs and peaks around and about Camp 20. Never, until the afternoon when he ventured to confide in the foreman, had he permitted himself to try to draw the haunting face, but when he had gone back to his place at the heel of the dump the desire to attempt it was strong upon him. Perhaps it was the train of recollection set in motion by the talk with Ryan, or it might have been the scowl on Guiseppi's face, but whatever brought it about, Pietro could think of nothing else but the scene in the underground room; the cold inertness of the body at his feet; the fixed stare of the glassy eyes. While the men were preparing the blasts for the six o'clock firing, he sat on a flat rock at the mouth of the excavation and worked in the outlines of the limp figure with the staring eyes. His paper was a leaf dropped from the timekeeper's book, and his pencil was a piece of charcoal rubbed to a point on the flat stone. As for the sketch, having seen it, I may say that it could mean little to any one save the small artist himself, but for him it may well have brought back to the indefinable horror of the scene.

At the cry of "All out!" followed by the hissing of the fuses, he rose and stumbled down the slope toward the camp, staring fixedly at his work until he was fascinated by the vivid mental picture of the thing it was meant to portray. The explosions came presently, one after another and then three or four together. The men passed him going supper-ward, singly and in groups, until he was the last of the straggling retreat save one. That one was Guiseppi. He came up behind the boy, looked down at the sketch, and snatched it quickly.

"So! you remember," he said, in Italian. "*Diaavolo!* I will make you to forget. Come."

He faced about suddenly and led Pietro back up the hill and into the cutting. The deep gash in the mountain side was filled with the reek of the blasts, and the boy gasped for breath. He was silent until Guiseppi flung him savagely upon the pile of debris in the heading and began to pin him down with great fragments of rock. Then he tried to cry out,

but the powder smoke choked him and the scream died in his throat.

Guiseppi knelt quickly beside him with the stiletto poised for its silent stroke. In the moment of hesitation he changed his mind, and climbing swiftly into the heading began to uncover the fuse of an unexploded blast, talking softly in the mother-tongue to the boy as he worked.

"*Per Bacco!* but your memory is too good, my small one. You will make pictures of the sick one, will you? Not any more, my Pietro. It is this day I will have my revenge—that for which I have waited. You shall pay the debt of your father, my Pietro—the debt which I swore to drown in the blood of his children on the day when he pointed me out to the soldiers in Palermo. Ah, you shiver—it is possible that you are cold. Wait, and I will give you for a covering that which I had saved for the Signor Irlandi."

The splutter of a match punctuated the promise, and when the fuse began to spit and sing, Guiseppi climbed cat-like out of the heading and left the son of his enemy to be buried in the upheaval which should presently follow.

## II.

I had entered the valley of the Frying Pan that morning by way of Hagerman's Pass and the trail which leads to the headwaters of the stream in the first depression west of the Continental Divide. The ingathering of unpaid balances on railway fares guaranteed by the contractors for their workmen was my errand; and Luigi, the paid Italian interpreter of the railway company, was my companion.

We rode as we might, and when the trail became too difficult for the mountain-bred bronchos to carry us, we hitched halter to cantle and led the horses in single file. Since there was no part of the trail in which two persons might ride abreast, the bronchos owed something to the score of human gregariousness. We often led and talked when we might have ridden at the price of silence.

Luigi was not exactly of the salt of the earth. Of Sicilian parentage, he had been a gamin in the streets of Paris and a wharf rat on the levees of New Orleans. Later, in the latter city, he had swept the

offices and run the errands for a firm of attorneys; and having thus acquired a smattering of legal terms and processes, he soon found his account in playing at advocate and counsellor at law for his tongue-bound countrymen in the labor camps of the West.

For the rest, he was shrewd, unscrupulous, and as unmoral as any pagan; and I had learned by sorrowful experience that the truth was not in him. But he was a man of many tongues, and for that reason invaluable in the camps; albeit that portion of his linguistic gift which passed for English was a strange mixture of broken Italian, thieves' French hiding in Creole idioms, and frontier slang.

He was more than commonly communicative that day. He was always ready enough to talk,—it was his calling,—but his conversation was chiefly of business, and certain paltry tricks played upon his helpless countrymen, and the consequent acquisition of sundry and divers rewards in the shape of American dollars. It was not often, save now and then in the prologues, that his narratives crossed the seas to the Sicilian fatherland; but on this occasion, having somewhat outworn the American side of his experience, he told more than one Old-World tale,—stories in which the vendetta was always the *motif*, and, whether imaginary or real, very fair stories withal.

As a matter of course, they were tragedies; and one of them, at least, was quite Machiavellian in its conception. Luigi told it while we were leading the bronchos down the last difficult bit of the trail on the mountain side from which we could look abroad upon the unfinished grade above Camp 20. Freed from the trammels of Luigi's dialect, the story ran thus:—

One Polzetti, wanted by the Palermo police for murder, was at feud with his neighbor Carrani. A reward was offered, and Carrani earned it. After languishing in prison for three years, the murderer was sentenced to death. That night he killed a guard and escaped to Castellamare, whence he secured passage to New York. But before leaving, he sought to square his account with Carrani by bribing a woman to kidnap the son of his enemy. The crone found that Carrani's child was dead; and, not to lose her

reward, stole the murderer's own child and palmed it off upon the vengeful fugitive as the son of his betrayer. Polzetti paid the price, and promising to wreak his vengeance on the supposed son of his enemy, vanished, taking the child with him. What became of man and boy afterward, Luigi did not know; but he was vastly amused at what he was pleased to call the "good-a joke" on Polzetti.

I admitted that it was a well-made story, at least, and worthy of a larger audience; and just then we halted to watch the six o'clock firing in the cutting below. The blasts followed each other in quick succession inconsequent little puffs of dust, as seen from our view-point, succeeded by rumbling groanings as of the earth's travail. Then the low-lying smoke hid the cutting and we went on our way down to the camp.

Two hundred feet or more above the level of the valley, the trail looped through a thicket of stunted pines, and while we were yet among the trees the echoes of another explosion jarred the still evening air.

"Dat mus' been mighta deep hole, dat's w'at I'll t'ink," said Luigi.

It might have been twenty minutes later when we rode into Camp 20. The big mess shanty was empty as we passed, and a crowd of excited men was massed about the door of the timekeeper's office. I thought it was a rebellion *in petto*, and slid quickly from the back of the broncho to elbow my way through the mob, preferring for safety's sake to be well under the guns of my friends when the firing should begin.

The supposition was very much at fault. Wild wrath there was, and a flashing of bare steel, and a sibilant clamor of imprecation; but for once in a way, master and man made common cause. In a clear space in the midst of the crowd lay the body of an Italian lad, crushed and mangled as by the wheels of a pithless machine; and kneeling beside it was the big Irish foreman, with sorrowful bereavement and savage ferocity struggling for place in his honest face.

"How did it happen?" I asked of the timekeeper.

"It didn't happen—it's a brutal murder," he replied. "A black-hearted devil who

has been calling himself the boy's father tolled the little fellow into the cutting, pinned him down with pieces of rock, and then fired a skipped blast on him. He lived just long enough to tell us about it."

"But the motive?" I queried.

"Revenge," said Turner, shortly. "It's the fag end of some old country vendetta, I suppose. He taunted the boy at the last minute by telling him he was about to pay his father's debt—whatever that may have been."

I thought of Luigi's story and involuntarily asked the man's name.

"Guiseppi. I suppose there's more of it, but he's only 'Number Forty-nine' to us."

"And where is he now?"

"Skipped, of course; but they're after him, and they'll find him. He had only a few minutes' start. Ryan saw him going back with the boy and followed; he just missed getting the shot himself."

They had found him. Even as Turner spoke, a posse of the searchers came up, dragging a low-browed villain whose face should have hanged him anywhere. His appearance was the signal for a savage rush on the part of the crowd, but Michael Ryan interposed.

"Aisy—be aisy a bit, b'ys," he shouted, brandishing the pick-handle; "dacin'tly an' in order is the word. Lave him look at the b'y."

The mob fell apart and the murderer was hustled forward until he stood beside his victim.

"That's yer wurrk, ye black-marrowed divil!" said Ryan, towering above the man. "It's meself an' the b'ys as 'll settle wid yez for that same, prisently, but first I'd have ye take a luk at the poor little lad ye murdered in cold blood, like the dommed Herod ye are." Then, turning to the men. "Some of yez as can shpake the lingo ask him fwat has he to say for himself."

Luigi answered the call for an interpreter and came forward. One glance at the scowling captive was sufficient, and he laughed aloud.

"*Santa Maria carissima!*—it's Pollzettl!" he exclaimed. "I'll t'ink dat's might-a dam good joke; he's gone killed he's own son, w'en he's t'ink dat's da l'l Carrani!"

"Fwhat's that ye're sayin'?" demanded Ryan; and the murderer struggled franti-

cally, but whether in wrath or in anguish I know not.

Luigi repeated the story much as he had told it to me, and those who understood his *patois* listened with mingled emotions. Then he said a few words in Italian to the men, and a yell of execration went up in response.

"Orrderr!" shouted the foreman; "dacin'tly an' in orrderr, I say. Close up wid the pris'nerr, an' some o' yez bring a bit of a rope."

The crowd began to move toward a clump of pines on the trail—the same grove from which Luigi and I had lately emerged. Turner stepped into the bunk shanty and came out again with a blanket to cover the sad little wreck on the grass.

"Tough, ain't it; the poor little kid had to pay for his father's cussedness, after all," he said, in rough sympathy.

"Yes. Will they hang him?"

"Who, Guiseppi?" The echo of a yell, punctuated by a dropping volley, came from the grove up the trail, and Turner shook his head.

"Not any more," he said, significantly; then he bethought him of his duty to the wayfarer and added, hospitably: "But you've come far and you must be hungry, Let's go and eat before the gang comes back; cookee's had supper ready for half an hour."

He led the way to the mess shanty, and a little later the men came in by twos and threes, silent and scowling. Last of all came the big Irishman, swearing pathetically.

"What is it, Mike?" asked Turner; "kicking because you couldn't hang him twice?"

"Mother o' Gawd, no! it's the lot of us 'd ought to hang in the place of 'im—he's gone widout a scratch."

"Got away? how?"

"Bruk loose an' run for it; layvanted betune two minuts—an' not a mother's son of us c'd bring him down at tin paces!"

I looked at Turner, and he read my thought. "You're right," he said; "he missed his chance of getting off easy. Living to think about it'll be enough worse than the other." Then, as Ryan went on to his seat at the table-end, "You're not eating anything; let me help you. What's the news from God's country?"

## THE UNDERSTUDY'S OPPORTUNITY

BY ROBERT STODART

MISS Evelyn Ulverson, the star of John Brentwood's touring company ("from the principle London Theatre") was taking a benefit, at the Royalty, Birmingham. Griggsby, the low comedian, said that Brentwood gave her a benefit because she needed it less than any one else in the company, but no one minded Griggsby, who was suspected of having anarchistic leanings and had been seen by his room-mate reading Herbert Spencer,—no, that was not the reason. Miss Ulverson had been selected for the simple commercial reason that, besides being a star of considerable magnitude, young, lovely and gifted, she was a great favorite in Birmingham, and could be counted on to pack the house whenever she was billed in a well-known part. As Mortimer, the manager of the Royalty, put it in his jargon, she was "a sure draw," and he rubbed his hands and chuckled gleefully (Brentwood and he were sharing everything over the first fifty pounds, which went to the beneficiary) as he stood at the pit entrance and watched the people pour in. At eight o'clock there was only standing room, and Mortimer went back to the green-room—the Royalty was old-fashioned enough to cling to this feature of "the palmy days"—to see Brentwood and exchange congratulations with him. He found that worthy talking to several of the leading members of the company and giving them final instructions.

"Remember, Griggsby," he was saying, with authority, "no mugging or clowning; there's a big American manager in front tonight, and I want him to see that my company is fit to play in the Strand. Mr. Stratton, I shall expect you to give a good account of yourself as *Dorian*. Miss José, I hope you won't fail to give Miss Ulverson the word if she stumbles when you are on together. You have understudied her long enough to know her part backwards. Miss Ulverson, I shan't instruct you. All I have to say is, go

aboard and do your best. Somehow I have an idea that this is the last night you will play under my management. That American manager in front is going to make you an offer. Then, to-morrow, you will come to me and ask to be released from your contract. Of course, I'll do it, but I'll be sorry to lose you."

Before the star could reply, the first act was called and there was a general scattering. The play was "*Dorian Marchant*," a melodrama of considerable force, and very popular in the British provinces in the year 189—. It tells tragically the story of an unhappy marriage. In one of its scenes *Dorian Marchant*, the husband, in a drunken fury, stabs his wife in the back as she attempts to escape his violence. By the use of a folding dagger, a realistic effect is obtained, the blade being apparently buried up to the hilt in the woman's body. This particular scene had always had a fascination for Estrelida José, the star's understudy. A hundred times she had watched it from the wings, and a hundred times she had found herself saying, "I wish that dagger were real!" She was a Spaniard to the last drop of her blood, and when she hated, she longed to kill. Estrelida was a disappointed woman. Her talent seemed to lie in the direction of character acting, and at twenty-five she had already made a name for herself in that field, but no one would entrust her with leading rôles, owing to her slight foreign accent. She had joined Brentwood's company when the season began in London, with the understanding that she was to alternate with the star, but Miss Ulverson's first appearance had proved so successful that Brentwood refused to risk the experiment, and Estrelida was forced back into her old position of character-actress and understudy. As if this were not enough, Gilbert Stratton, the leading man, who had paid her marked attention, fell under the spell of "the beautiful Miss Ulverson," as every one called her. They



were engaged, and it was generally understood that the marriage would take place at the end of the season.

"I hate her, oh, how I hate her!" murmured Estrela as the evening wore on and Miss Ulverson's triumph grew. How tender she was in the earlier scenes of trusting girlhood! With what art she showed the anguish of her soul, when the man she had married proved to be made of common clay, when he outraged her sensibilities and almost robbed her of her self-respect! The house wept with her, and at the close of the third act, the American manager sent back his card with this word: "They wait for you across the water." Brentwood took the liberty of reading this message, and groaned; he could see the outcome of it.

When Estrela had finished her one scene in the fourth act, she took up a position in the wings by the property-table, leaning against it for support. The play had progressed to a point when its catastrophe was imminent. Marchant had brutally accused his wife of infidelity, and had rushed from their room in a drunken frenzy, threatening to return and kill her. She had turned proud, calm eyes upon him, and had not even deigned to assert her innocence. It was superbly done, and the large audience voiced its admiration tumultuously.

"Lor', miss, but it's a great night for 'er," said Edwards, the property man, as he bustled himself about the little deal table, upon which he was already laying out the "props" for the final act. The fellow's speech was thick, he was evidently in liquor. His honest praise stung Estrela, and she turned her eyes away from the stage for a moment to give him a silencing glance. Then she noticed with a thrill that a serious blunder had been made. Instead of the harmless, folding dagger which Edwards should have placed on the table ready to Stratton's hand when his cue should come, there glittered one which Estrela well knew was deadly, for she herself had worn it in her belt one night when she played *Mercedes* to the *Carmen* of the woman she hated.

"Edwards!" called the stage manager peremptorily, before the man's befuddled senses could grasp the meaning of Estrela's staring face, and he turned and

left her alone with a great temptation. It all flashed before her. Stratton's entrance had to be made almost on a run, and the chances were that he would pick the dagger up mechanically, and fail to notice the difference. The two were almost identical in size and general appearance. He would go on and wound, perhaps kill, the woman he loved and who loved him. They would suffer, and she, Estrela José, the rejected, could stand by and witness their suffering. Yes, and she might play *Dorian's* wife after all, might even win back Stratton's fancy.

She could hear his footsteps now on the iron stairway that led from his dressing-room to the wings. Should she explain? There was yet time. A momentary weakness shook her will. Then she gave one look at Miss Ulverson, whose face, averted for an instant from the audience, was filled with the expectancy of Stratton's coming. That look was enough, and she hardened her heart.

The double catastrophe—mimic and real—came quickly. Stratton, failing to detect the substitution, stabbed with terrible force, and Miss Ulverson fell with a cry that rang through the house and made the trembling woman standing in the wings cower and cover her ears with her hands. The curtain was rung down at once; and Mortimer went before it, and explained to the audience that Miss Ulverson had been "slightly injured by an accidental stab." Her part, he went on to say, would be taken up by Miss José, who had long understudied it, and he "begged their kind indulgence for any shortcomings," etc., etc. He might have spared his breath, for Estrela, her stoicism regained, played the concluding death-scene, with indescribable pathos, holding the house spell-bound, save for the occasional sob of some over-wrought spectator. When the curtain fell for the last time that night, the audience clamored for the new idol, and when Estrela appeared there was a great burst of applause that reached Miss Ulverson where she lay in the greenroom, Stratton kneeling beside her in an agony of grief, and the rest of the company surrounding her couch with bowed heads. The doctor, hastily summoned, had pronounced her wound fatal; it was a question of moments, he said.

When the audience finally ceased shouting her name Estrelida ran straight to her dressing-room, for she did not dare to look the dying girl in the face. At the door she met the American manager, who, like most of his kind, went with the crowd. He was bursting with importance and the sense of having made a great discovery.

All things are possible to some natures, and so it was that this precious pair fell to chaffering, while but a few feet away

from them that "brief candle" was guttering to its end.

When the call-boy came to say that Miss Ulverson was sinking and wished to see Estrelida, this is what he overheard, as he waited for an answer to his knock:—

"Two hundred dollars a week, costumes and extras and—remember this—your name featured."

"Make it two hundred and fifty and I accept."

## DOWN IN THE CIMEROON

BY EGBERT W. FOWLER

HE leaned forward in the saddle urging the horse into a gallop by beating his feet against the animal's flanks. The clatter of hoofs rang out sharply until they had passed the bridge which spans the Arkansas and reached the long stretch of sandy road that winds through barren hills to the valley of the Cimeroon.

When his horse's feet sank in the loose sand the man sat up straight in the saddle and drew a long breath of relief. He leaned forward and patted the animal's neck, saying: "Go slow, now, old fellow," and "Steady, old boy." He smoothed the flowing mane which in his haste he had tangled in the bridle and lengthened the stirrup straps that he might ride more easily.

They had reached a turn in the road which would shut the sleeping town behind them from view. He stopped the horse and raising himself in the stirrups turned to take one last look. "To-morrow you'll all be calling me the murderer," he said bitterly; then snapping his fingers to express a bravado which at heart he did not feel, he gave the horse a vicious cut with the reins and rode on again.

He knew this road well. Just a week before he had galloped over it with a posse of men who were hunting a fugitive. It led through hills of arid sand to the direct trail to the "strip"—the goal of all desperate men who were fleeing from justice. He shuddered as he thought of what his life would be down there and cursed as he held up his right hand in the

moonlight and saw the brown stain. He rubbed it against the pommel of his saddle; but the blood was dry and could not be easily erased. The cuff of his shirt was moist and sticky; he tore it off and thrust it into the pocket of his coat.

"Damn him! he had no right to call me a thief."

A coyote howled somewhere in the lovely hills and the horse shied at the sound. The man involuntarily looked back, his face paling as he listened for sounds of pursuit. Nothing could be heard but the rustle of the long grasses in the wind, but he spoke sharply to his horse and urged him into a gallop.

He tried to reckon how much of a start he would have if the body was not discovered before daybreak; by that time he would have reached the prairie where travel would be easier. Yes, he was safe enough. The room where the dead man lay would not be opened until morning. He could trust to his luck—he had not been called "Lucky Bob," for nothing.

He softly whistled a tune that had been played that night in the dance hall. Good God! it seemed a week had passed since he sat in that close room foul with tobacco smoke and beer and watched the antics of the cowboys and the painted women. He had met the man there and asked him to join in a game of poker. That man was now lying in a room over the Little Paradise saloon, a lifeless heap with glassy eyes staring from a face like putty. It was deathly quiet in that little room and a silence like death was out

among these hills. He shivered and listened again for sounds of pursuit, he heard nothing but the chirp of some night birds stirring in the bunch grass. He slowed his horse to a walk and began to sing.

Suddenly he realized that he was repeating the chorus of an almost forgotten college song.

"Bring back, bring back my Bonnie to me," with this air, other memories crowded into his brain. The old days in the East when his mother was yet living and his brothers were respected men of business.

"Yes, I was always the black sheep," he said bitterly, and now—" He drew his hand across his eyes and pulled the brim of his felt hat further over his face. He struck the back of his right hand savagely against the saddle horse—the pain from the blow gave him a grim satisfaction.

"What a cursed fool I've been. Well, it was his life or mine—his life or mine." He repeated the words over and over until they became a refrain that kept time to the beating of his horse's hoofs. They rang in his ears until he was almost frenzied. He stopped the horse, dismounted and looked at his watch; it was half past three. He buttoned his coat and turned the collar up about his throat for the night air was cold.

The muscles of his legs ached and he walked by the side of his horse—it would rest both of them. He felt terribly alone in the oppressive silence of those hills. From time to time he glanced nervously over his shoulder—he could not rid himself of the fancy that he heard footsteps behind.

His feet sank into the sand and he often stumbled. He cursed the West, calling it a God forsaken hole. He cursed the day he started for such a place. His brothers should have stopped him, they were older and knew more of the world.

"Some day," he muttered, "when I get out of this trouble I will go back and surprise them. They think that I have gone to the dogs for good; but I'll show them that I can be as respectable as anybody.

"The woman was to blame. Because I made love to her she was fool enough to

trust me—I did not care to marry and give up my freedom. She was a pretty girl and I hope she has found some one who will make her happy.

"I suppose I should have married her—but I always was a fool. I've never had any luck since I left her. Yes, I should have done the right thing by Nan."

He looked at his watch again. The hands pointed to ten minutes of five.

Already the skies in the east were lighter and over the yellow hills he watched the sun rise, clear and bright. He wondered if the body had been discovered and smiled grimly as he thought of the sensation it would cause.

"They'll know it was me, for we were seen leaving the dance hall together. I won't have a friend in the town by night—excepting a few women and they don't count in this case." He knew the quick justice of the country. It was eye for eye tooth for tooth.

He had reached the top of the last hill and could see for miles over the level prairie. A cattle ranch lay just below, the roofs of the low buildings shining in the sun. His throat was dry and parched, but there was a well at the ranch. He mounted his horse and started down the hill at a sharp trot.

Half way down the incline he checked his horse suddenly and listened. Behind him he heard the steady thud of horses' feet upon the sand. For a moment he sat as if paralyzed. Then he gave one despairing look at the level prairie beyond and turned his horse into a deep gully cut through the glistening sand. He was pursued.

## II.

When he thought himself far enough from the road, he stopped his horse and clambered stiffly down from the saddle. He threw himself despairingly upon the ground and sat with his face buried in his hands. For a long time he did not move, then with a defiant look he arose and started on foot along the gully towards the road. His thirst was terrible and he knew that his horse was also suffering. After all it was possible that he had been needlessly alarmed—he could at least go down to the trail and investigate.

He stumbled through the tangled grass to where he could see the road. Four

men were riding up the hill from the ranche. As they came nearer he saw their leader was the sheriff.

Holding his breath and pressing his face against the sand he crouched behind a tuft of tall bunch grass. The men rode on until they were opposite the mouth of the gully; here they stopped to light their cigars. Suddenly one of the number caught the sheriff by the arm and pointed to the hoof prints at the mouth of the ravine.

"By God, we've got him!" he shouted. They followed the telltale traces and the man crouching in the long grass gave a moan of despair. When the posse had passed from sight he leaped to his feet and ran across the road into the hills beyond. He ran like a madman, his eyes staring and bloodshot, his face white and set. He took no notice of his path, but by instinct chose the ravines and low places. Finally he threw up both hands and fell to the ground completely exhausted. The sun beat upon him pitilessly; the hot sands burned and glistened all around him. A black vulture flapped its heavy wings and circled about the prostrate body in languorous anticipation; but it did not come near for it was not yet time.

### III.

In the shade of a sod house a woman sat sewing. From time to time she looked out over the prairies to where the cattle were grazing. Her work dropped upon her lap and with folded hands she dreamed.

Dreamed of the hills of Connecticut; of a low stone farmhouse, ivy grown and cool; of an orchard fragrant with a wealth of pink and white blossoms. Of one she had learned to love until she believed every word that fell from his lips, every look of passion that shone in his eyes. Too late she found that she had trusted only to be deceived, that he had left her to bear her shame alone. Her father, crushed by her disgrace, sold the home where he was born and went to where they were unknown—where no fingers could be pointed at his child.

The woman drew from her bosom a tiny locket and read the words engraved across two hearts entwined: "From Bob to Nan." She kissed the pictured face and lock of brown hair, then wiping the

tears from her patient eyes she went into the house.

### IV.

With fierce bloodshot eyes and haggard face blistered by the heat of the sun, a man reeled across the prairie to where he saw the low roof of a house and the swinging buckets of a well. He could think of but one thing. Water! Water! He had suffered a thousand deaths in the last two days. Lost in the hills of sand, lured by gleaming lakes of the mirage, tortured with dreams of rippling springs of cool water that would start from the sand only to disappear when he stretched forth his hands.

When he saw the prairies before him he shouted aloud in glee. When he reached the wire fence that enclosed the house a sudden fear came upon him—what if they should refuse to let him drink—he—a murderer. He took up a heavy club—he would force them—kill them, if he must; but he would have the water. He staggered to the open door with fury in his eyes—he tried to speak, the club fell from his nerveless fingers and with both hands clutching at his throat, he fell.

In an instant the woman was at his side—she lifted his face to her own.

"Bob!" she cried, her face blanching with horror. The man opened his eyes dully and looked at her.

"Nan," he moaned and sank into unconsciousness.

### V.

When he awoke she was bending over him. He drank eagerly of the water she held to his lips, then closed his eyes and lay for a long time in silence. The woman tenderly laved his face and blistered feet—her love returning ten-fold seeing him like this. She stooped and pressed a kiss upon his lips, he looked up at her, then dropped his eyes in shame.

"I should think you'd hate me, Nan."

"I couldn't do that, Bob," she said softly.

"I have ruined your life."

"Yes, Bob, you have."

"And my own, too, Nan. I've thought it all over of late and I wish I'd been different."

"It would have been better for both of us." She lovingly patted the hand on which the brown stains still showed; he

winned and drew it from her. She misunderstood and was pained. It was he who again broke the silence.

"What became of the—our child?"

"She died, Bob." There was suffering in her voice.

"Out here?"

"Yes." She glanced through the open doorway to where a paling was built around a little mound. "Yes, she died out here."

"And you didn't curse me, Nan?"

"No, Bob, I loved you too well for that." He got up and went to the door—there were tears in his eyes. Suddenly he started back with an exclamation of fear.

"Nan!"

"Yes, Bob."

"Save me from them, Nan! Don't let them find me; don't let them take me away!"

"What do you mean?"

He led her to the door and pointed to where four men were galloping towards the house. She tried to reassure him, but he clung to her in an agony of fear.

"Don't let them come. They will take me away from you. Don't you understand what I mean? Can't you guess?" His voice sank to a whisper and he raised his right hand before her. "There it is, the mark of Cain—I killed him!"

She shrank away from him. She looked again at the approaching posse of men, then led him to a cupboard cut in the wall of sod and drew back the curtains that hung before it.

"Step in here. Don't be afraid, Bob, I will save you if I can—for her sake." She pointed to the little mound on the prairie.

Nan met the men at the door, her hands trembling, her voice calm.

"Where is your father, miss?" asked the leader.

"Down in the Cimeroon. He won't be home till night."

"I'm sorry, miss, for in that case I'll have to tell you. His voice became more gentle.

"Break it easy, Bill," one of the others said in an undertone.

"Well, miss, it's like this. Your brother Jim as has been up in Garden City, had trouble night afore last with Bob Gibson, a gambler who holds out up there—an' your brother—"

"Go easy, Bill," warned the other again.

"This Gibson is a reckless feller and a bad 'un to have trouble with; so when your brother— It's no use, boys, I can't tell her. One of you finish." The brawny sheriff wheeled his horse and rode a short distance from the house.

"Well, miss, your brother was killed!" said the other, bluntly.

"Killed! Oh, my God, not by—by—" She held out her hands pleadingly.

"Yes, miss, by Bob Gibson." He told her the particulars, but she did not hear, did not see; she was only conscious that her brother was dead and by—him.

"We're looking for Gibson, now," said the sheriff at parting. He is over in the sand hills somewhere and when we find him, we'll hang him as high as Haman."

Nan watched the men ride slowly away, then she went into the house. He had heard all and stood waiting.

"Yes, Nan, it was me. But, Nan, it was his life or mine and I did not know he was your brother."

"He was out here when you and I first knew each other. I came to him in my trouble."

Bob walked slowly to the door and for a moment silently watched the sheriff's men ride towards the hills. Suddenly he turned to her.

"Nan, I've ruined your life and my own. I've been a coward and a scoundrel all of my life; but I'm going to try and right things now and before I do I want you to kiss me—it will be for the last time, I reckon."

"What do you mean, Bob?"

"I'm going back to Garden City."

"To give yourself up? No, no, Bob, it means death."

"It is the only thing for me to do, Nan. I can't square things any other way." He put his arms about her. She clung to him and begged him not to go. He kissed her, then unclasped her arms from about his neck.

"Good-bye, Nan, dear. I am ending life where I should have begun—with you." He walked steadily from the house; as he left he picked up the handkerchief she had used to bathe his forehead and placed it in his heart.

She watched him walk swiftly towards the hills, she heard him call to the men and saw them turn and gallop down upon



him. He looked back to where she stood and placed his hand in his heart. She heard the sharp crack of a rifle and saw him fall, his hand still over his heart.

They brought him back to the house and laid him before her.

"He put his hand in his shirt for his weapons and we fired on him."

Nan bent over the dying man and drew from over his heart a handkerchief now stained with blood. The men stepped

back, a look of shame on their bronzed faces.

"He was going back to give himself up," she cried. "You are no better than he for you have murdered him!"

She kissed the lips of the dying man and called his name. He wearily opened his eyes and looked up at her with a sad smile of love and pity.

"It is all settled now, Nan, and in the best way—for after all, you see I come back to you."

## THE ORDER OF THE YELLOW ROBE

BY HELEN F. HUNTINGTON

"The Worldly Hope men set their hearts upon  
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon  
Like Snow upon the desert's dusty face  
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone."  
*Rubaiyat.*

"WHO is the horsewoman riding on yonder hill to the right?"

Miss Haughton asked, adjusting her lorgnette effectively and looking up the green slope of Ameer Hill.

"Miss Navahro, of course," Kitty Knollys answered, watching the blue-gowned figure disappear over the wooded ridge. "The man beside her is Pundit Chandra. Not another woman in Poona sits so well in a saddle as Miss Nevahro."

"Oh, I think so, my dear," Miss Haughton contradicted, with an almost imperceptible shrug of disparagement. Miss Haughton prided herself a good deal on her horsemanship. "I should think, by the way, that her pride would induce her to discourage that man's attentions. Her indifference to social opinion is an abominable affectation. What object can she have to deceive that man? All Poona is talking—"

"Of course people talk about Mr. Chandra. He's all they can find to talk about just now," Kitty put in coldly. "I noticed a good deal of satisfaction at Merla's engagement to Delhaven—feminine Poona congratulated itself secretly on the number of unattached officers recruited from the ranks of Miss Nevahro's admirers."

"Who is this Miss Nevahro of whom we hear so much, and see so little?" young

Mrs. Carew asked languidly, from the depth of her easy-chair behind the fragrant screen of flowering bougainvilles. She was new to Poona, very pretty and openly coquettish. Jack Knollys, who sauntered out on the balcony in time to hear the last question, undertook to answer it from the depth of his own experience.

"All Poona interests itself in the affairs of Merla Nevahro," he said, "because she is unusually clever and undeniably handsome—not simply pretty, as hundreds of European girls are, but brilliantly, strikingly handsome."

"That's reason enough to perpetuate her memory," Mrs. Carew laughed; "she has other good points, I suppose."

"Yes, and she's very different from most beautiful women—an acknowledged sweetener of social atmospheres. She's the sort of woman to reach out her hand across the little gulf of social ostracism and draw a man back to high ground, looking him fearlessly in the eyes with a gaze that says his past is a part of eternity and believes implicitly in his future. Some women have said spiteful things about 'posing for effect,' or some such thing, but we men know that if there were more women like her there would be more men worthy of her kind."

"Plainly, you are her knight-errant, Mr. Knollys," Mrs. Carew answered, with a languorous smile. "Is she really very pretty, Kitty? Women of her kind are seldom very pretty in the eyes of impartial observers."

"She's beautiful!" Kitty answered

promptly, with her characteristic generosity toward womankind.

"I don't think I shall like her," Mrs. Carew remarked calmly. "Is she your friend, Kitty?"

"Yes, and no. She's particularly Jack's friend, but I think I like her quite as much as I admire her."

"Dick told me a queer little story about her," Mrs. Carew went on complacently, "something he'd heard at the club. They say the man she was engaged to marry jilted her, in army parlance."

"Which is perfectly true," Miss Haughton amended with malicious pleasure. "She was engaged to Herbert Delhaven, the man who forgot his dance with you at the governor's ball, last spring."

"I forgave him when I heard who he was, and he seemed so frankly shocked at his own behavior. Go on, Miss Haughton, what of this man Delhaven? I am just beginning to know people about Poona."

"Herbert Delhaven is the Mullah-Sahib of the Supreme government, a man of indifferent ambition and worse pay, addicted to wild flights of imagination. We didn't pretend to fathom the mystery of Miss Nevahro's choice."

"But rejoiced after the fashion of a tribe whose offending chief is vanquished," Kitty put in vindictively. "You've no idea, Mrs. Carew, how we profited by her withdrawal, but it did not last. She has reappeared, and is fast gathering up her old laurels. You'll probably meet her at the regiment-ball tomorrow night."

"But did Mr. Delhaven really jilt her?"

"It is believed by some that he did."

"How dishonorable! How did she take it?"

"Coolly—to put it mildly," Miss Haughton answered. "Her pride might induce her to simulate an indifference to Delhaven, of course, but she is carrying on an open flirtation with that handsome Mullah, the Pundit Chandra, which is the extreme of bad form, to say the least."

"Not that magnificent-looking heathen from Bombay, who gave the after-dinner speech at the governor's banquet last week?"

"The same."

"That man—well he made me feel insignificant. I am rather inclined to be-

lieve in this Miss Nevahro, if she can capture a man of his grain. Doesn't he know about the Delhaven affair? What induced Delhaven to act so dishonorably?"

"That will never be fully known unless Merla chooses to tell it; though it is said this Nephanis Chandra is largely responsible for the existing state of affairs," Kitty answered seriously. "Ah! yonder's Captain Tressely—I wonder if he's coming here? Yes, he is; Mrs. Carew, do you know Captain Tressely? He's the most delightful fellow!"

It was known in cantonments that army men called Merla Nevahro "a girl after their own hearts," and in innumerable instances had offered her their hearts and various fortunes, but she refused them so gracefully as to make them all her staunch friends. She was not a vain woman, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but she knew her own advantages perfectly—too well to over-rate herself; therefore she made as little as possible of her powers. Her immediate history was not known in Poona, for the simple reason that she preferred not to be talked about. She had come to India with her aunt, whose husband, Major Trehune, was stationed at Poona indefinitely, in recognition of valuable services elsewhere; it is not always desirable to have a life appointment, even at Poona, but it suited the major's convenience exactly; he let it be known at the club, under pressure of friendly curiosity, that his wife's niece was an orphan of American birth, with a mild infusion of Italian blood—very good blood though not in any way distinguished; and it pleased some of the lesser lights to sneer at the story when it went the rounds of the drawing-rooms, but every one knew that many of the daughters of ancestral glory would have given the whole long line of peerage for Merla's heritage of beauty and all-round cleverness.

When Merla became engaged to Herbert Delhaven, the "Mullah-Sahib" of a branch of the Supreme government, feminine Poona approved and congratulated her without pretending to fathom the mystery of her choice, for Delhaven was a man of indifferent attractions, addicted to the hurtful and misleading study of

philology as demonstrated by native types. He held an indefinite position under the auspices of the home government, which necessitated irregular periods of hard brain work with long rests between which he improved, or squandered, on philological research. He was absurdly fond of Merla and satisfied with very little affection in return; for she was not a demonstrative woman, but the sort to appreciate intellect of the Delhaven order. So instead of letting him idle his time away in her presence she incited him to greater enthusiasm by her ready sympathy and aid, for her abilities were of no mean order. His scientific notes became compact pamphlets, and the pamphlets grew to a book of considerable volume. Meantime society went its accustomed gait, somewhat augmented by a number of unattached officers from the ranks of Merla's admirers.

One afternoon when riding with Merla on Ameer Hill, Delhaven met an old friend of his profession, to whom he had been introduced in London shortly before his Indian appointment—a native Mullah and Honorable member of the Calcutta University, of startlingly advanced ideas, who had been made much of during his visit to England because of his striking personality and indescribable courtesy of deportment. They had met again at the viceroy's tent at the Imperial assemblage at Delhi, together with distinguished men, both native and European, and renewed the acquaintance to Delhaven's intellectual advantage. Mr. Chandra was a perfect race-type of the high-caste Hindu, of fine figure and superb carriage, with clear-cut, handsome features, great lambent black eyes, and the clear pale brown skin of his race. His presence threw Delhaven in insignificant shadow, but Delhaven was utterly impervious to appearances; he introduced his friend to Merla with the surprised pleasure of a man who had unexpectedly discovered a priceless gem, and Merla in turn, admired him, to Delhaven's immense satisfaction.

Nephanis Chandra was courageously indifferent to the old race prejudices and narrowing restrictions of his class; his liberal education had prepared him to accept anything new with proper tolera-

tion; and extensive travel and long association with the English had given him a peculiarly acute insight into the ways of Western people. He looked upon Merla as a unit of the pleasing generality of well-born, high-bred Englishwomen; but as Merla was not English he could not possibly understand her—and she willed that he should not. He was engaged by a native society of Calcutta to make a compilation of certain Sanscrit documents bearing on the ancient philosophy of his sect, and, for reasons of his own, chose Poona for his workshop.

Meantime he saw much of Delhaven and Merla and offered many valuable suggestions concerning the book which was rapidly nearing completion; he also influenced the studiously inclined Delhaven to dip into the mysteries of Oriental religion, as expounded by his particular school of philosophy. Delhaven did so—so thoroughly that he floundered into unfathomable depth, out of reach of every human soul. It must be remembered in simple justice, that he had no physical stamina to rebel against illusory extremes—he was never a robust man, but India was largely responsible for his broken health.

Delhaven's health waned rapidly under the strain, but as he was not socially inclined no one noticed it particularly and his acquaintances did not interfere with his folly except to call it eccentricity, and let him run his own gait, headlong. It all resulted in the destruction of his prospects of happiness by giving up the woman he loved, from the standpoint of religious convictions. He remained in office and applied himself with soulful diligence to the performance of his work, and the government took no notice of his private opinions.

After the first shock of surprise, Merla bore her dismissal in silence; if she felt the ignominy of Delhaven's behavior, she made no sign. Rumor said openly that Delhaven had jilted her, and she did not contradict the report; but punished the gossips by lapsing into her old social habits and drawing a large following of desirable admirers (Jack Knollys and others of his kind), and in defiance of public opinion, which said that Nephanis Chandra was the direct means of her misfortune, accepted the Mulla's grave atten-

tions without question in open preference to other men.

As time went by he became absorbingly interested in her—so far, in fact, that he forgot or ignored his race-prejudices and fell in love with her—not after the calm, satisfied fashion of Delhaven—but as Orientals love, without condition and limitation; and being a man of good birth and irreproachable character, had every right to fall in love with whom he chose. But he had wonderful control of his impulses and was, withal, a patient man. After a long while he told her of his love, after the quiet manner of her own people.

She heard him through without the faintest show of emotion.

"My answer depends altogether on your willingness to do me a service," she said, with an almost imperceptible rise of color. "A conditional acceptance does not please you, does it? but there is no other way; this I tell you frankly: I want you to persuade Herbert Delhaven out of his ruinous hallucination; to force him out of the influence of the Mullas of your sect. You are the one person in the world to do it."

Then Nephanis Chandra reasoned out a theory based upon the many-sided philosophy of his convictions, and the gist of the whole matter resulted in a decided refusal to side-track another man's views.

"That thing I cannot do," he said firmly.

"You mean, you will not?"

"You do not realize what you ask—a thing altogether out of reason. Should I attempt to perjure a man's soul, at any price? Better were it to destroy his body—that were far more honorable, in the light of my own convictions."

"That is because of your absurdly Oriental, one-sided view of things in general," Merla answered, quite unmoved. "I had thought you more reasonable, I confess. Nevertheless, you must strive to overcome that untenable sophism of superstition. I require so much of you."

"It is impossible," he insisted, with a strange little smile which in other men would mean scornful denial.

"Then love is impossible. I leave you no choice but to obey me or leave me."

"You do not mean that?" he exclaimed hotly. "If I should do this thing, which I hope is out of my power, I should outrage my own sense of right and honor. Ask

me anything that my conscience does not condemn; I will do what you ask me to the utmost limit of my ability, but not to the hurt of another soul."

"Your conscience is not a criterion in this matter," she persisted. "You shall judge for your own people as you know best. But Delhaven is of my kind; he is of flexible grain whose tenor is unknown to you; therefore I am the one to judge for him. The government should have looked after him and sent him home long ago, for he is working himself to death, or worse, insanity. His physical condition makes him visionary and incapable of choosing for his own good; this sentiment—this idea of his—is simply a disorder of the brain, not religion, as he tries to believe. You were the direct means of his misfortune, now you shall also save him."

"What a very poor opinion you must have of me, Miss Nevahro!"

"On the contrary, my opinion of you, as you put it, is very exalted. I know you to be capable of great things, more than all the men it has been my fortune to know; therefore you can also save Herbert Delhaven from the extreme of misery,—by what means I know not, nor care, only save him. Cause him to be guilty of some small omission of duty, or a mistake, or anything to send him home on the plea of ill health; or have him transported to go fight the Afghans and die in fair battle."

"Will you not realize that he must work out his own rise or fall? Would you have him disgraced in the eyes of the world?"

"No, no. You know I do not mean that. But you must do something to break his illusion," she insisted, flushing and paling by turns. "Do you know how it will end? His brain will give way utterly and he will be a miserable crazed fanatic. That I could not bear! Do you not see that I am helpless to prevent his ruin? He has placed me at a disadvantage before the world, or I should have rescued him long since. Will you do my bidding?"

"Merla, again I say it is impossible."

"Ah, that is plain, certainly. I will not argue with you, but bid you—adieu!"

"Is this final?" he asked with the profound gravity of his race.

"Yes. I have asked you to do me a simple service that no one else could do for



me, and you have refused. You have made your choice—so have I, and this is the end." She held out her hand to him, a little cold smile curving her lips into lines of scornful beauty.

"How little you know of love!" he said bitterly; "you, who are so lovely, whose heart is colder than the snows of winter!"

"You worship an ideal, not a woman," she answered.

Nephanis Chandra was a man of immeasurable emotions—and incredible self-control; he loved Merla illogically, unselfishly, and to satisfy his idea of perfect devotion wished above all things to contribute to her happiness. It became plain to him, after much painful thought, that she really loved Delhaven, and to save him from what appeared to her a great evil was willing to sacrifice her own happiness. He was too honorable and generous to cherish jealous prejudices toward his successful rival, therefore he concerned himself deeply over a plan whereby he could honorably accede to Merla's wishes without injuring Delhaven's spiritual welfare.

A month after that interview Merla received a very brief note written in the delicate vertical characters of the Anglicized Hindu informing her of Delhaven's leave of absence and his departure for England, on the grounds of ill health.

How he managed the affair will never be known, for the native administration may not interfere with the Supremacy. Had Delhaven been a native his disposition would have been comparatively easy; but, however it was accomplished, none but strictly honorable means were employed, and it was certain poor Delhaven needed the change.

Then Nephanis Chandra took up his work again in the form of profoundly philosophical discourses of the Advaita trend, which were published in due time, and widely circulated, and gave his native Mullas and official friends much pleasure and himself an enviable reputation, for which he cared less than the fickle throngs about him. He did not know that Merla kept his lectures on file with a few other documents that she kept out of sight of profane, curious gaze of infidels and strangers. In the course of early winter he went back to Calcutta, and Merla interested herself in the study of

philology under the indirect guidance of her friend, Baloo Rusni, the eminent Rajpoot philologist, partly for the pleasure it gave her, but chiefly because it concerned the two men who loved her.

During his years of absence Delhaven awoke from his illusive dream to a realization of the substance of things tangible, and, first of all to a keen regret of the happiness he had refused in giving up Merla; but a secret hope that she loved him gave him wonderful courage. He applied for, and received, a second appointment to service—not so good as the first, but in view of seeing Merla again he considered it a Godsend. He could not await his return, but wrote Merla at a very great length, with the old-time manliness that showed a clear brain and a hearty contempt for past illusions. When she received the letter his ship was lying in port in Bombay, and though she was a woman of very cold, invincible exterior, she trembled when she thought of his nearness to her. In twenty-four hours she would see him face to face! His letter and her own ungovernable emotion overcame her reserve; she bowed her head over the paper she was reading and wept much as other women do under similar circumstances—but her emotion was of the sort that makes no outcry.

Late that afternoon she rode with Captain Tressely over the hill to the fort. People invariably looked after her in open admiration, because she was an unusually fine horsewoman and very beautiful, but she surpassed herself altogether that day. She was simply clad in a blue habit which is proof against the Indian sun, and instead of the hard, mannish hat, a blue velvet cap that brought out the exquisite coloring of her face and the rich, coppery tints of her rebelliously curly hair. A fine undertone of color flickered in her cheeks like a delicate flame, and her eyes had the black shadows of suppressed excitement.

"Pundit Chandra is at the Residency," the captain remarked in the course of the conversation. Do you remember him?"

"Perfectly," Merla replied, looking straight ahead; "I should like to see him again; suppose you take me over to the Residency! I know the Knollys very well and dare say I owe them a call."

The captain knew her too well to be surprised at her sudden caprice, so he



headed toward the suburban Residency on the open highroad among groves of flowering acacias and tamarisks.

Nephanis greeted her courteously—he, could not have evaded seeing her had he wished to do so—but his manner was grave beyond expression. An unspeakable shadow of sorrow had wrought a subtle change in his handsome face, involuntarily placing him beyond the old pleasing familiarity of social intercourse. They talked of the affairs of government, which concerns both man and maid in India, of the plentiful fruit harvest, and finally, as the conversation led to more personal topics, Kitty Knollys decoyed the captain off into the luxuriant gardens to give him the opportunity he had long put off of speaking his heart to her, and Merla, understanding the situation, said laughingly:—

"Very well, now I will help myself to all the yasmeeen flowers I covet, which Mr. Chandra will be good enough to pick for me. Come, Meer Chandra."

At the far side of the compound, under a twinkling canopy of yasmeeen and fan-palms, she paused suddenly. "I want to tell you that Herbert Delhaven is released," she said, looking up into the grave, kind face of the man beside her. "He returns to-morrow under government orders. I believe him to be much happier in the prospect of a useful life."

"I sincerely hope so," Nephanis replied patiently.

"And now that he has recovered his normal condition of health he will be able to determine between the real and the fancied," she added, taking his letter from her belt and twisting it between her fingers as she spoke.

"And yourself? You will also be happier. I shall be glad to know that always."

"Yes. But Herbert—he went out of my life that day long ago on Ameer Hill, do you remember? No? Well, it does not matter. Now that he is himself again he is out of my interest also." She tore his letter slowly into strips and scattered the snowy shreds among the fragrant flower-petals at her feet.

"And that is love!" he echoed, looking down at her radiant upturned face with sad, reproachful eyes. "To love and forget in a year. Is this love?"

"Yes, this is love!" she answered, lay-

ing one small, fair hand on his. "Nephanis, when you gave me your heart I was not worthy of your love—before God my heart is yours, yours only." She looked straight into his beautiful, unfathomable eyes, her lips curving into lines of inexpressible beauty.

"Merla—is this true?" he asked involuntarily, closing his hands over hers with painful intensity.

"True?" she echoed faintly. "Have you lost all faith in me?"

"Don't Merla, loved one," he said, drawing in his under lips as if in sudden pain. "It is not that you love me as I once loved you—it must not be so—such love is past forever. I have taken the vows of renunciation—to give up the world and worldly things—I go to-morrow to Delhi to take the Order of the Yellow Robe."

She did not answer, but looked steadfastly into his pure, fine face, her own whiter than the flowering yasmeeen beside her. When he had finished she drew her hand away from his close clasp and smiled, a little pitiful smile far sadder than tears.

"It is past," he said, as one whom life's sorrows have deeply touched.

"Oh God!" she murmured, drawing a deep breath of pain, "why must this be? For you to live forever apart from the world, friendless and homeless, and at last to die in utter loneliness! What a life for you!"

"Not so, dear one; to minister to the lowly ones of earth, to renounce the hollow pomp and weariness of life for a realization of the diviner self; to strive to reach a perfect ideal, and perhaps shed a ray of light through the gloom of error! Is this all unhappiness?"

"This, then, is the end for you and me!" she said at last. "It is the decree of fate, and as fate never errs it must be well—there can be no other way for either of us. I will try, if possible, not to think of what might have been, but I cannot forget you, and would not if I could."

"Merla, it could not be otherwise,"—he began as one speaking an eternal farewell.

"Hush," she interrupted softly, "I know. I would not have it otherwise, even now when my heart is breaking."

At that instant Captain Tressely and Miss Knollys appeared, walking leisurely down the garden path. Miss Knollys'

wide blue eyes instantly detected the Pundit, whose white robe made him very distinguishable against the dark greenery of the fan-palms. "There they are," she exclaimed in her childish treble; and Merla faced about resolutely to meet her friends.

"Captain tells me Mr. Delhaven is returning," Miss Knollys began, with her usual persistence to know the truth under any circumstances.

"Yes, to-morrow, I believe. He is very devoted to India."

"Has he quite recovered his health?"

"Yes, quite."

"Has he an appointment?"

"To Manipur, I believe."

"Ah, how many changes we undergo in India! Isn't it saddening to lose one's friends so often? Captain Tressely goes too, to Simla."

"One grows used to everything here," Merla answered, with the ghost of a smile.

"Everything but the summer heat. Miss Nevahro, you are unusually pale!" Captain Tressely broke in solicitously. "Let me advise a little Arrak—really you look quite ill."

"It must be the reflected light," she murmured, looking away toward the west where great clouds of burnished gold swam in the liquid blue sky; then realizing the absurdity of her remark, laughed a forced mirthless little laugh. "At any rate I think it wisest to ride home now."

She bade Nephanis adieu calmly, but in spite of the heat shivered as he took her hand.

"Mispah!" she said almost lightly, and passed out of the garden—and out of his life forever.

And so he remembered her always—if mayhap such thoughts ever entered the holy calm of his hermit life—as he saw her last, pale, serene and beautiful, her sorrow hidden from the world by a cloak of womanly pride.

It is said that they of the Yellow Robe forget the world completely and eternally; but as all ideals must take form ere the intellect can grasp them, who shall say but that in the dim future, through his life of utter loneliness, her face will grow to saintly likeness of Parvita and the Blessed ones whom the Sadhues worship? For by the immutable law of Brahm's entity, true love is imperishable.

## GOD'S GOLD

Why dread thou hunger why fear thou  
the cold,  
When filled is the world with God's own  
gold.

The buttercup's gold as it floods the field,  
To a thousand hearts its treasures yield.

The clouds in the West that seek to  
borrow,  
Day's vanishing gold the hope of the  
morrow.

The golden sunshine that lives in the sky,  
The glittering stars that gleam on high.

And oceans of gold, rise, swell and fall  
In billows of grain, in the song-bird's call.

The golden heart that never will fail  
The golden spirit that never will quail.

Why fetter the soul in search for gold,  
When close at thy feet lie treasures  
untold.

*Ella Walton.*

# SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CENTURY

BY DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

## CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.

OUR learned friend, Mr. Ernst, in a spirited paper, recently published, has resented, very properly, the charge that New England was ever governed by a Theocracy. In his vigorous statement, he calls attention to the fact, that, from the beginning to this moment, the churches in Boston have met their expenses by voluntary contributions, and that no tax for ecclesiastical purposes has ever been collected or expected here.

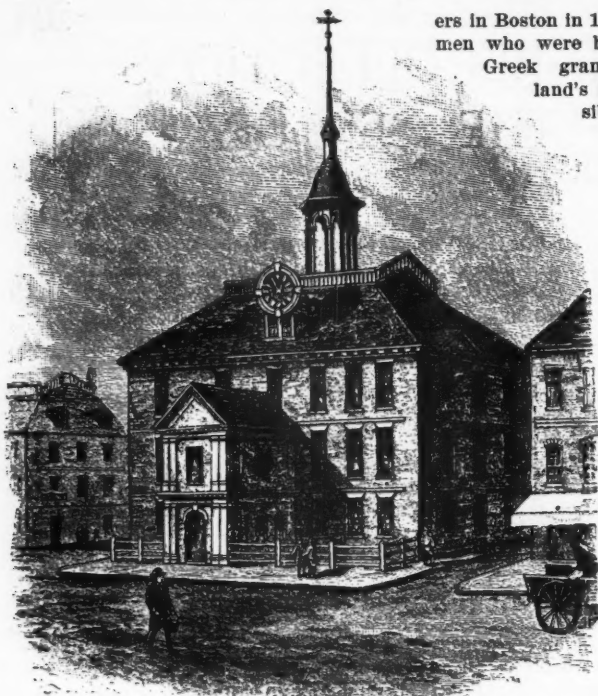
It is a little curious, that in a town of Puritans, who had very distinct notions on the subject, the physical buildings should have come to be called "churches," while, as near as Roxbury or Dorchester or Cambridge even, they were called "meeting-houses." The Puritan phrase was meeting-house. Cotton Mather said he found no just ground in Scripture to apply such a trope as "church" to a house for public assembly. I dare say the Episcopalians were glad enough to favor the Puritan pride in such matters. And the term "meeting house" was perfectly understood in Boston. In my boyhood people would have spoken of "going to meeting," or going to "Brattle Street meeting," without any thought of oddity. But on the other hand, the New South Church, which was Puritan or Congregational, stood on "Church Green," which was so-called before there was any meeting-house there. No one knows why.

Boston was not governed by its ministers. But ministers and churches had, as they have still, an important power in its affairs. Sometimes the people, or some of the people resented the work of the ministers as not good. The introduction of inoculation made Cotton Mather as

unpopular as it did Doctor Boylston, to whom Cotton Mather had suggested it. And, earlier than that, John Elliot's interest in the Indians had excited the resentment of people who thought that there was "no good Indian but a dead one."

Some surprise has been expressed that, from 1748 to 1800, no Congregational churches were added to the number in Boston. Indeed two of the North End churches united in 1775. But the history of our churches shows that the community took as much interest in public worship at the beginning of this century, as it had done fifty years before.

As the little town became more cosmopolitan, different religious sects had established themselves. But, when this century began, there was about the same proportion of churches to worshippers as in 1750. At that time there were eleven Puritan or Congregational churches, three Episcopal, one Baptist and one Presbyterian. In 1800 there had been added five churches, representing the Baptist, Sandemanian, Universalist, Catholic and Methodist communions. The Presbyterian church, formed of Scotch-Irish emigrants in 1744, had shaken off the connection, never more than formal, with the Presbyterian body, had considerably increased, and may be counted in with the Congregationalists. King's chapel had become Unitarian, although still using a Liturgy founded on that of the English church. There were thus nineteen churches for a town of twenty-four thousand people, where in 1750 there has been fifteen for a town of seventeen or eighteen thousand people.



The "Old Brick" or First Church, 1713 to 1808,  
which stood at the head of what is now  
State Street.

The national interests were so much larger than the petty affairs of a province such as the Bay had been in 1750, that the little discussions of ecclesiastics perhaps attracted less proportional attention in 1800 than they did half a century before. To my mind, such a change may indicate a growth in real religion quite as much as a decline. I find it hard to make out much difference, good or bad, between the average make-up of the men in the pulpit in 1750 and in 1800. They seem to have been respectable men in character, hardly what we should now call scholars, with one or two exceptions. In 1800 there was no one who challenged special attention as an orator or a leader. Belknap may be fairly called a scholar, but he had died in 1798.

I am quite safe in saying that for the last ten years, no man or woman in the world has read ten consecutive lines of all the printed writings of all the preach-

ers in Boston in 1800, excepting a few old men who were brought up on Popkin's Greek grammar. Some of Kirkland's later writings may possibly make another exception. Until Channing began to preach, in the Federal Street church, in 1803, unless we except Kirkland, the preaching in the several pulpits of Boston must have been sadly commonplace. With Channing a new era began. He was terribly in earnest. His power showed itself in his eager statement of the Real Presence—the life of God in his children when they would receive the Holy Spirit. It seemed only by accident, as one may say, that he afterwards became known as a controversialist, or a leader in temperance or anti-slavery reform.

He was asked at the same time, to settle in the large and fashionable church in Brattle Street, and in the smaller and less distinguished church, as it then was, in Federal Street—formerly Long Lane. I spoke of the change of name in the last paper of this series. He chose the Federal Street Congregation, because it was the smaller, and in his delicate health, he was better able to meet its requisitions for parish services. He soon changed all that, however. People knew where the first preacher of the time was to be found, and they found him. As Theodore Parker once said, "If you ring the bell loud enough, the people will come."

He succeeded Popkin, who succeeded Jeremy Belknap, who had died in 1798. Belknap was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Historical Society, he was an early leader in the Liberal movement which has now transformed every religious communion, and he may be fairly called a scholar. The alumni of Harvard

College sing at their commencement dinner annually a hymn with the impression, I believe, that it was sung by Drouster's graduates in the beginning, and that it comes from Sternhold and Hopkins. It is really a version from the 78th Psalm, which Belknap arranged, by mosaic, from Watts, and Tate and Brady. It begins "Give ear, ye Children to my Law."

The words in the Bible are, Give ear, Oh my people to my Law. The line Give ear ye children to my law appears to be Belknap's. The line in Tate and Brady reads, "Hear O My People to my Law," and Belknap marks his hymn as "For the Education of Children." The hymn is now sung at Cambridge as it appears in Belknap's own book, with the omission of the last verse. It follows Tate's and Brady's version as it was published in the English prayer-books of that time for its first three verses. It then takes up Watts's version and the two last excellent verses are his:

"Which he, Lord, commanded our fathers  
That they should make them known to  
their children

That the generation to come might know  
them;  
Even the children which should be born,  
Who should rise and declare them to their  
children."

The verses as given by Sternhold and Hopkins are in the following words:—

"Attend my people to my law, and to my  
words incline:  
My mouth shall speak strange parables, and  
sentences divine,  
Which we ourselves have heard and  
learned even of our fathers old:  
And which for our instruction our fathers  
have us told.

"Because we should not keep it close, from  
them that should come after:  
Who should God's power to their new  
praise, and all his works of wonder:  
To Jacob he commandment gave, how  
Israel should live;

Willing our fathers should the same, unto  
their children give.

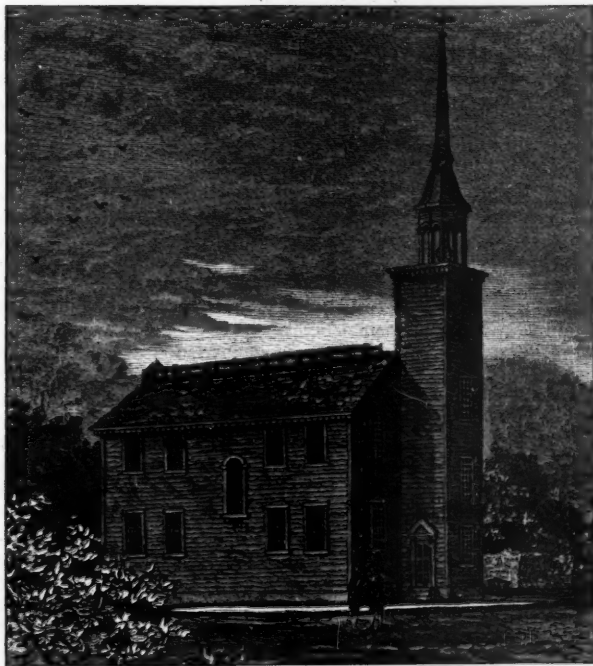
"That they and their posteritie, that were  
not sprung up tho  
Should have the knowledge of the law, and  
teach their seed also.

That they may have the better hope, in God  
that is above:

And not forget to keep his laws, and his  
precepts in love.

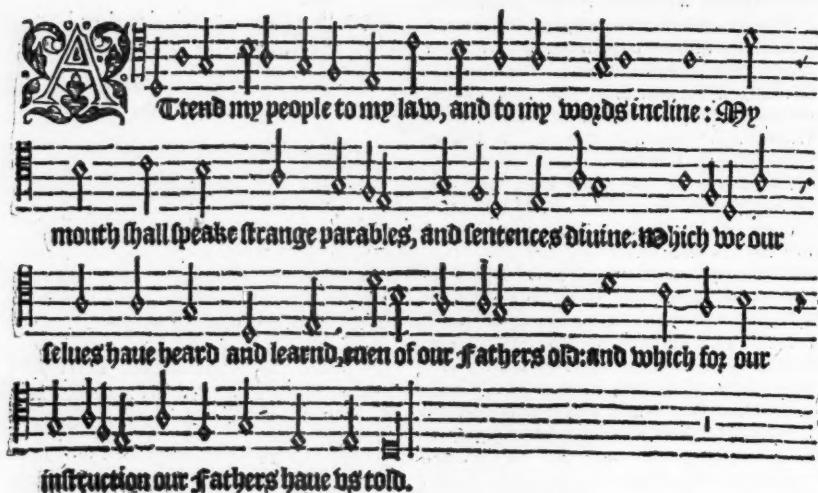
The theology of Belknap's church and most of the other churches of the town is distinctly shown in his alteration or omission in his collection of those hymns which carried any Calvinistic doctrines.

Belknap was the successor in this church of "Johnny Moorhead" as he was called for a generation with a certain affection, by the generality of the town. The church had been founded by and for a body of Scotch-Irish emigrants, who had come over in the earlier part of the last century. They were but poor peo-



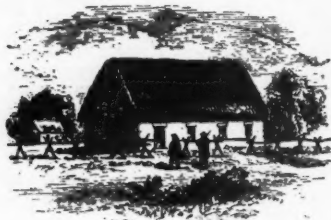
The Old Meeting-House, 1729, in Long Lane, now Federal Street,  
where Theodore Parker, Dr. Gannett and Jeremy Belknap  
used to preach.





The 78th Psalm in the Sternhold & Hopkins Edition of 1595 from which Dr. Jeremy Belknap arranged the hymn that the Harvard Alumni sing annually at their Commencement Dinner.

ple, and it was with some pride that Johnny Moorhead announced that "thanks to the liberal generosity of Mr. Hancock and some other gentlemen, they were enabled to worship God as genteelly now, as any other congregation in town."



The First Meeting House in Boston.

The tradition says that one Sunday afternoon, as Parson Moorhead was engaged in prayer, Doctor Elliot, from the more aristocratic church on Hanover Street, came in, a little late, as it happened. But Parson Moorhead was equal to the occasion and its hospitalities. At that moment he was in prayer, and was

following along the accustomed petition for the sovereign. So he said, "We beseech thee to support by thy favor his Majesty, the King, his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, come up into the pulpit, Doctor Elliot, and all the rest of the Royal Family."

It is of this Doctor Elliot, or his son, John, that an anecdote is told which speaks well for his tenderness, though perhaps at the expense of his acquaintance with athletics. He was making parish calls, one afternoon, and in the street came across a boy weeping vehemently, whom the doctor tried to comfort. The boy explained that some bad boys had stolen and spoiled his foot-ball. "Poor boy," said the doctor, "I pity your case."

"Damn the case," said the boy, "but they've bust the bladder."

Of Doctor Chauncy, the decorous and dignified minister of the First Church until 1798, no such trivial anecdotes remain. But with a certain humor, Jonathan Loring Austin, who carried to Franklin the news of Burgoyne's surrender, used to tell the story of what happened in the First Church on the eve of his sailing. Austin was a youngster of twenty-five

years or thereabouts, and the council had selected him to take out the precious news to France. The *Perch*, their fastest boat, was fitted out, and Austin bidden to repair to Paris with all speed. They were ready to sail on Friday. But a stiff northeaster set in, and Sunday found them still in Boston. Of course all hands went to church. And Chauncy prayed, quite at length, for their success; for the life and prosperity of the young messenger, among the rest.

"But if, oh Lord, it please thee that the boat be sunk, and he lost in the sea, be pleased, in Thy gracious Providence to save the despatches."

The story did not suffer probably, in Austin's recollection. In fact he arrived in Bordeaux in advance of all other messengers, rode post to Passy where were Franklin and the other ministers. The old man met the boy at the door, and he leaped from the carriage.

"Is it true, sir," said Franklin, "that Governor Howe has entered Philadelphia?"

"It is true, Doctor Franklin; and it is also true that General Burgoyne and all his army are prisoners of war." Then such embracing and felicitation!

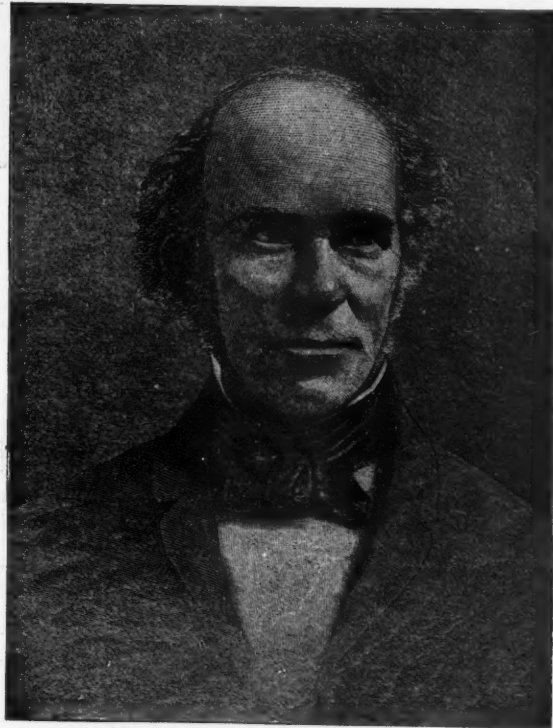
For the history of the world was changed!

But these little anecdotes are more than a century old. In 1798 Belknap died. In the same year, Kirkland, afterwards president of Harvard College, was ordained at the New South church. With him came in at least elegance and a certain form of scholarship, which made young men admire him. In 1803, as I said, Channing began to preach. Indeed, with the century a new era begun in every church, and as it proved in every communion.

There may be found, to this hour, in the

libraries of Theological schools, and other collections of Fossils, a book called "*Le Clerc on the Construction of a Sermon.*"

I think *Le Clerc* was a Huguenot, from the Lorraine region. In this wretched book, the student is taught, rightly, I dare say, how to lay out his subject in the dreary technical form of Introduction, 1st Head, 2nd Head, 3rd Head, Conclusion, as may be heard, by any hearer who



Theodore Parker.

keeps awake, from any third rate preacher, to this day. Then, with a charming naivete as it seems, *Le Clerc* adds, "then rely on the commonplaces."

This statement is really funnier to us than it was to the student of his time. By "commonplaces" he meant certain books of Reference, to which he referred the student, meaning what we should mean, if we said "then work up your subject well, and do not write as if nobody

had ever said anything about it before."

But when Channing began his business in Boston, all of them, we should say, relied on the commonplaces with a vengeance; using the word as we should use it now. They still held to the old terminology, and they wondered perhaps why the poor ghosts whom they called up, faded out of sight, without even frightening anybody.

To Channing God was a present friend. He lived and moved and had his being in his God. And he spoke to other people as one who had God's message to give, of which, as always, the first word was, as it is "I am here. The Kingdom of God is at hand, not far away."

When a man really knows this, because he has tried the great experiment, he

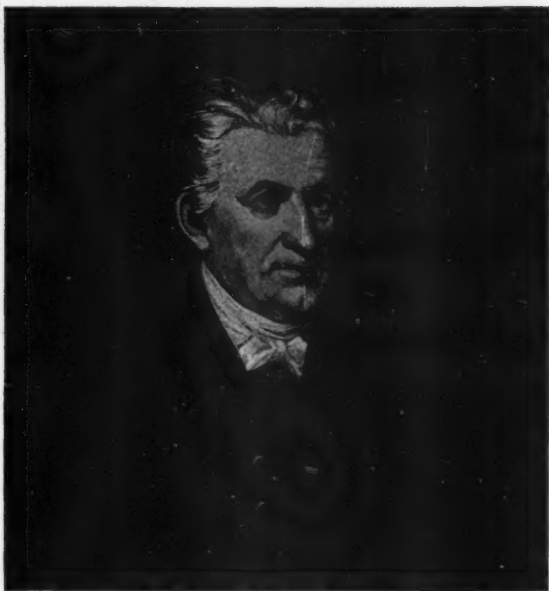


Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster.

makes other people believe him. Every church in Boston, and all the religious communions turned over a new leaf as the first quarter century went by. Boston was gaining in population and in wealth much faster. The population in-

creased from twenty-four thousand in 1800 to forty-eight thousand in 1825. But the wealth of the city in 1825 was much more than twice what it was in 1800. With wealth, with commerce and travel all over the world, there came a larger way of considering all topics, and that freedom of thought, with preachers and "laymen" which put an end, forever, to "reliance on the commonplaces."

Never was a nobler illustration of the determination to live and work for the Kingdom, than is given in the union of Christian people in the American Board of Conferences for Foreign Missions. This movement originated here in 1810, and its work is still carried on under



Lyman Beecher.



William E. Channing.

a Massachusetts charter. In the six years between 1812 and 1818 four young men died while in the ministry of Boston churches, whose deaths affected, tenderly and sensitively, the young people of those churches, and, indeed, a wider circle in the little town. For seven years, John Stevens Buckminster had been known as a preacher of eloquence unrivalled, as of consecrated life. He died suddenly when only twenty-eight years old, in 1812. Two years after, John L. Abbott died, only a year after he had been ordained, as the older Emerson's successor, in the First Church. In the next year Samuel Cary died, after a ministry of only six years in King's Chapel, and in 1818 Samuel Cooper Thatcher died, the son of one distinguished Boston preacher and named for another. Hewas thirty-two years old. The others were

less than thirty years old when they died. Four of the largest and oldest churches in Boston thus lost their ministers, men of great promise, and of evident consecration of life, each dying when he was still young. The short biographies of these men were printed separately for the use of young people. And the four names are still remembered among the older people of Boston, connected with hopes which were disappointed and memories of noble work for man, done by young adventurers in life, in the very outset.

From that early day to this day, I think it has been impossible to say that the pulpit of Boston has relied on the commonplaces. Cheverus, Channing, Buckminster, Everett, Beecher, Griffin, Wayland, Palfrey, Parker, Holley, Gannett, Pierpont, King and Brooks,—not to

name living men,—these are names which cannot be separated from the history of the largest Life of New England and of the nation.

And, at this hour, with a few exceptions, so slight that they are not worth naming, it would be fair to say that every pulpit in Boston expresses, as well as it knows how, the central Eternal Truth of the Religion of the twentieth century, namely that God IS. NOT that he was, or is going to be, but that He is. The pulpit of Boston tries to make the people feel this,—and, in its poor way, tries to make them try the experiment of

the Real Presence. They will not doubt that He is, if they will go to work with him for his purpose.

I have known a good many instances, where people have tried on Sunday morning the experiment of testing the pulpit of a Boston church, where they did not know the name of sect or preacher.

Try it, yourself, reader, if you come within the magic circle.

The chances are ninety-nine to a hundred, that the sermon you will hear will say, "Here is God, now," or in the language of the New Testament "The Kingdom of God is at hand."

(Conclusion.)

## A PÆAN OF ALASKA

Gold! Magical Gold!  
 Hidden away in the cold  
 Cruel, relentless hold  
 Of an Ice-Fiend, ages old!  
 Gold, Magical Gold!  
 Ready Bride of the Bold—  
 Sleeping Beauty that waitest  
 The kiss of the princely stranger—  
 Mystery crowned with danger—  
 Wanton with smile of summer  
 Greeting as gaily the latest  
 As didst thou the earliest comer!  
 Victims all. Though they may  
 Win thee and keep thee, until  
 Life itself runs away  
 Like a shallow, babbling rill.  
 Gold, Magical Gold—  
 Gold! Tragical Gold—  
 Gold! Bride of the Bold  
 And mother of every ill!

Far in the frozen North  
 Why has thy fatal face  
 Fascinant now flashed forth  
 To bewitch and madden the race?  
 Shall there arrive no time  
 When a Klondike strike will seem  
 Like a vague and distant dream  
 Of Folly or crazy Crime?  
 Shall never a Dawn arrive  
 When Man no longer a clod  
 In the service of dirt shall strive  
 And Gold shall cease to be—God?  
 And, like thunder's voice ontrolled  
 Blent with Ocean's drowning stun,  
 Sing they anthems far and wide  
 Of the deeds which Gold hath done  
 Of the victories Gold hath won—  
 Glorious, all victorious Gold!

Henry Austin.

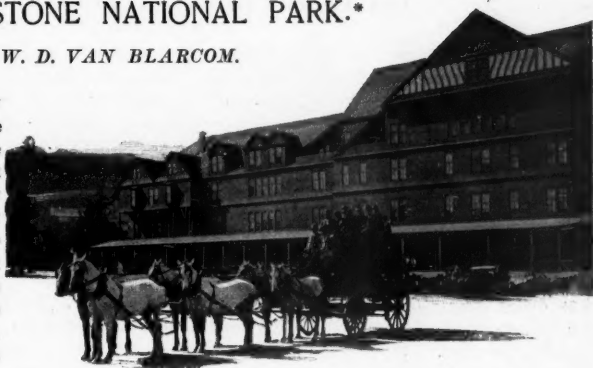


## THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.\*

BY W. D. VAN BLARCOM.

WE left New York for the Yellowstone on one of its warmest days (and every New Yorker knows what that means), came west to St. Paul, and from there took the Northern Pacific to Livingston, Montana, passing through a most interesting country, and a most marvellous one to an easterner. In Livingston the stop was at a quaint little hotel for a few hours while waiting for the train on the branch line to take us to Cinnabar, which is the last town this side of the park. There a big Concord coach met us, drawn by six fine horses, and with a toot of the horn we were off; our fox terriers, which we had brought with us, running and yelping after the coach with the greatest delight, after their long journey in the baggage car. We had a steady climb up the mountains, of eight miles, before reaching the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel at the entrance of the park. But what a ride! The feeling, as you gaze around on the beauties and wonders before you, is one of such absolute newness as to be entrancing in this blasé age. After climbing the mountains in the stage you suddenly arrive upon a small plateau, upon which stands the hotel, and directly opposite that, Fort Yellowstone, with its soldiers; all of which is startling coming suddenly upon you, as it does; when during your drive up the mountains you have seen little that would indicate the presence of man. The hotel piazza is thronged with people from all parts of the world, the stage coming in amid the tooting of horns, the soldiers having guard mount just across the way, all make the

[\* This article is the second in a descriptive series of The Seven Wonders of the New World. The preceding one, which appeared in the August issue, was on Niagara Falls; those to follow will be on the Yosemite Valley; the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; the "Canons and Gardens of the Gods," Colorado; the Giant Trees of California; and the Natural Bridge of Virginia.]



The Mode of Conveyance through the Yellowstone National Park.

liveliest, most attractive picture, after the stillness of nature through which you have just passed. After luncheon the guide took us out to see the hot springs, which are within a stone's throw of the hotel. We were not the only ones, a crowd of tourists went, people from every corner of the earth's surface. We met a gentleman who knew friends of ours, as is almost always the way no matter where one travels. Well! from the time we started until we returned we were simply walking exclamation points. Such marvellous formations, with the boiling hot water welling up in ceaseless bubbles, all colors of the rainbow. The delicate pinks, blues, greens, maroons, purples, all blending in such a manner as to render one speechless in surprise and admiration; and there is not one of these springs, but hundreds. We tramped, loath to give up seeing until we were tired out, then came back to the hotel just in time to dress for dinner. Afterwards the act of custom was to promenade on the wide piazzas, listening to the military band at the fort opposite, having the noted foreigners and Americans pointed out to us by one who knew them, looking them over, and thinking no one would ever know their greatness if they were not told, and altogether passing such a pleasant evening we would not have cared to retire had it not been for the long ride before us early next morning. For you are called at six thirty, breakfast at seven, and start off in the Concord coaches at eight, to make the tour of the park.

This takes five days if you go straight through, but you can go as leisurely as


you please, stopping at the different hotels and exploring the surrounding country on horseback or driving or afoot, just as one prefers.

Apropos of the foreigners, we were told that when Count von Bismarck, Prince von Bismarck's son, was here a few seasons ago, he was touring the park with a friend, and was much surprised that his greatness did not produce more of an impression than it did. He was treated as was every one else, and the manager of the transportation company was "a most remarkable man," and he thought he must be a trifle insane "because he insisted upon collecting the fare of Count von Bismarck's friend in advance. Now, all who do not pay in advance for the trip through the park before they start from the hotel, have their fare collected at every subsequent hotel, this being done as all the tourists do not go the entire distance, and prefer to pay as they go. The Count had paid his fare in advance, as he meant to make the entire journey, his friend with him had not, so it was from him that the manager desired to collect the fare due. He had no money with him, and said that he would pay when he returned to the starting point, but the manager insisted, as those were the rules. So Count von Bismarck offered to go security for him, but that would not do; it was a case of no fare no ride. The Count paid for his friend, much to his disgust, that he, the Count von Bismarck, could not be trusted; but of course the manager had to obey the rules, and a count more or less, was nothing to him. It was very funny to see the Count's wrath. He probably realized then that he was in America, God's free country, where every man is born equal, and it remains with himself alone to make his name famous or otherwise.

While waiting to start on our tour of the park, we conceived the idea of visiting the stables of the transportation company, seeing them in the distance, and being very fond of horses. As a special favor we were taken through. First we saw the horses. There were hundreds of them, for during the season at times over five hundred passengers are carried every day. Such great, big beauties; and six of them are used on each tally-ho. Then we went through the coach stables, and

viewed with delight the Concord coaches, made in Concord, New Hampshire, and shipped way out here, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Upon inquiry we learned that each coach cost about fifteen hundred dollars to build, so it was with much surprise we gazed at the hundreds of them in the stables, all freshly painted, ready to begin the season of '97.

Leaving the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel promptly at eight o'clock, we were driven twenty miles to the Norris lunch station. En route we passed through Golden Gate, four miles from the hotel, and one thousand feet higher. It is one of the most picturesque spots in the park, being a pass through what at one time was solid rock. The rocks on one side rising to the height of over three hundred feet, on the other over two thousand feet, and being most beautifully colored a delicate green, owing to the moss covered rocks, shading to deep olive and brown. On one side of this cut is built a roadway, on beams fastened into the rock, a most difficult piece of road building. And as you cross you gaze into the depths below, while ahead of you are to be seen the Rustic Falls, dashing down sixty feet to the Gardiner River, which flows through this opening below, making the whole most picturesque. Driving on you cross a flat portion of the country called Swan Basin, but gazing off in the distance one sees mountains, snow capped all around the horizon, rising to the height of over eleven thousand feet above sea level. In the winter they say this valley is inhabited by hundreds of elk and deer. But as the warm weather comes they go higher up in the mountains to avoid the mosquitoes and flies. Our dogs started two elk while we were crossing, great beautiful animals, and as fleet as the wind they flew to the cover of the pines nearby, so we had but a passing glimpse of them. Next we passed an obsidian cliff, of black glass, rising some two hundred and fifty feet above the roadway, glistening beautifully in the sun's rays. An amusing story is told about this cliff of glass. A huntsman was looking for elk one morning near this cliff, when he saw a great, big beauty, right before him. He shot at it, but missed it, then shot again and again, each time at a closer range, but the animal never moved. He was furious, be-



cause he was considered an unfailing shot, and could not understand why he could not bring down the game. In turning to reload his gun he saw standing on the hill behind him the animal he had been shooting at, calmly gazing at him. Looking quickly back to the spot he had been shooting at he saw the same animal reflected in the black glass of the obsidian cliff. While he was recovering from his surprise the elk bounded away. This happened before the park had been reserved by the government for a National Park. Now no hunting is allowed. The Indians who inhabited this section of the country used to make annual pilgrimages to this cliff, to get the glass from which they made their arrow heads. These were made by hand, perfectly shaped. No white man has ever been able to imitate them, not knowing the secret of carving the

brittle glass. Next we came to a lake full of beaver dams, and in which a beaver house is standing. At one time trappers used to take hundreds of beavers from here every year.

Now they peacefully build unmolested. A little further on the stage stopped, and the driver asked us if we would not like a drink of ice cold Apollinaris water. We were incredulous at first, but upon getting out and following a path in the woods a short distance we beheld a clear, beautiful spring, which upon tasting certainly did rival any Apollinaris water we ever drank in New York. Again we started on, and before long we could see tops of white tents in the distance. These proved to be the first lunch station, twenty miles from where we started. The tents are immense affairs, everything

The Giant Geyser in Upper Geyser Basin throwing water and steam to a height of 250 feet.

bright and clean connected with them. When we arrived a most remarkable man rushed out with a "Well! you're here at last, and glad I am to see ye's. Get right out and come in. Ladies, you can go right up-stairs and take off your hats, and lunch will then be ready." So we all got out, ten coaches full of people. We found that "up-stairs" was another tent where we could smooth our rumpled locks and remove a little dust that had accumulated during the drive. Then we all met at several long tables, about thirty people at each table. Immediately a good hot luncheon was served, while "Larry," the manager of the lunch station, went around from one to the other saying, "Now, phat can I do for yez? Will yez have any-thing more? Don't be bashful as I am. Speak out if yez want any-thing yez don't see." In passing the cakes one gentleman took what is called a kiss. Larry, spying it, said, "Ah, take another, one kiss is never enough. It only gives you an appetite for more." And so he rattled on, saying anything and everything, until the whole tent full of people were in convulsions of laughter. One very dignified old gentleman came in late, and Larry said to him: "Now, I wonder what yez might be? a D. D., or an M. D.?" The gentleman looked at him, and seemed to be reflecting, when Larry quietly added: "One stands for donkey driver, and the other for mule driver." Then he hurried away to the other side of the room amid roars of laughter, while the old gentleman recovered from his surprise as best he could.

No one was spared, but all took the Irishman good naturedly, as "Larry" is one of the curiosities of the park. In going up through the park this lunch station

is always called the "Norris Station," but coming back it is always called "Larry's."

After luncheon a number of wagonettes drove up to the tents, and we took our seats in them, and were driven around the Norris Geyser Basin. The first geyser we saw in action was the Congress, throwing boiling hot water some thirty feet in the air. For some years this geyser was simply a boiling spring of pale blue water, while near by was a steam vent, from which great quantities of steam escaped, and whose rumblings and roaring of escaping steam could be heard for miles. Suddenly one year this ceased, and the new geyser, called the Congress, appeared. The first eruptions were of great force, and com-

pletely blocked the road nearby with huge rocks and pieces of formation. Next we saw a little geyser called the "Minute Man," or the Constant, because it plays every sixty seconds, throwing jets of water thirty or forty feet in



View of Yellowstone Lake and Hot Spring Cone, showing where fish are cooked after being caught in the Lake.

the air. The "Black Growler" is most impressive, and gives one the feeling that the Devil must be piling on the coals below. It is near the road, in a basin some twenty feet in diameter, with three openings in the side. These openings are black, and from them issues clouds of steam, with a roaring and hissing sound, rising hundreds of feet above, the vibrations shaking the ground. It is estimated that the pressure of escaping steam is equal to forty-five thousand horse-power. Around this basin is any quantity of snow, which never melts. We would not believe it until we had picked some up, and saw that it was really snow. In fact, you hear and see so many seemingly impossible things, that at first you are inclined to be incredulous, but finally end by believing anything and everything, for fear the

thing that seems most improbable will be true, and vice versa. We saw geysers innumerable, none being very high, as the highest ones are in the Upper Geyser Basin, but we saw enough. After viewing the different geysers and springs, we again took our places in the coaches and started for another twenty-mile drive, when we would reach the Fountain Hotel and remain there over night.

It was here that we saw the paint pots. These are certainly the oddest, funniest things in the entire park. They are like cauldrons of hot boiling paint, of all colors; the most delicate pink, blue, gray, etc., all bubbling and boiling, throwing up jets of this paintlike matter, which assumes all kinds of shapes, some like roses or lilies, and then again such fantastic shapes you can imagine almost anything. It is fascinating to watch them, and you leave them with regret.

The next morning we were up bright and early, and found a delightfully warm and sunny morning awaiting us. We breakfasted at seven, and were seated in the coaches ready to start at seven thirty. We drove nine miles through a wide valley, over which is scattered numerous hot springs. The elevation of this valley is 7,250 feet above the sea level, and the surrounding hills are from four hundred to eight hundred feet higher. The drive runs along the Fire Hole River, so named because of the many hot springs along its margin, and emptying directly into the cool waters of the river. It seems marvellous that this should be so. After driving a few miles we came to what is called Hell's Half Acre, and when you finish looking at it you think it is well named. Here is located the Excelsior geyser, whose crater is two hundred and fifty feet in width, by four hundred feet in length, the largest in the park. It has

not played for eleven years, but when it did play it threw the immense body of water contained in the crater, two hundred and fifty feet in the air. It is now quiet, but the crater is filled with boiling water to the very brim, and looking down through its delicate blue transparency, you can see the beautiful coral like formation of the sides, to great depths, which make you move cautiously back from the edge, knowing that a misstep over its edge would mean almost instant death. Near the Excelsior is Prismatic Lake. It is two hundred and fifty by three hundred and fifty feet? In the centre of the lake the waters are of the deepest blue, growing gradually lighter to a delicate green, this shades into yellow, then to brighter reds and purples, shading to lavender, while the very edge of the lake is of orange; these exquisite colors blend and ripple towards you, boiling hot, while you stand and gaze, simply transfixed, by its beauty. We again climbed into the coaches, and soon were in the most interesting portion of the whole park, that part where all the great geysers are. You cannot con-

vey by descriptions  
how im-  
pressive is the sight  
of one of  
these massive col-  
umns of  
hot water going  
up in the air hun-  
dreds of feet,  
with a weird  
force from  
somewhere be-  
low, and with  
a power so  
great that it  
makes the  
earth in its  
vicinity  
tremble and  
vibrate, un-  
til you are  
so thor-



"Old Faithful" Geyser in Action.





The Mammoth Paint Pots near Fountain Hotel.

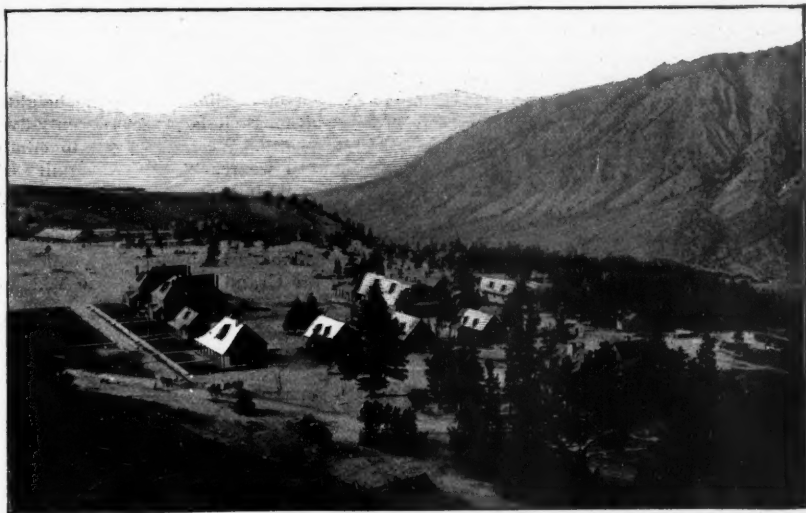
oughly awed, yet fascinated, you are loath to move from the spot. We saw several of the largest ones erupt, and would have liked to have stayed several days in hopes of seeing the others, but there being no hotel we could not do so. I believe they intend to build one this year. We hope they will, for it is without doubt the most fascinating spot in the park. This is where the people who camp through have the advantage over the people who go to the hotels. They can pitch their tents near by, and stay as long as they wish to at each interesting spot. There are many charming spots where wood, water and grass for the horses is found in abundance, and many thousand camping parties go through the park every year. We returned to the Fountain Hotel to remain over night. In the rotunda, where all the tourists congregate, is an immense open fireplace, whose fire is made from huge logs, the size of trees. This blazes up and casts a ruddy glow over the faces of all the travellers, who are grouped around it, in a large circle, in comfortable old-fashioned rocking chairs, relating their experiences of the day. We all sat and chatted, becom-

ing almost like old friends in our drowsy, comfortableness, until we were so sleepy we were forced to go to bed, especially as next morning we had to be ready to start at seven o'clock, as we had the longest drive of the trip before us. We were called at five thirty, breakfasted, and were seated in the coaches ready for the bugle, which gives the signal to start, at seven promptly. We drove twenty-nine miles before we stopped for luncheon, at a lunch station called the "Thumb," so named because it is situated on the thumb of the Yellowstone Lake. The lake is shaped like an open hand, with a thumb and four fingers. It is a sheet of water as blue as the sky, and over thirty miles in length, surrounded on all sides by heavy timber, with the grand old Tetons rising fourteen thousand feet, snow-capped in the distance; while the body of the lake is dotted with many small, picturesque islands. We had a good hot lunch at the Thumb, and then all started off to see what there was of interest. We were taken by a guide to the water's edge, where he showed us a cone filled with boiling water. This cone extends into the cold waters of the lake. We all went out

upon it, while the guide took his fishing pole, threw his fly far out in the lake and almost before we could speak, had caught a beautiful salmon trout, weighing at least a pound and a half. He played it through the water until quite near, then, with a quick jerk, he landed it in the hot spring, and in just two minutes he drew it out and presented to our astonished vision a boiled trout. As we stood upon the shore of the lake, we saw in the distance a white speck, which grew larger and larger, until we saw the prettiest little steamer making right for the dock where

Watters showed us buffalo in their wild state, besides mountain sheep, elk and the cutest little buffalo calf.

We made arrangements to go fishing the next day. So by seven-thirty we were aboard the "Zillah," steaming down the lake. We went thirty miles to the extreme end, where they told us the trout were gamey and better than in other parts of the lake. We disembarked, and pushed off from the steamer in row boats, with a guide in each boat. We rowed near the shore, and commenced casting our flies. The trout stay along the shore



Fort Yellowstone opposite Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel.

we stood. As soon as she was fastened alongside, we all went aboard, and explored her. We found a pretty little cabin upholstered in red velvet, cabin boys in uniform, and general appointments to match. The steamer carries one hundred and twenty-five people, is named the "Zillah," commanded by Commodore Watters. We decided we would sail across the lake instead of taking the long drive of twenty-five miles along the shore. The steamer lands you at the Lake hotel fully two hours before the stages do, so we thought it would be a pleasant change. But others thought they preferred the ride, and the chance of seeing the game along the route. Commodore

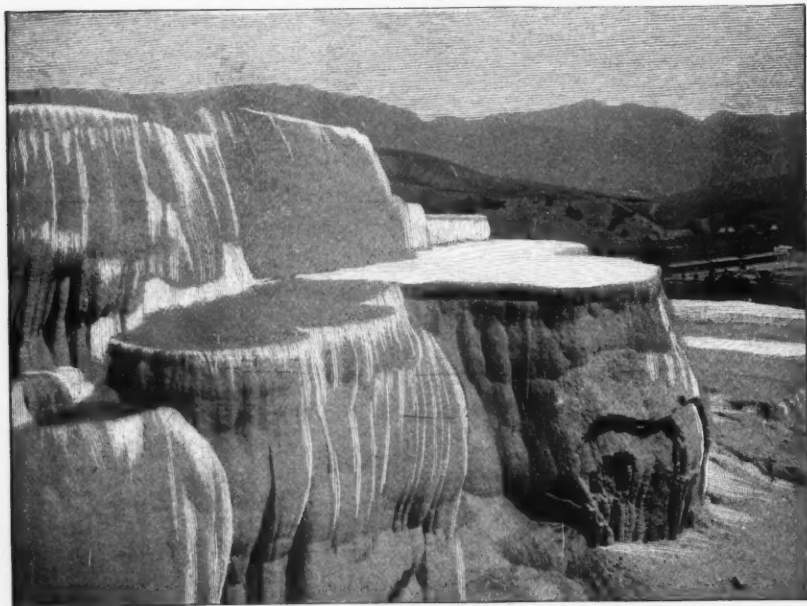
of the lake in the shallow water, and it was but a few minutes before a shout indicated that one of us had a bite; and sure enough, a beautiful speckled beauty was carefully landed after much dashing about and playing. Then the fun commenced, as fish after fish was caught. Some of us had never cast a fly before, but the lake abounds in fish, so even the most inexperienced had the pleasure of landing a trout. We took back to the hotel seventy-five beauties, and had the cook prepare one for each of the party. And no fish ever tasted quite as delicious as those.

Along the road to the Canyon hotel the next morning we came upon the mud

geyser, the most fiendish, diabolical thing in the whole park. It stands all by itself, a few yards from the road, at the base of the cliff. The crater is thirty feet deep, and funnel shaped. The mud is ejected from below through a black, cave-like opening. This mass of soft mud is being constantly belched forth with a dull, muffled, sickening sound in a most repulsive yet fascinating manner. As you stand on the brink and look down to the depths below, where this constant belching, boiling, sputtering mud is being thrown up, you are possessed by an absolute, abject fear. No wonder the poor ignorant Indians gave this spot a wide berth. Even we twentieth century people leave it with a weird, uncanny feeling possessing us, glad to get away. After leaving this spot we drove on to Hayden Valley, where all the large game of the park congregate in winter. While passing through this we saw several beautiful antelope grazing. They stood and watched us for a few moments, then, with the most graceful bounds, they fairly flew across the valley out of sight. But as we drove along the edge of the

timber we saw a couple of elk quietly standing in the shade. They took no notice of us except to watch us until we were out of sight. Here the road winds down to the banks of the Yellowstone River. We drove along this for several miles watching the trout spring into deeper water at the sound of our wagon wheels; passing many fishermen patiently catching the speckled beauties. The river here grows swifter and swifter, and before you know it you are upon the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone. They drop one hundred and forty feet, and shoot off a quarter of a mile below where they take another leap of three hundred and sixty feet, forming the lower falls, and from this last leap through the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, the river flows, looking like a mere ribbon from the heights above, although it is fully seventy-five feet in width. We now began to climb again until we reached the summit of quite a mountain on which stands the Canyon hotel.

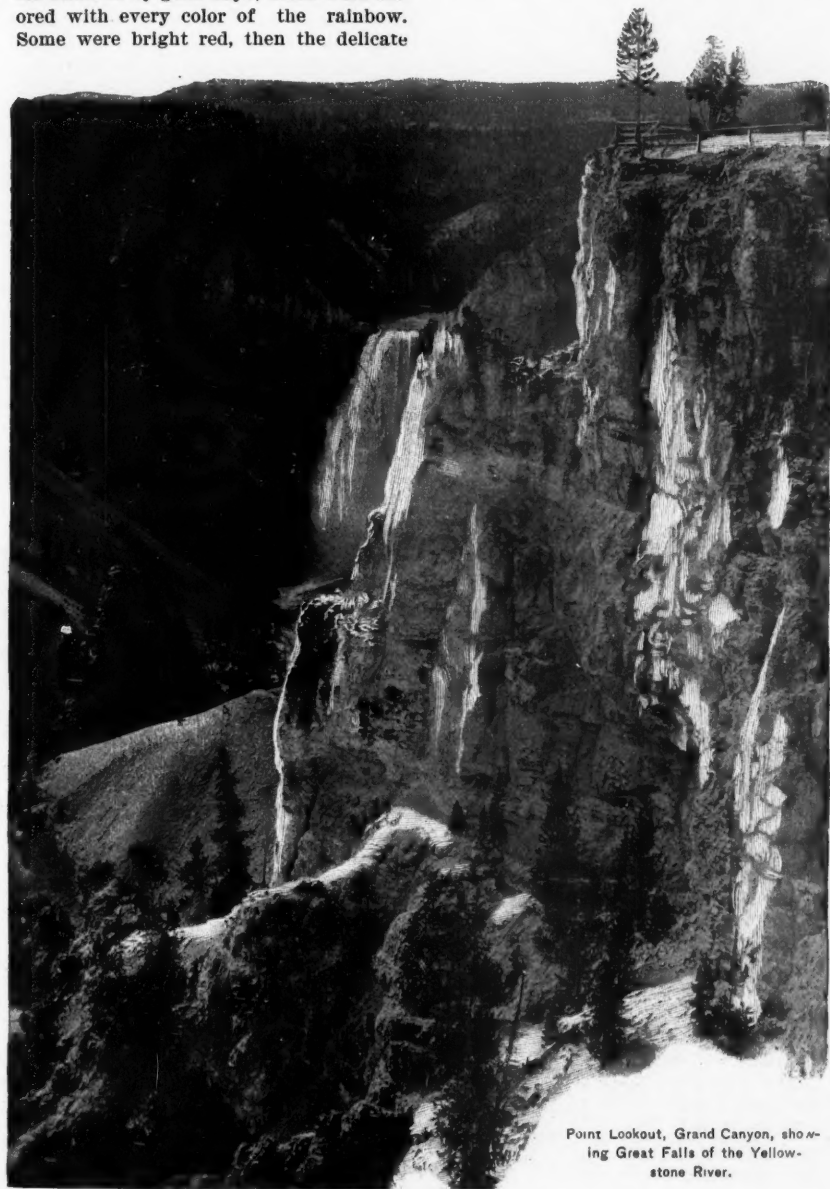
After luncheon the first drive was to Point Lookout. From its very edge we beheld the Grand Canyon of the Yellow-



Minerva Terrace, one of the Mammoth Hot Springs, with Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel and Emigrant Peak in the distance.

stone. Before and below us some twenty-five hundred feet was that vast gorge from which rose turrets and pinnacles of all imaginable shapes, as we picture the old ruins of by-gone days; these were colored with every color of the rainbow. Some were bright red, then the delicate

lavenders, greens, pinks, browns, orange, all harmonizing most wonderfully. At the bottom of this vast chasm rushed the Yellowstone River, looking like a mere



Point Lookout, Grand Canyon, showing Great Falls of the Yellowstone River.

thread. On the tops of some of these vast columns rising from the midst of the very depths of this canyon, were perched eagles' nests. And looking down upon them, you could see the old bald-headed eagles sitting there. Going further down along the edge of the canyon you come to Inspiration Point. This hangs over the canyon two miles below Point Lookout, and affords the most extensive view. Looking up towards where the great falls take their leap of three hundred and sixty feet, you see before you a sight never to be forgotten. From the depths below rises the mist of the falls, draping in their soft splendor the highly colored walls, and turrets of the canyon, while all about and beyond you are the silent, gloomy depths of that awful chasm. You stand rooted to the spot, fascinated, yet appalled. You leave it finally, but only to go back again. And there you stand, worshipping, yet afraid, feeling smaller than the smallest grain of sand. Thinking what eternal ages it

must have taken to make what you see before you, and for the first time in your life perhaps, you realize what eternity must mean.

A trail leads you down the mountain side to the Lower Falls. A rock juts out over them, and there we sat, watching that mighty fall of water, watched the river as it swept onward, to as it seemed, sure destruction. We threw pieces of timber into the water and watched them go over the falls to be lost to sight almost instantly. How treacherous and wicked looked those waters! We stayed three days, we could not seem to leave that canyon. But finally we found ourselves once more driving merrily along on our homeward way to the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel. When we reached there some of us said farewell, and went their way, while the others stayed for the season, to go again and again, to see the sights and enjoy the pleasures of this National Wonderland.

## THE MAYBE SHORE

A ship sailed over a summer sea,  
With a dream for freight to the Maybe  
shore,  
The wind of promise filled every sail,  
While naught was heard of the breaker's  
roar.  
She rode secure on the water's breast,  
Yet a prayer went up as she passed from  
sight  
Far over the harbor's shining bar,  
In the first warm glow of the morning  
light.

A woman stood on the cold, wet sand,  
As the twilight shadows crept darkly  
down,  
And her eyes watched over the harbor-  
bar  
For that ship's return from Maybe town—  
Watched 'till the stars grew pale and fled,  
As dawn's rosy fingers ope'd wide its  
door—  
And she said, as she bowed her weary  
head,  
"Some hearts still yearn for that happy  
shore,

Could mine but tell them its tale of woe—  
That the post they seek will be hard to  
win—  
Would their ships still sail for the Maybe  
shore,  
To be wrecked on the shoals of Might  
Have Been?"

*Helen M. Richardson.*





## IN THE KLONDYKE COUNTRY \*

BY KATHERINE SLEEPER



HAVE you, too, got the gold fever, and are you, too, thinking seriously that you will soon start for the far northwest? If you are, have you any idea of the journey, with all its terrors?

Suppose with me a somewhat parallel case. Go to Portland, Maine, in the dead of winter. Buy there all the warm clothing that you can wear at one time; get a very small stove and a length or two of stove pipe; then a small tent, blankets, rubber cloth, a large saw and a small one, hammer, nails, axe, rope, pitch, a

gold pan, frying pan, coffee pot, and some more utensils necessary to do all the cooking for one man for a year and a half. Have these all weighed, and then add food enough to bring it all up to nine hundred pounds; the food to be dried potatoes, beans, peas, bacon, sugar, salt, flour, corn meal, dried fruit, tea and coffee, etc.

Pack as much of this as you can onto a small sled, about sixteen inches wide, and start for the summit of Mt. Washington. Go as far as you can in one day, and camp. The next day go back for some more of your "stuff." If the road is level, you can take it in two loads, but as soon as you get to hilly country, you will have to make more, until you get to the place where you can take only one hundred and fifty pounds at a time. But keep going, you are vastly better off than the man who is going over Chilkoot Pass to the Yukon.

The gold seeker is going every moment farther from all comforts. He must be sure he is strong enough to do without a doctor and to do much hard work of which he never dreamed. Before he gets to the Mt. Washington he is climbing, he must go through Dyea Canyon. He

[\*The material for this somewhat rambling article, descriptive of certain aspects of the present Klondyke situation, has been obtained by me from letters received during the last year from the Yukon region. The writer of these letters took up a claim near the Klondyke district just previous to the discovery of its great value. In order to present more clearly the situation I have not hesitated in many instances to quote bodily from the letters.—The Writer.]

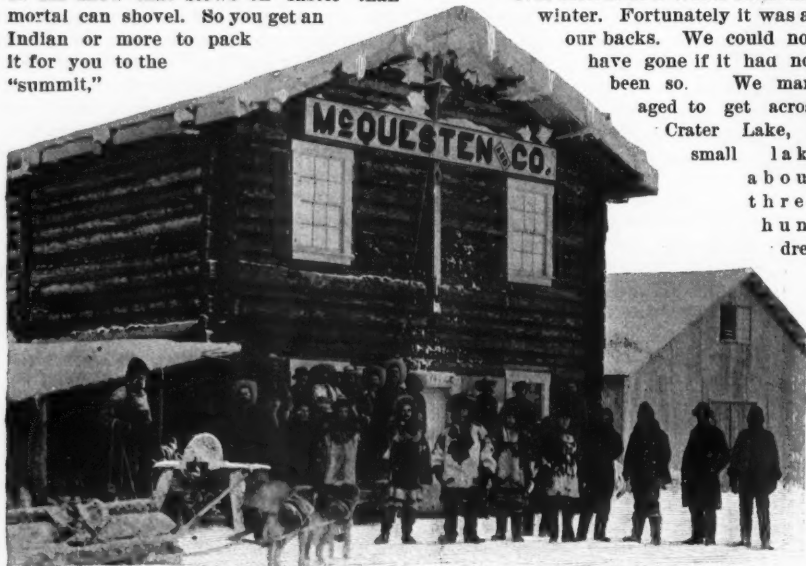
breaks camp at 8.30 A.M. and goes up the valley of the Dyea River. He arrives ten miles further "in" at 3.30 P.M. with one hundred and fifty pounds of his nine hundred. In its widest part the canyon is not more than fifty feet, and it narrows to fifteen in some places. The trail is very narrow and crooked. In some places there is not more than two feet of foothold between the wall of rock on one side, and the roaring cascade twenty feet below, on the other, with no rail to keep you in; you think your last day has come, but this is really nothing to what is to follow. The horses that drag the little sleds through, have a hard time, and sometimes the sled takes it into its head to go overboard. In the worst places it is more considerate, and stays on. Perhaps you are strong enough, or lucky enough to get through to "sheep camp" with some of your loads. And here are lots who have gone before. You settle down with them and wait; you see the camp grow larger day by day; you try to get a chance to get Archie Burns to take some of your stuff to the top with his tramway, but it is engaged far ahead, and "Archie" is engaged, too, shovelling it out of the snow that blows on faster than mortal can shovel. So you get an Indian or more to pack it for you to the "summit,"

and pay him at least two and a half cents a pound for doing it.

But I forgot to tell about the camp itself, being in a hurry to get over the top. One may wait at Sheep Camp for weeks, because it is impossible to go over unless the weather is good. Then every one starts. This is the last of the timber on this side, and in the immediate neighborhood of a glacier, with the snow settled to six feet deep, the tent is pitched, and a sort of flooring made of long poles on which to set the stove. Then when it melts the snow, it will not drop out of sight, into a snowy grave. Boughs of hemlock make such beds to sleep on as we have never dreamed, and that stove makes it hot in there even at ten below. Then you wait.

At last the day comes, and every one is off. There is very little sun on this side the range. There are twenty-five hundred feet to climb at the risk of your life. Bishop Rowe says it is "hair lifting work," and that one must go foot over foot. After getting to the top, the descent is described as follows by my informant:

The day we camped at Lake Linderman, the wind blew harder than I had ever seen it in a White Mountain winter. Fortunately it was at our backs. We could not have gone if it had not been so. We managed to get across Crater Lake, a small lake about three hundred



"McQuestions," the Rendezvous for all Yukon Miners

feet below the summit, and surrounded by barren mountains. There is but one way out of it, a narrow cut, through which it empties into a canyon, after getting into the canyon it was easier to go on. It was impossible to turn back, and no one could climb out. It is a little wider than Dyea Canyon. The wind whistled through it like water out of a hose, and it was sure death to stop. We floundered this way for nine miles, and struck camp at sixty-three completely used up. I never was so glad to see a tree. You can't imagine how dreary these mountain tops are. Nothing but snow with a few rocks sticking out on the sides. The tops look so bleak and cold, nothing else in sight. When it is clear, the glare is intense. Every one wears goggles, and blacks his face, and even then goes snow blind. Five men were entirely blind and had to be led. Even the dogs have their faces blacked to prevent blindness. I shall be so glad to get out of these canyons. You feel as if you were shut in from everything. The one we are camped in is very narrow, from fifty to one hundred feet wide, and at least two hundred feet high."

Now that the would-be Yukoner has got over Mt. Washington, he need not think it is going to be plain—anything—for it isn't. When he gets to open water, he can't haul a sled on ice, so he must build a boat. You can build a house or a raft out of whole trees. But neither of those are adapted to the upper waters of the Yukon, so you make a "pit." That is an affair in which you can lay a whole tree, minus its branches, and high enough from the ground to stand under, out of that tree, by the sweat of your brow are made boards, then a boat. But civilization creeps on apace. If one can command a small fortune when he is "going in" he can now buy boards. If, is a little word, but to the poor prospector, it may be as big as a "saw-pit."

The boat built and pronounced water tight, all is not even yet plain sailing. After the boats are built, and the ice breaks up the excitement of the trip begins. There is always something ahead of one on this trip. First it is Dyea Canyon, then the summit of Chilkoot Pass, then boat building, then Miles Canyon, a place a quarter of a mile long, where very few go through in boats; then it's the

White Horse Rapids, where everybody goes round and packs their stuff round; and then it's Rink Rapids. After that, Just River, until you get to the tributary, where you have to pole your way up stream.

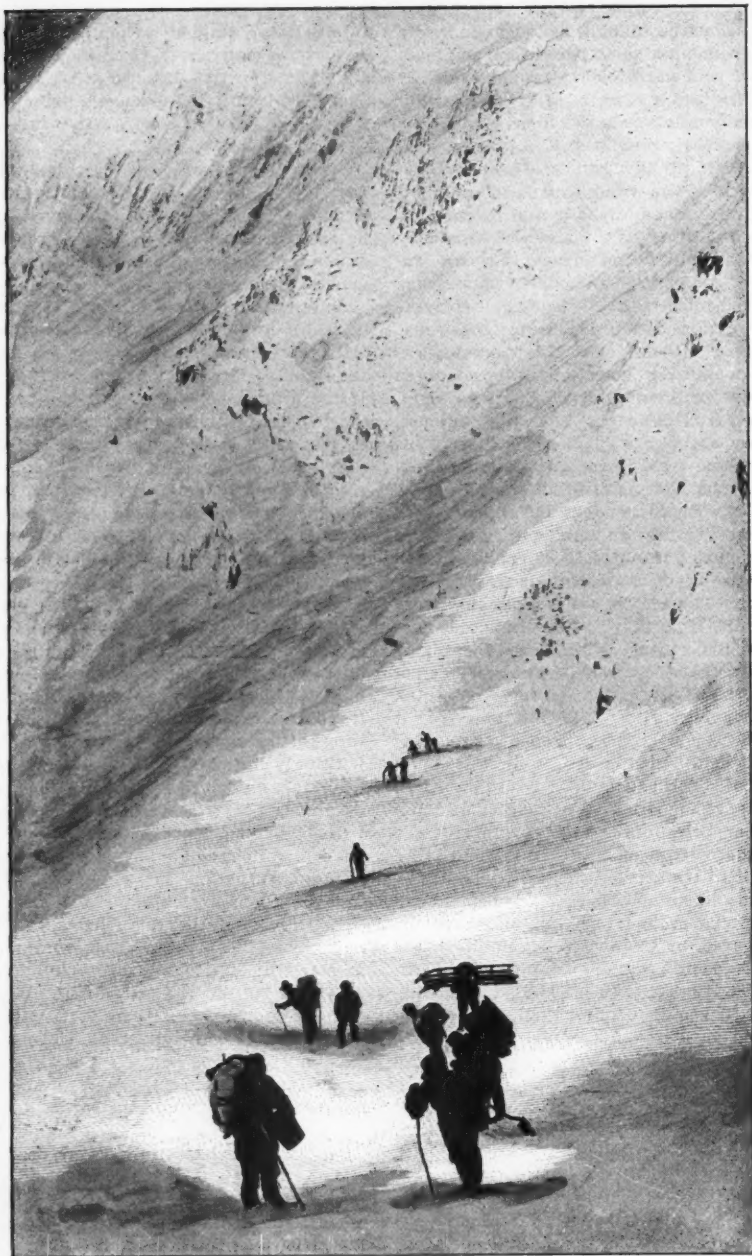
Of course, the one and only tributary now is the Klondyke. Jack McQuestion is an authority on Indian languages, and he says that the real name is Trondek, and not Klondyke, but the latter is the generally accepted name.

A letter dated Forty Mile, on the third of last February, says, "There has been the greatest excitement at a creek from the right, fifty-two miles from Forty Mile. If the ground holds out as it has begun, it will beat California. One man panned, (a pan holds a shovelful,) \$1,200 in one day. Another got \$102 in one pan. I went to the excitement by accident, with a load of freight and managed to get in on the last excitement of creek discovery in time to stake. It is a wonderful place, and is going to beat the world.

"Dogs had gone up to fabulous prices when I got back to Circle City, and I can get from \$100 to \$150 apiece for all my dogs. The trip was the hardest I ever had. It took me over six weeks, and I travelled over seven hundred miles, before getting home. I got through O. K. with only my ears, nose, cheeks, fingers, lip, chin, and one foot frozen, besides part of my leg. My robe is of caribou skin, with blankets inside and canvas out. I have nine dogs, and they are completely used up, so that one may die. A man has to work them to death to save his own life. Only one other man has made the trip alone, this winter. Last winter the man who tried it, was frozen to death. Still, one will do almost anything for money out here, and there is a kind of wild excitement about it all. The next trip will not be so bad, for I shall know about some dangerous places, where I came very near taking dogs and all to the ocean."

On March 29th, in another letter the writer states that he has been freighting flour to Klondyke, for one dollar a pound, and that it is selling there at the rate of \$240 a barrel. But it took him twenty-six days, walking all the way, to make the trip.

"Klondyke will be a tremendous camp



(Reprinted from *The National Magazine* of February, 1897. Photograph copyrighted by Winter & Pond, Juneau.)

Ascending the Summit of Chillcoot Pass, the Route to the Alaska Gold Fields.

next fall. There is one creek in the Bonanza district called the El Dorado, which is in all probability the richest creek ever found for place diggings. It has only about sixty-four claims on it, and about forty-seven of these are probably rich. One of the claims was sold a few days ago for \$50,000, and the man was called a fool for selling it. Unfortunately I was two hundred and forty miles down stream when El Dorado was staked, but I managed to stake on one of the forks of Bonanza myself. The stores have made a new rule, and will not trust any one, and a man I knew there was all out of grub, so he feared he should have to go back. Fortunately I was able to lend him what he needed, and in return he agreed to give me half of what ever he got into. Since I got back he has jumped a claim, and has given me half, as he agreed."

Isn't this a nice condition of things, just ponder it a moment, and this is on the word of a gentleman who is there now. "The steamers bring us everything we need, except provisions." The Alaska papers tell of loads of wash-boards, paper pails, clothes-pins and one hundred and thirty tons of spoilt bacon, brought to Circle City. Think of that ye would-be Yukoner, and tremble. Last winter, all at Circle City were put on an allowance of food. Of bacon one hundred pounds is what is needed for one man for the long winter, and all they got was just forty pounds apiece. That bacon, by the way, as nearly as we can learn, was spoilt, too. There was no good bacon there last winter.

It is not possible to impress sufficiently upon the in-going man the need of a bountiful supply of food. He must take enough to last. The first supplies that arrive in the spring, are near the middle or last of June, at the Klondyke. Where do they come from? Last year they left San Francisco and went to the mouth of the Yukon. There they were landed at St. Michaels, and loaded onto flat bottomed river steamboats, and they started up, until they were frozen in for the winter. After the river broke they got through to Klondyke. At that time flour was so scarce that it was selling for \$240 a barrel and everything else in the same propor-

tion. A man must have food, and the one who could pay the most got it. We hear of caribou, and bears killed occasionally, but you can't dig gold at the time you are hunting, and there seems to be very little food of that kind produced there. Food, food, take enough. Take more food than you can eat in twice as long a time as you mean to stay, and hold on to it after you get there. That is the main point.

"When a few hundred, or thousand, men have found that food which will support life in one man for seven months in an Arctic winter will not keep four or five from starvation, and those few hundred, or thousand, have been put away under the ice and snow, the world will have a lesson which will probably be a benefit to the wise here after. The demise of a few hundred, or thousand, fools will be no loss to humanity. The companies doing business here will make promises of plenty for the coming winter, but there won't be more than enough for those now in the country. We have had these promises every year, and have never had enough. A miner's wages have always been \$10 a day, but he must find his own food and tools. Remember that a man can't eat gold dust, and if it won't buy eatables it won't do any one much good in this region.

"We get letters less regularly, since an attempt was made to have mail brought here under government contract, than we did before. We do not know who is elected president, but will probably find out in June, when the men begin to come in from the outside. It is likely some of them will know. Newspapers sent in by mail seldom reach here." I give this quotation from a letter printed in the *Alaska Searchlight*, from a man who was known in Juneau, in order to show still more that this is a wonderful country, and it is wonderfully governed by Uncle Sam. Would that it were possible to waive the usual formalities of the mail service and deliver letters to the men who want them, wherever the carrier might overtake them.

Through last winter the stores at Circle City, and on the frozen-in barges at Fort Yukon, were largely called on by the winter workers at Klondyke. They were driven there on little sleds hauled by dogs, over the frozen river. The man that





A Yukon Freight Team, starting from Circle City January 12, 1897. Capacity 1400 lbs. Speed when loaded, three and a half mile per hour. A Steamer Ice Bound in the Distance. Temperature 58° below zero.

drives such a team is called a dog "puncher." He lives out of doors most of the time, carrying a tent, but usually no stove. He wants as little weight of his own things as possible, for he gets paid \$10 or \$15 a hundred pounds, and naturally wants to get all there is in it at each trip. From Circle City to the Birch Creek district, there are way-houses where the "puncher" can spend the night. He sleeps in rude bunks made of boards, which are filled in the fall with hay. Each man who sleeps there appropriates a portion of this hay to put in the bottoms of their mocassins, and long before spring there is no hay left to sleep on.

The dog "puncher" who freights to "Forty-Mile" or the Klondyke, finds no such palatial residences at his command. He takes the heavens for his cover, and the stars for watch midnight. With all the furs and blankets he can muster he sleeps by a camp fire, and does not tell what happens when it goes out.

"The Indians here are not large men, but well built. They are absolutely honest, never have been known to steal. I am speaking of the Indians round Klondyke, not those of the coast, who will steal. If we have anything to leave while on a trip, we make it a point to leave it with an Indian in an Indian village. There we know it will be safe. With the

scarcity of grub in here this year, the Indians found it pretty hard, yet I left flour with them, and got it all right. The whites return their favors, and will not take anything from an Indian, yet white men usually borrow from white men without asking, but of course return it later. If you stop over night with them they give you the best they have, and are very hospitable. They like the whites, and especially Jack McQuestion, whom they call "father." Give an Indian a letter, and he will deliver it if it takes his life. They are sharp traders, and the whites generally give them their price. They like whiskey, but get very little of it from the whites. The half breeds are good workers, not low, like the western "breeds." The Indians try to copy the white men in everything. "All same white man," is the greatest compliment an Indian can pay himself, and if he finds anything it is always returned. The whites appreciate them and always treat them well. The only bad Indians in this country are those from Juneau or the coast.

"At Circle City there was only one case of stealing. The mining law is brief, and to the point. He who steals is whipped at the post, and put into a boat and allowed to get away just as fast as he can, with the promise that if he ever dares to show

up there again he will be hung. The men there are rough, but most of them are well posted and have travelled.

"Dogs can travel sixty miles without stopping, and there is a trip on record of eighty miles, but with picked dogs. Thirty miles a day is an easy trip, and one dog will haul two hundred pounds. Freight is much better than staying in a cabin all winter and getting the scurvy. It is very prevalent, but one can keep it off by eating more acids and less bacon. With no bacon at all and very little of everything else, it is a trifle puzzling to understand just how one can decide whether he will live on the fat of the land and have the scurvy, or whether he will diet, and keep it off. Last winter food was limited, except butter, flour and condensed milk. Every one was put on an allowance. All the restaurants shut down, and as the salmon did not get up, dog-food was very high. There was plenty of tallow at thirty cents a pound, and damaged bacon was a twenty-eight cents a pound. Good bacon was not to be had at any price.

"There were twenty-four horses and one mule at Circle, last winter. They were expected to do wonders, by their owners. But after work and winter set in the owners had thoughts of 'jumping.' Four of the horses died and the rest looked very badly. A good dog will haul more than a horse, and the cost of keeping him is about one-half. Horses need stables and feed three times a day, while dogs take care of themselves out of doors, and only eat once in twenty-four hours. Horses are liable to give out on the road, but dogs never do, although they may die when they get in, it is almost impossible to drive a dog to death. There was a good deal of jealousy between the rival teams, the horses and dogs, and the horsemen boasted that they would make blankets of all the dogs' hides before spring, but in reality the dogs ate the horses at twenty-five cents a pound.

"You ask why I pay for letters sent out.

The reason is that I send them by private parties, whenever I get a chance. No one ever takes them for less than a dollar apiece. I did not have my trunk sent in at all, but left it in Juneau. It often takes two years for freight to get here by the boats, and I did not care to take the risk.

"Hugh Day carried the mail into that country last winter, and received \$1,700 for each trip. He left Juneau November 14th, and reached Circle City February 2d. Re-outfitted there and got to the ocean, at Dyea one hundred miles from Juneau in forty-five days. On his way in, his assistant concluded he had had enough and deserted, and Mr. Day had to go on alone. His dog food gave out and his own too. At Forty-Mile all he could get was twenty-five pounds of flour that had been wet and was caked and mouldy.

He also could get dog feed. In other words, he paid forty cents a pound for ham, with its wrappings, bones, etc., counted in the weight. It was so bad that it had to be cooked out of doors. He threw away twenty-two pounds of wrappings that had cost him forty cents a pound. The actual expenses of this trip



The Passage up the Dyea Canyon.

amounted to about \$1,250.

"The actual distance from Juneau to Circle City is very nearly nine hundred miles. The mail sacks went right through, and every homesick miner had to see them go by, and offer gold dust at the rate of one dollar a letter to the carrier to bring his mail back to him. That is the beauty of our system, that while it works to perfection in some parts of the country, it does not work at all well in others. What became of our soldiers when fighting Indians in rank and file as they would fight another military nation? We had to suit ourselves and our ways of fighting to the enemy. In this case we ought to suit our method of delivering the mail to the country it is to be delivered in."

At Klondyke last winter Willis Thorp killed a lot of beef. The tale of its get-

ting there would fill a good sized book. But that, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling would say, is another story. When the meat was sold it was sold on credit, and for fabulous prices. When Mr. Thorp wanted to collect he gave out word that the money must come right in. Each debtor went to work on the pile of pay dirt that he had out of the ground, waiting to be washed out when warm weather came, and in twenty-four hours he had enough to pay all debts; and one of them was \$300.

One peculiar feature of the Klondyke is

on El Dorado, a good many on Hunker, Gold Bottom, Pup, and other streams, but all are included in the Klondyke district. Dawson City is near the mouth of the stream, and the headquarters for supplies, etc.

Chas. K. Zorn says that this place, Circle City, is all right for a man who is willing to roll up his sleeves and get right in and work. Those who are looking for soft snaps had better stay away. I have pitied many a good for nothing fellow whom I have seen standing on the river bank, gazing despondently up and down



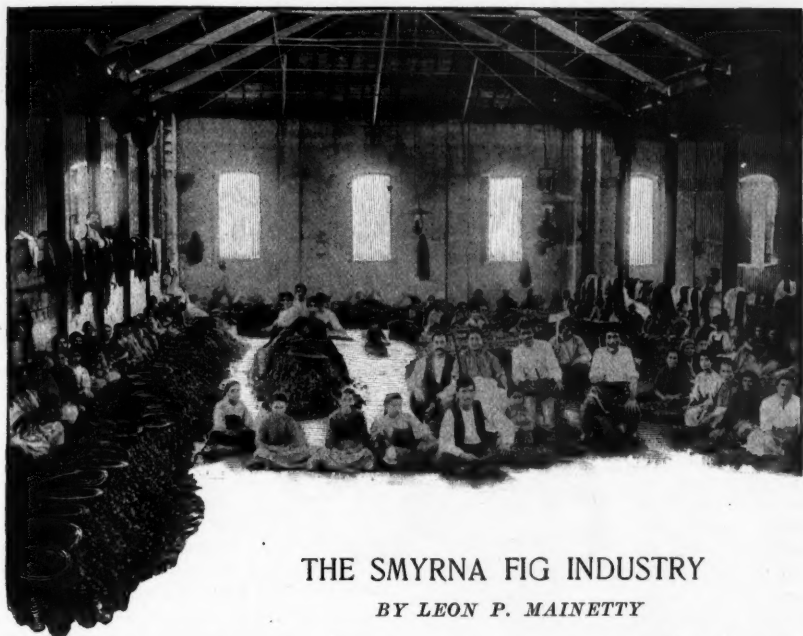
A String of Horse Teams starting up river from Yukon for Klondyke, April, 1897.

that most of the claims are owned by new comers. Some of them have had no experience at all. The reason of this, is that when the first reports came in of the rich diggings there, people who were already located were slow to leave what they were sure of to go to something new, so the new ones had a good chance. The Canadian law allows a man to take only one claim in a district, so the first comers could not get it all staked off. There are one hundred and eighty locations on Bonanza Creek, sixty-five

the great valley of the Yukon, evidently trying to solve the problem, "What did I come here for?" The next I would see of him he would be rushing round trying to sell everything he had, to raise money enough to pay a fare down the river on the outgoing steamer.

"And that reminds me of the story told by the man who sat down to his first meal on the outgoing steamer. At one end of the table was bacon and beans, at the other end, beans and bacon. 'My God, have I paid \$150 for only this?'"





## THE SMYRNA FIG INDUSTRY

BY LEON P. MAINETTY

WHEN a country like the United States spends annually a trifle under a million dollars for a single import coming from one locality, and that import merely a luxury, it may be rightly conceived that at some spot on the earth's surface, the cultivation and shipment of this one commodity is rather an important industry. How important it is we may glean from the fact that fig raising is the only great resource of the common classes in Smyrna and the surrounding districts, and that during the packing season, which lasts only about three months, thousands of men and women come to the city of Smyrna and are furnished with their sole employment. The sum paid yearly to these working classes is something like three hundred thousand dollars.

In Smyrna and the outlying country the fig tree is a natural product. It grows nearly wild and requires only a minimum amount of cultivation. With figs as with most other species of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, there are two kinds, the male and the female, the latter being unable to mature its fruit without, unless a certain quantity of the male fruit is

hung on every female tree between the tenth and fifteen of June. It is the female figs only that are exported.

The figs mature during the month of August. After being ripe for a few days, they begin to dry, soon arriving at a certain degree of dryness, when they fall by themselves. Women and boys are generally employed on the plantations to pick and spread them on grounds, prepared ad hoc, where they remain exposed to the sun from five to seven days. When they are perfectly dry the men on the plantations select more or less the different grades and pack them in good hair bags weighing from two hundred and forty to two hundred and fifty pounds each. These bags are carried on camel back from the different villages to the railroad stations, which are situated sometimes twenty-five miles distant. From there they are carried by train to Smyrna, one man from each plantation accompanying every lot and attending to its sale in Smyrna.

The fig tree grows principally in the Vilayet (province) of Aidin alongside of the railroad line of the same name, from Ayassoluk to Ortakzi, a distance of some



eighty miles. The plantations, however, spread over the right and left of the railroad for about twenty-five miles in each direction. The quality of the fruit, however, is not the same throughout the province. Figs are classed in

four denominations and every one of these includes the production of a certain quantity of growing villages. These denominations are: Ayassoluk, Inovassl, Aldin and Tchallil. The best quality amongst these is the Inovassl, as the fruit is white, soft, rich and thin skinned.

The principal fig growing villages included in the denomination of Inovassl are: Baladjik, Delrmodjik, Erbelly and Karabounar. The expert packers in Smyrna give their preference to the fruit grown in Erbelly and Delrmedjik, the Baladjik fruit being of good quality but small, while the Karabounar fruit is large, but dry and tough. The quality which is known under the denomination of Ayassoluk is grown in the plain of same name, and is good when the winter season is dry, this plain being very humid by itself. In case of heavy rain in the winter the fruit is not sound.

The villages under the denomination of Aldin are: Aldin, Omourlou, Klosk, Sultan-Hissar, Nazli, Ortakzi, the preference amongst these productions being given

to the figs of Sultan-Hissar and Omourlou. The villages of Odemish, Thyra, Payamboly and Kaymaktzi are known under the denomination of Tchallil. Amongst these there are beautiful figs but as a general rule these qualities lose their richness and get dry and tough after being put in boxes.

From the different villages where the railroad has stations, figs are carried in Smyrna to the caravan

bridge station and from there on camel back to the fig bazar or market, where the packers who have no plantations buy them. After being weighed by the public weigher they are carried to the (khans) packing houses and the bags are emptied in bulk in different rooms, according to qualities. In general the principal packers keep about fifteen hundred hundred-weight of figs in bulk in their stores.

These packing houses are more or less large, and a certain number of men, women and boys are employed in accordance with the merchant's business. For instance, the old firm of J. M. P. Mainety whose figs have been best and longest known in American markets, and portions of whose establishment are reproduced in the illustrations, employs eleven hundred men for the packing, one hundred men as porters, three hundred women for the selection, fifty boys as aids, fifty carpenters and twenty employees for general service. Besides the employees who are Europeans the others are all native Greeks, Turks, Jews and Armenians.

Packing Figs in Smyrna for the United States market.



The selection is the first handling of the fruit, is made by women who grade it according to the size and quality and place the same in round, flat baskets. Four grades are generally selected, the balance, which consists of sun-burnt and sour figs, being called refuse and sold on the European markets for the distillery.

From the selection rooms these baskets are carried by the porters and placed before the packers who pack them. There are three kinds of packing in boxes: The Layers, Pulled and Locums.

Ninety percent of the packing is done in layers, and consists of flattening the fruit, then tearing it a little under and placing it in the box, one by the side of the other, until the bottom of the box is covered. Then another layer is put on top and another until the box is full. This when done by experts is clever work and is all done by hand. No presses or machinery are employed, although this is the impression of anybody who has seen a box of figs packed in layers.

A box of figs contains a certain quantity of rows of figs in width according to its size. Generally there are six or seven layers of fruit in a box. The work is done so symmetrically that one can split the rows without any difficulty, as every fig is exactly on top of the one under and does not trespass the straight line which is formed by the rows.

The pulled packing consists of the fig

being pulled by the two ends and then the two ends turned under, which gives it a swollen appearance. These are placed also in the boxes, one by the side of the other, a certain quantity of rows, according to the depth of the box.

The locums are packed more or less the same way as the pulled, with the exception that they are made square instead of oval, as the pulled are. They are also packed very tight, absolutely no space whatever being left between them. This packing being the most expensive it is only used for the higher grades.

When the boxes are packed they are carried by the porters into the carpenters' department, where they are nailed up, branded and put into the skeleton cases ready for shipment.

The United States market, as might very naturally be supposed, is the largest for the fig trade. In 1895 there was twenty-eight thousand two hundred and sixty-seven cases, and eighty thousand, three hundred and forty-two bags imported into this country, and in 1896, thirty thousand, seven hundred and fifty-three cases and eighty-four thousand, six hundred and seventy-two bags. A fair valuation of these goods shows that in 1895 when the crop was large and the import was larger, \$810,300 was spent for figs alone in this country, against in 1896 \$749,800 for the same purpose.



A Group of Expert Fig Packers.



#### GINGER POP.

I had the bottle in my hand,  
 Had half unclasped the bail,  
 When Daphne sat down by my side;  
 'Twixt love and ginger ale  
 To grasp the opportunity  
 Surely no man would fail;  
 And so I clasped her slender waist,  
 But she exclaimed—in no great haste—  
 "What do you mean?" The two between  
 I felt my face grow pale;  
 "I mean—why—why—I mean" said I;  
 "I"  
 "Pop!" said the ginger ale.

What next took place I need not say;  
 No doubt you would deride;  
 But scarce two months have passed away  
 And Daphne is my bride;  
 And oft I've caught this swift, hot  
 thought,  
 Indeed it is a sin-ger;  
 I might have had her years ago  
 If I had had the ginger.

*Winthrop Packard.*

#### UNCLE ESECK AND THE PLAY.

**D**ID I enjoy the play?" said Uncle Eseck, who was spending a week away from the cares of life on the farm, "Did I enjoy the play? Well, I should say so. By gum, I never see sich a race ez I see there. But the wimmen won out, jist th' same?"

"The women, Uncle Eseck?"

"Yas. You see soon ez I cum inter the opry house the band cum crawlin' out under ther stage, an' begun tew play. Wall, soon ez they begun tew play, up comes a lot o' wimmen inter the little stalls tew each side o' ther stage an' they begun talkin' tryin' ter down ther band."

"I see."

"Wall, fust ther band thought et hed an easy job, an' et tooted along like et hed a walk away, but just when I thought et was safe bettin' on ther band in come half

a dozen more wimmen an' they jined the others. Gosh! Thet band weren't nowhere agin 'em, an' et see et, an' kinder give up like, an' jist sort o' moseyed along so's not ter be distanced."

"Yes?"

"Yaas, an' I sort o' spected all ther time tlet some more fiddles 'ud cum out o' out, but they didn't. An' then I knew ther wimmin hed et all their own way, 'Course, once in awhile, when the wimmin 'ud stop ter git wind, ther band 'ud chirk up a bit an' trot along lively, but in a minnit ther wimmen 'ud go at et, an' pass 'em agin. No use er talkin', thet band were beat from the start."

"Think so?"

"Sartin' sure! Yer see, ther band jist kinder see-sawed along. Fust one fiddle 'ud go it, an' then another 'ud jine in, an' then mebbly a horn or two, an' then the drum feller 'd bang a crack er tew, but they'd git tired an' one er tew 'ud stop ter rest, an' then 'nother,' an' 'er 'nother' 'till one time they was only one little fiddle a squeakin' erlong tryin' ter do its best. Et weren't no fair race. The wimmin ought tew been handicapped."

"No doubt."

"Yaas, but et ther last I most thought ther band were a' goin' ter win out. Yer see, et cum 'long ter ther home-stretch, an' I see ther band were about tuckered out, an' so were ther wimmin, fer some o' them stopped ter look at their play bills, when all to oncet ther band picks up an' goes at it hard. Jist reglar rips up ther air an' fills ther house with noise, an' all bangs away ter oncet. Say! thet were fine!"

"It was the finale."

"So? Well, jist when I thought ther wimmin were beat, ther band up an' stops plumb still, an' arter thet they lays down their fiddles an' horns an' gives up! An' I see the leader lean over an' say somethun ter one of ther band an' sort 'er laugh. Guess he were ownin' up he were beat."

"Undoubtedly."

"Yaas," but we all give ther band a good hand clap, 'cause they'd done their best. An' arter thet ther wimmin' hed et all their own way."

"Then you didn't hear much of the play?"

"Hear? Not a sound. But I cud a seen some, only when I'd stan' up ter look over ther hats what were in front o' me, some feller behind 'ud pull me down by my coat, so I went home pretty soon. Say, they ain't no way thet a feller kin git ter sit on ther stage is they? 'Cause, blamed ef I don't b'lieve I'd like a show ef I cud only see er hear et."

*Ellis Parker Butler.*

#### "UMBRA BUENO."

TWO epochs and two nations were continually changing. Either nation lived side by side, one, the white faced American, the other, the dark-faced Mexican. The plaza and the square alternated. Façades of the nineteenth century and adobes of centuries ago mingled grotesquely.

Odd seemed these modern dwellings and the modern stores, but not least odd seemed the restless, handsome "Umbra" or the old men and women who inhabited them.

One afternoon a sad-eyed woman wept inside her 'dobe house. The long shadows of a gorgeous sunset crept up to that low door, and nearly touched the stricken woman just inside.

When grief afflicts, it has no precise color. The lightest skin may hide the deepest woe, the darkest may conceal real anguish.

A little child knelt close to her. Their hands were clasped as mostly sympathetic hands are, and a strong affection glistened and beamed from either pair of eyes.

Indians and savages fight for their squaws. But this poor woman's brother had been missed since his last wanderings in Chihuahua, and she claimed none other kin in this deep misery.

But this wee girl who held her hand, pushed back the tumbled locks and asked, "When left the senior?"

She lifted both her tawny arms, and after a wild stare sobbed again.

"When? Long, long ago."

The little one closed her lips tightly and half hissed reply.

"Quanto tiempo?" (How long) asked she.

"Mean you heart or home?" A soft look was the child's reply.

"He left heart when he found it. He left home two week to-day. Marietta, his white face, his good manner win senorita. I love him. Umbra Bueno."

"No! No!" cried the listening child, rising suddenly and stretching the little arm and doubled fist upward. "No! Umbra Bueno, leave you. No! senorita."

"Hush child, you no understand. Beauty Americano love him. I no like Americano, beautiful." Again senorita sobbed, burying her face still deeper and letting the dark hair fall before it.

The child rose. This was a strange truth. It hurt her to find her race second to another. Her little heart throbbed painfully over its young lesson. The sun had drawn back its glitter now and that short dimness which precedes night had come.

There was silence save for the stealthy tapping of the child's soft feet. She went bare-footed though the earth was baked by arid suns.

Her elder sat motionless, a picture of abandoned agony, or to see it differently, of a faithless man's sad worshipper. Her heart seemed hopeless. He had gone, and while his white wife still lived he would not return. She hardly understood a fickle man. She had expected nothing but his willingness to take her most abject servility. She had not looked for praise from him, nor as Americans consider it regard or love from him. She yearned for nothing but his smile, his presence. And he was gone.

Suddenly Marietta paused and listened intently.

"Marietta! Marietta!"

"Yes, Pedro!"

A short, square-faced urchin came running toward her.

"Hush Pedro, senorita weeps." He instantly quieted, peering gravely through the door beside which she sat.

"Por que?"

"Senor Poco Tiempo."

Marietta scowled heavily, as if to impress her little sweetheart with the aw-

fulness of desertion. The two urchins dreamed of wedded bliss, and once "Grande" they had vowed to become as one. The lad simply caught her hand and lead her silently up to the weeping Mexican. "Senorita," lisped he, bending close to her, "weep not for him. He would no love."

Marietta knelt too now and slowly lifted senorita's head, but she only cried,—  
"Leave me—alone."

The command was reluctantly obeyed, slowly and with many a backward step.

But there came a day when those youthful days of Marietta and Pedro meant less to them. Even the crooning guitar could not hold their hearts together, nor the moonlight charm them into mutual adoration. For Marietta had seen and met a handsome American, handsome in her eyes if not the world's, and she was more pensive, more distant than before. And there came a day when Pedro asked her fervently why she were so. But poor Marietta burst into tears and fled from him while the sombre senorita only smiled. Pedro saw instantly and cursed the whole white race.

"Umbra Bueno," lisped senorita in dark dyed irony. And now only Pedro and senorita were left in that old adobe.

It was sunset in Pedro's heart for Marietta never had returned. But one bright day when streets were active with fine carriages, and senorita leaned against the adobe door, Pedro saw a pallor on her face. It was a hopeless anguish which glowed sullenly and grievously in that pair of eyes.

Pedro followed her sad glance. A glistening, broad victoria drawn by a jet black span of mares, was gliding past. A handsome woman, a footman and a portly man, who glanced carelessly at her as he passed. Senorita sank nearer and nearer the earth, and partially supported by Pedro, whose dark face was wrinkled in sympathy.

"What, Por que?" whispered he.

"Um—bra—Bu—e—no," just stammered the dying woman.

"Ugh!" Pedro listened.

A single shiver, a sigh and she was gone. There is no dweller in the 'dobe house, for after that heart's dying Pedro took to aimless wandering.

C. V. Frary.

## THE OBITUARY OF BILJONES.

THE manager put his head into the editorial room of the Bungtown Bungstarter with an anxious look and several smears of printer's ink on his face.

"Get a move on you with that copy," he said; "here it is Friday noon and the paper ought to have been out Wednesday. If any more job printing comes in we will have to distribute that local page and away goes your Bungstarter for this week. How's that obituary? Haven't you got Biljones buried yet?"

"Not quite," replied the editor, writing leisurely; "Biljones is a man you can't hurry much. His bedside is now surrounded by weeping friends and relatives and he is fading gently away of malignant appendicitis. I don't know what Biljones did die of, I'm sure," said the editor meditatively; "but I'm quite sure nothing less modern than appendicitis will be satisfactory to the family. I'll run him off pretty quick now; all I've got to do is to overcast the community with gloom, describe the numerous and costly floral offerings, and send him upstreet at the head of the largest procession since the Fourth o' July parade. That ought to be good for twenty-five copies to the family of the deceased."

The manager's face took on a pained expression. "You don't mean to say you are going to leave the undertaker out of it," he said; "don't you expect the advertisers in this paper have a show? You do the undertaker handsome or you lose your job. See?"

"All right," said the editor, pleasantly; "I'll fix him up fat; go it large on the princely funeral trappings; notice the magnificence and *recherché* character of the surroundings. We'll have Biljones the best upholstered corpse in town. Then I'll mention that such completeness of appointment and attention to minuteness of detail can be had only by patronizing Eversad. Oh, don't you worry; there's no lepidoptera on this obituary."

"That's right," said the manager; "but brace! If any more job work comes in that type comes down and the Bungstarter will miss another issue, that's all."

"Won't the subscribers kick?" asked the editor, apprehensively.

"Subscribers nothing!" said the manager in a tone of lofty scorn. "What the James Blazes have the subscribers to do with this paper! You keep the advertisers cashing up all right and I'll risk the subscribers."

The manager's head vanished into the composing room just as Kersmith came up the stair.

Kersmith was a little man with an in-growing face. He sat on the edge of a chair and looked the editor earnestly in the eye.

"Tomcat Willis is dead," he said.

"Can't help it," said the editor, writing steadily. "He'll get no obituary this week. The manager began to get ink on his face a couple of hours ago and that's a sure sign that no more copy goes in this edition. So the old man is dead. Well, well! What'll become of the cats?"

"Well," said Kersmith, "from what I saw of them when I watched with the corpse last night I guess they'll be able to take care of themselves. They were the most pestiferous set of cats I ever saw. The old man was clean doubled up with rheumatism when he died and he stayed so. He was shut up like a jack knife, laid up together like a two foot rule, and you couldn't seem to straighten him out. Two of us would open him a little by pulling one on each end but as soon as you let go he shut right up with a click. Finally Eversad sot on him after we'd got him partly straightened and we tied him neck and heels to the board. That did pretty well and we got him laid out quite proper only the cats bothered us.

"Couldn't keep them out. There was a cat hole under each door and every window had a pane of glass out with a bridge right up to it for the convenience of them cats, and as fast as you drove them out one way they came in another. We finally boarded up the cat holes and stuffed hay into the windows and got it fairly peaceable though.

"Me and Squire Dexter was delegated to sit up with him and prevent things from getting lonesome and several of the neighbors had come in and was sitting round, kind of hatching up some virtues for the deceased, which there wasn't any to speak of, when we heard the all firedest scratching and caterwauling ever was. The next minute a string of forty 'leven

cats came clawing right down chimney and began jumping and scattin all round the room.

"It was nigh to breaking up the meeting. Widder Bemis missed the best looking man in the room when she fainted and went into the soft soap keg which was left keerless in the corner and scattered soft soap round promiscuous, and the rest of them went sliding and tumbling round in that soft soap, not one of them right side up, till Si Wiggins fell through the cellar door and went bumpety bump down the cellar stairs head first into the salt pork barrel, which kinder quieted him. You't can't make no kind of an outcry when you're head first in a barrel of salt pork.

"Most of the folks was clean rattled, but Squint — his dander riz when he saw them cats get in again, and he took a stub of a broom and he jest went to battling cats scandalous. There'd be a yowl and a whump of the broom as it came down and the air was fair full of them, knocked scattering round. In the midst of this Squint busted the fastenings that held old man Willis to the head of the board and he sat right up with a click.

"You never saw such a scared crowd in your life. They hollered: 'He's riz, he's riz! He's come back for the cats!' and they danced some more in the soft soap.

"There wasn't a sane man left in the place but Squint. He drew off and gave the man a terrible bang right on the head with the broom, and knocked him flat on the board again.

"There!" he says; "You jest lay down again where you belong. I don't need none of your help. I'm perfectly capable of taking care of this mess of tomcats myself."

"We got the cats out again after a while and I shinned up and put a board over the chimney and things was quite peaceable again. Squint kept the broom handy but the cats didn't try to come in again the rest of the night and the old man he wasn't saying anything either."

Just here the door of the composing room opened and the manager called "Copy!"

"All right," said the editor; "I've done that obit. in good shape. Eversad 'il think he's the man that 's buried."

Winthrop Packard.



## SAD DISREGARD OF PARENTAL ADVICE.

"WE were," said the judge as he accepted the third match from the waiter, "driving along a tenacious road in Podgers County in the Mississippi River bottoms when we came to a storm-tossed cabin before which sat an old man who somehow impressed me as being an enterprising and hardworking scoundrel. But my heart was in a measure softened toward him by the fact that his face was the picture of woe. The driver inquired about the adhesive and disorderly road. He answered in tones of the greatest sadness, and one of us said:—

"What's the matter? Any special trouble?"

"A right smart bit of it, stranger. I reckon I might 'bout as well lay down and die."

"Oh, cheer up, old man. Lost a friend?"

"Yes." (Chokingly).

"Sudden?"

"Mighty sudden. They grabbed him right by the collar and socked him into jail quicker 'n scat!"

"Relative?"

"Stranger, my oldest son."

"The old man bowed his head. His evident grief touched me and my legal knowledge occurred to me.

"It must be hard for a man at your age to have his eldest son in jail," I said; "but cheer up. Perhaps we can do something for him."

"The old man shook his head. 'No,' he said, 'there ain't nothing to do. It's hard, as you say, and the wust of it is that he didn't heed my advice. "Bill," says I to him, "Bill, when you take them boots be mighty keerful or they'll see you."'

"We went on down the streak of glue which passed for a road," concluded the judge, reaching for another match.

*Hayden Carruth.*

## AN EXPERIENCE WITH THE DOCTOR.

I HAD been helping a darkey take down our stoves and stove pipe for an hour or two and felt tired. Hard work does not agree with me the way it does with most people. I take it that this overween-

ing desire to avoid work that is so inherent in me is a sign of the ancient nobility of my family. It is the only sign of the kind we have, so I am very proud of it. At any rate it makes me feel sure that at some time my family was respectable at least.

Well, feeling thus, I lit my pipe and strolled out on to the front porch to see if the universe was acting to my satisfaction. A pretty girl, who lives across the way, was just coming over to see my wife. She told me that I was not looking well. I affected to laugh about it with the nonchalance that a brave man ever meets death, but her remark worried me. When I came to think about it seriously men were dying all the time, everywhere and of all sorts of diseases. That is enough to frighten any one. So I went in to see my wife and ask her about it. She also said I didn't look well. That settled it. I sent for the doctor.

The doctor came and examined me. He said he thought I'd live, but if I didn't to call him in again. He left two kinds of medicine with me. They were in two tumblers, placed side by side on the bureau, and I was to take a teaspoonful of them alternately every hour. My wife showed me how to arrange the spoons so that I would know which one I had taken last.

Everything went well for the first two hours, excepting that I had broken into a perspiration which made me look worse, so my wife said. But at the end of the third hour the horrible thought occurred to me, "What if I forgot to change the position of the spoons the last time I took the medicine?" I tried to remember, but the more I tried the more I could not. What would happen if I took the same medicine twice successively? Would I die? While debating this matter and wondering what was going to happen to me I accidentally dipped the spoon belonging to one glass into the other. Immediately the thought occurred to me, "What if this mixture of medicine resulting from my carelessness with the spoon results in some chemical action, forming in the second glass a new compound, perhaps a poison?" Such things could very well be. Greatly worried I went to find my wife and ask her opinion. The thoughtless woman had gone uptown

with her visitor to do the marketing for dinner.

I went back to the medicine resolved to risk it, and take a spoonful of one or the other, come what may. But on my arrival I found both glasses empty. My boy was tip-toeing from the room. I caught him by the slack of his trousers and he confessed. My worst fears were realized. He had drank both glasses of medicine and was no doubt on the point of death.

I am a man of action. I rushed from the house. A grocer's wagon stood on the curb and it was empty. The driver was no doubt delivering parcels at one of the neighboring houses. I jumped in, grabbed the reins, lashed the horse and drove rapidly away in the direction of the doctor's. I had not gone a block when that fool grocer's boy began pursuing me with cries of "stop thief," and he was soon joined by a small sized mob and a policeman. I got to the doctor's first, however, learned that he was attending a patient "over on the hill" and posted away for the hill. The mob still pursued. It was composed of half the town by this time. When I arrived at "the hill" I discovered that the doctor had left that hill and gone to another. On my arrival at the other hill I learned that the doctor had gone home. Back to his office I went, eluding my pursuers by scooting through an alley. When I found the doctor he assured me

that there was no danger to be feared from my boy's rash act. Then I went home.

I told my story to the girl from across the street and the little lady. They had returned from their marketing. They simply laughed.

"It was only water," explained the little lady. "I told the doctor that the reason we said you didn't look well was that your face was more or less covered with stove polish and soot. Naturally enough he prescribed water."

That made me mad.

washed myself and went again to the doctor's office. The grocer's clerk had recovered his wagon, and he detained me explaining how a horse thief had nearly gotten away with his rig. But I broke away and asked the doctor how much I owed him.

"You're looking better," said he with a sickly grin.

"That's not the question," said I, "How much do I owe you?"

"Two dollars," he answered.

"I thought your charge was only a dollar a visit," I objected.

"It is," he acknowledged, "but the fact of the matter is that party over on the hill won't pay me at all, so I have to charge you double to make up for it. See?"

That made me madder. But I paid.

And that's what's the matter with me.

*Tom Hall.*

## CHRONICLES OF A COUNTRY CHURCH CHOIR

BY LOUISE CROCKETT HENDERSON.

ONLY those who have belonged to a country choir, can fully appreciate these chronicles, and yet the observant ones may recall incidents that will throw some light on that inexplicable and inflammable event in American village life—"a fuss in the choir."

Yes, we have an alumni organization now, and when the fuss fever does not break out, we have a very sociable and heart-reaching time, but I, Barcellus

Sears, a man of—well many years—do here affirm that I will be in no way liable for the truth or falsity of the incidents as recorded in these chronicles, because some of them are hearsay.

As long ago as I have any recollection of church-going this choir existed, and this choir always seemed the largest part of the church. Many a poor minister has run amuck troubles, to his great regret, that brewed in the choir. Perhaps this

was a peculiar choir—its history certainly seemed to contain all the romantic incidents that ever occurred in that prosy little Iowa country town.

First, let me start right and lay a background of description. It was a plain, brown Methodist church, with a tapering spire and great green blinds through which the first and second bell clanged at intervals of thirty minutes, and drove out the pigeons. Then just before service began, a few tolling taps as a funeral warning—"too late." For of all crimes recorded against members of this Boylestown, Iowa, M. E. choir, nothing was more unforgivable than being late.) An arched alcove in the rear of the pulpit, with stained glass windows, was the place originally intended for the choir, but the Reverend Culpepper objected to having the dulcet tones whistled down his back. So the choir had the rare distinction of having a gallery in the rear over two small class rooms. This was reached by a winding stair from the main vestibule.

To this gallery the choir was officially banished by Reverend Culpepper and the trustees, and here beginneth the first real choir fuss of my recollection, and of which there is much authentic data.

I was there "at practice" with my sister, Susan Sears, who sang alto. My first duties on Saturday night were to climb in the back windows and open the door. Then the choir members gathered all the way from seven to ten o'clock. The week's events were carefully gone over by the elder members of the choir, while Susan, Madge, George Bowkins and another young fellow had good times in the dark corners. This young fellow was a telegraph operator, whose name I never learned, as he was only there a few weeks, but as he could sing, of course that was excuse for the girls to "get him into the choir." This caused additional grumbling from Reverend Culpepper. He didn't like so much "giddiness" he called it.

On this particular evening when the minister had sent in the hymns, his choice and taste was discussed and, of course, some of the choir criticism floated back to his ears. His judgment in having "Coronation," "Crown Him Lord of All" every other Sunday was questioned.

"I should think he would get him crowned after a while."

This was the remark of the pale-faced operator. Of course the young men thought the surest way to favor and popularity with the young ladies was in making witty remarks. Slang was in those days just "coming in." Now the minister had a niece, a quiet, little demure girl named Nellie Winters. She wore scalloped curls pasted flat down on her forehead, as I remember was the style then. Now, girls don't go to looking up the date of that fashion, as I say I can't be too accurate. Of course she was looked upon as the minister's representative, in a way, and remarks were made out of her hearing as much as possible.

"Now, I think it's a shame to be stuffed, off up here!" declared pretty Madge.

"Who will see all our new things for to-morrow? If Mr. Culpepper had seen my new hat he would not have been so harsh."

"Well, it is for the best," replied Miss Howett, the senior member of the choir, who had become sweetly resigned in her years of disappointments.

The next day was a hot Sunday in June. The congregation assembled in the usual clock-work fashion. First aged father and mother Kobbleday took the third pew from the front, and knelt devoutly before they took their seats, just as they had done for years past. A few glances over her gold spectacles at the comers-in and Mother Kobbleday started her fan going in the same old measured way. The other faithful church attendants came in the same order as they had for the past two score years. Old black Manda, who has been a slave and whose testimony in class meeting never varied a hair's breadth in language or inflection, was never the least observed as she went ambling up the aisle. There were scores of other interesting characters, but I will leave them to my reader's imagination.

Reverend Culpepper wore red chin whiskers and had lines running down diagonally from the corners of his mouth. His upper lip was shaven and the few long, sandy locks which fringed his head were combed in an effort to disguise the bald spot. The church was now filled and there was that profusion of colors only

known to the milliner's art. The swishing of fans added a living effect to the colors. The grasshopper and birds and a wandering chicken seen outside through the stained windows fixed the attention of some of the languid ones sitting along the outside aisle. The second bell had rang, and the final tolls were being given. The minister blew his nose fiercely, preparatory to beginning, taking his kerchief deliberately from his coat-tail pocket. The curiosity of the congregation was aroused as to the apparent absence of the choir, but the minister did not seem worried, although there were many significant looks and whispers.

"The elders had a fuss with the choir."

And yet there were many who knew. Although Boylestown was a village scattered over a large territory, and there were no telephones, it did not take long for news to travel to every home in the village.

The waiting continued for fifteen minutes, the congregation meanwhile becoming fidgety and restless. Some small boys in the back seats snickered out loud at Joshua Frambaugh's yellow dog, as the pup trotted timidly down the aisle after its master, but Brother Dayton, the sexton, soon hustled them out doors to wait for Sunday school.

A glance at the choir loft explained the waiting, but as the choir was entirely hidden from view the congregation did not have their curiosity gratified in craning their necks. The anthem was always sung first and Reverend Culpepper was invariably requesting "to have an anthem." That gave his service the particular distinction from all others in the village.

He was waiting. He crossed his legs one way and then another. He twisted his thumbs one way and then another, trying to disguise his restlessness.

Unable to stand the suspension longer he marched toward the door and then up into the choir loft.

"What's the matter?" he whispered to Miss Howett, who was sitting at the organ in a nervous state.

A glance was enough to tell him. His niece, Nellie Winters, was not there.

"And she has the solo, and none of us learned it. I know we'll break down, I know it," and Madge was almost in tears.

The minister then looked over the choir. Yes, the pale-faced operator was missing, too. It's funny I can't recall his name.

For a moment his reddish complexion betrayed wrath, but when he found the choir was really not on a strike over the new arrangement, he cooled down. George Bowkins was nudging up to Madge.

"Hum over that bass with me." His paper collar had wilted in his mental study of two sharps "fa" "sol." My sister was sedate and cool, because she practiced her part at home with mother. Madge sang soprano but was certain to flat and break down without Nellie Winters to depend upon. The choir had made a new effort at quartette singing, but Madge's uncertainty had always made sweet, shy little Nellie Winters the mainstay, although Madge appropriated honors and always looked at the congregation while the others held their books in all ways and looked as if they were scared to death. As for the pale-faced operator tenor, that was not considered so essential a part, and it did not matter much if he did sing half the time with the soprano.

"Well, if she don't come in five minutes, we'll open with "Coronation,"" whispered the minister as he started to go down.

At the door he met the truant. There was not a word said, but the look he gave her still haunts me. She was pale and excited. There was a bustle of preparation, the books were ready, the congregation were almost ready for reading, and the organ sounded. It came like a haunted sound and necks in the audience were craned. It was a sensation as the choir rose in view. Nellie began her solo in a trembling voice and short of breath. Miss Howett tried to keep up the wavering courage of the singer by playing her part on the organ instead of the accompaniment. When near the close the pale operator came in. Then came the climax.

The singer burst into tears. Some of the singers with their mouths ready plunged into their parts, but one by one they stopped. The organ wheezed in a few measures and then it stopped. The congregation were now all staring at the gallery. One by one the choir took their seats in confusion and chagrin. Nellie left still sobbing.

"How fortunate we were up here," whispered Madge viciously. Miss Howett went to the heart-broken girl.

"Are you ill, Nellie?"

"No, no, I want to go home, I'll—" Her sobs were heard by the minister. Almost in vicious desperation he arose.

The congregation will arise and sing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Miss Howett gave the chord, but there was not much spirit in singing "Coronation" that time.

The minister gave his text, I can't recall it, but if he didn't shout and pound the desk that day. He hurled his anathemas against the giddiness and ungodliness of young people. He grew so fierce that Aunt Manda forgot her "Amens" and Deacon Dayton remained awake. Of course, every young person in the audience thought he was preaching at them and it was evident that there was going to be trouble brewed to be settled at the next conference. The choir was indignant and of course they felt in striking at Nellie they had all been insulted.

Some say the exercises were concluded, but they seemed to tumble to pieces. The usual handshaking and gossip after service was rather tame. The people were trying to hold in to talk it over at home.

That afternoon the crowning sensation was to come. Nellie Winters had not been home. Reverend Culpepper was at first inclined to let her pout, and paid no attention to her absence, thinking she was at a neighbor's. But his inquiries later caused general alarm and the village was aroused. The first thought was the mill pond where the water was backed up into a considerable lake. At the old stone

quarry, they found a boat gone and later a light shawl Nellie had worn that morning.

Now it was too evident she had committed suicide. Feeling ran high against Reverend Culpepper for a while, as Nellie had been in her quiet way a great favorite, and the opinion was generally expressed that he had been too strict with the girl.

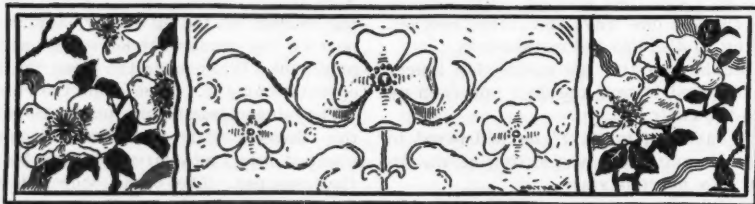
The pond was dragged all the afternoon. It was a sad service that night, and what a contrast to the one held a few hours before. The minister was not there. At his home he mourned his loved one. The search was continued the next day, but no corpse was found. The news was telegraphed to the papers and all kind of stories were told. Meanwhile the sentiment grew more pronounced against the minister for driving the girl to suicide. There were dark hints at tar and feathers. But the good old balance wheel citizens were not to be so suddenly turned against their minister.

On Tuesday he received a telegram.

"Nellie was caught in the matrimonial net. Drag the mill pond no more."

A letter from Nellie herself arrived a few hours later. She and the pale-faced operator had been secretly married across the river that Sunday morning. They had planned to elope but she came back to sing that solo in the anthem. The pale-faced operator had been in some sort of a scrape before and they were afterwards married under his real name, and no one knows what it is.

They went to California and the choir did not even have any of the wedding cake.







## Recent French Books for Americans



GENERALLY speaking the first few books which I happen to read each month turn out to be abominably stupid. As those of June were exceptionally bad, I determined to commence my July reading with the couple which I had purposely left over from the month before. The experiment has been a pronounced success, for I have read no more thoroughly absorbing novels during the last two years. The first of these is "Le Coupable" by M. Francois Coppée. The author is best known as a poet; but his present work proves that he is deserving of a reputation as a novelist as well. Yet there are numerous evidences of his poetic temperament. Many of the descriptions are full of an atmosphere which can come alone from a poetic mind and, while the life and characters are portrayed without exaggeration, the various temperaments frequently display elements conceivable only by a poet. The mass of the work is that of a novelist, but the detailed touches are those of a poet.

The scene is mostly laid in that most popular of fiction writers' gardens, the *Quartier Latin* of Paris; but the picture of its life is somewhat new and very truthful. Half our writers make the student quarter a modified heaven and the other half make it an unmodified hell. M. Coppée has made it what it is, a very earthly place with much that is delightful, much that is vile, a corner which sees a great deal of joy and happiness but quite as much sorrow and agony, a series of streets and buildings where one may roam and live for years and learn much good and no harm, but where one may quite as well go straight to the devil.

The plot is briefly this: A young provincial, who has passed his local examinations for the bar with "highest honors," is sent by his somewhat Puritanical father to complete his studies in Paris. While there he has a mistress with whom he lives in a state of mutual fidelity, for three years. She loves him; he fancies her. When the time comes for them to part and for him to return to his home and law, as she has always realized that this lover must go like all the former ones,

she receives the news without a remonstrance or a complaint. She merely tells him she is soon to be confined. Avoiding a final good-by he leaves her enough money to carry her nicely through her confinement and returns home.

When the child is born, she sends it to a nurse in the country and goes to work to support it. Hard times follow, but, though often tempted, she remains true to the memory of the father of her child. At last, however, a man who has been unfortunate in marriage meets her, promises to be a father to the child, and persuades her to set up a new establishment with him. For some time all goes well; but the child soon makes jealousy. The new "father's" promised love for it turns out to be a mild form of hate which shows itself all the more strongly after the mother's sudden death. Finally the boy runs away, goes from bad to worse and ends by committing murder.

The real father has in the mean time become one of the leading judges in France. Until his father's death he was afraid to look after his mistress or child and, when he finally tried to find them, it was in vain. He merely knew it was a boy and named after him. When he first heard the news of the murder he took no more interest in it than in any of the many cases which were constantly tried before him. So soon as he heard the name of the murderer, however, he suspected it was his son and a later inspection satisfied him. After trying in vain to save him by finding some extenuating circumstances in his favor he rose calmly in his judge's seat and told the court who the prisoner was. The jury influenced by sentiment and not by reason acquitted the prisoner.

The judge resigned his position, took his son back and sailed with him to America, to begin anew together.

The portrayal of the struggle that goes on in the father's heart when he learns that the murderer and his son are one and the same man is one of the finest and most powerful things I have ever read. The scene where he denounces himself in the public court as well as his mental state previous to it are strongly reminis-

cent of the similar event in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" and not vastly inferior either in feeling or expression. In fact the book has several points which recall the work of the great romanticist, not least of which is the father's speech pleading for his son's life, which reminds one strongly of Victor Hugo's own plea under very similar circumstances. In the main true to life yet filled with spots of beauty and poetry and withal extremely powerful both in plot and characters, "Le Coupable" is a book which no one should miss.



THE second of these most delightful or, to speak more correctly, most interesting novels is "Le Chair Mystique." The author, Marcel Batilliat, may best be grouped with Randoune and Pierre Louys, two young writers who have succeeded in setting Paris on fire. M. Louys has even distinguished himself so far in his "Aphrodite" as positively to shock the none too sensitive French capital; and the others, while they can lay no claim to such prowess as their more fortunate literary brother, have gained for themselves the reputation of being, after him, the two most "ardent" writers of today.

They certainly deserve their title; for from start to finish their books simply reek with passion. If done by almost any other men, their stories would be brutal; but in their hands they come out singularly beautiful. Avowedly dealing with the world of passion they prepare you in advance for what is coming and so remove the otherwise unavoidable shock. As to their being moral or immoral I have nothing to say. The books leave such questions untouched, and I shall do the same. But as to one point there can be no doubt—the works of all three men are undeniably absorbing.

"Aphrodite" is the most celebrated of all the as yet published productions of any of the trio; but I think, among the lovers of contemporary work, at least, that "Le Chair Mystique" will soon be a strong rival. There can be no doubt that in the tremendousness of the passion which so openly ruled the part of ancient Alexandria presented to us, the former

has a much more impressive subject than has the latter in the "body of Marie-Alice." The person of any woman seems an essentially stupid theme on which to write a long novel. Yet this is the subject which M. Batilleat has selected and out of which he has made one of the most beautiful, if purely passionate, works I have ever read.

This is no place for detailed criticism; but I cannot do justice to "Le Chair Mystique" without pointing out how in general the author has gained his most delightful results from such an apparently unpleasant topic. Two causes for this happy outcome may be found in the choice of the heroine and the poetic treatment; but we must soon acknowledge that the two are after all practically one. If taken in conjunction they explain the beauty of the book. If applied separately they must seem capable of making the original subject even more disagreeable.

Marie-Alice, whose *chair mystique* the author has undertaken to celebrate, is a perfect type of the Lyonnaise woman—the woman *par excellence* of France. Such a glorious specimen of womanhood placed in her present surroundings and treated in a normal prose style must have made the book positively revolting.

Similarly, without this woman, the use of poetry would have become its abasement. But when we combine the two, we have not only a subject worthy of the most poetic of poets but also the only medium capable of properly treating the person of such a woman. Each elevates the other and between them they not only obliterate the seemingly inherent, disagreeable features of the theme but make it wonderfully beautiful.

Fortunately, the author is a poet in both thought and language. None but a poetic soul could have conceived the thousands of beautiful ideas which fill the book or have idealized his subject to such heights, and none but a poet's pen could have put old sentiments in such resounding phrases, could have kept at the same time such perfect ease and naturalness, could have given such harmony with such oceans of color, or could have painted in such masterly fashion the ever-changing but always beautiful glories of nature. It is a work of beauty, a work of art, and almost a work of genius.

TO turn to a book of less charm, but possibly of more propriety, I may recommend as a first-rate second-class novel of intrigue and incident Perret's "Madame Victoire." Reading it on top of the two books mentioned above it seems almost petty; but I think I should do it injustice to say it was anything but good—in its way. It has enough incident in places to suit any one except the ghost of Alexandre Dumas père, and it also possesses a sufficiently strong undercurrent of deep, strong feeling to make one wish the author could have aimed at something higher. The characters are capable of being made first-class; but the events keep it distinctly second-rate, though undeniably interesting and at times powerful.

ONE of the most popular forms of fiction in Paris to-day is the illustrated novelette and one of the most popular editions is that known as the "Lotus Bleu." Printed on glazed paper in good type, bound in neat and attractive covers and in a small pocket size, illustrated in a remarkably suitable and admirable way, and sold at a very low price, they leave practically nothing to be desired so far as the "make up" goes. The contents vary. Sometimes they are a collection of short stories, at others a medium length narrative in novel style; but, almost without exception, they are attractive and well worth reading by the man who reads for pleasure.

Far too many volumes of this stamp have come out comparatively recently to permit one either to read or mention all; so I shall content myself with speaking of four which may be said to be fairly representative. The first two are "Nouvel Amour" and "La Tentatrice," both by Rosny. The latter, which appealed to me the more of the two, is the story of a young Frenchman who is captivated by the young daughter of the Englishman to whom he is private secretary. To say that M. Rosny has given us a real English character in either the father or the daughter would be more complimentary than true; but that he has written a very bright and thoroughly pleasing story may be affirmed without the least hesitancy. The fact that the heroine displays by no means unfrequent traits totally un-Eng-

lish may weaken the book from the standpoint of veracity; but from that of attractiveness it makes it all the better. Taken as she is, *La Tentatrice* is a most delightful creature with whom no true man could help falling in love; and the fact that no such girl ever grew on English soil can deprive neither her nor the book of their respective charm.

ANOTHER dramatic work of the present year which must not be passed by without notice, however, is the "L'Art au Théâtre" of Catulle Mendès. The author's name is a guarantee of first-class work, and the present volume by no means tends to diminish his reputation. The other valuable recent works dealing with literature, the drama, music, and art in general are too numerous to mention, but I can thoroughly recommend three, the first, "Le Voyage Artistique à Bayreuth" of Albert Lavignac, the second, "La Crise Poétique" of A. Boschot, and the third, "Essai sur le Génie dans l'Art" by G. Sévilles.

ANOTHER and delightful dramatic work of a very different style is Arthur Pougin's "Acteurs et Actrices d'Autrefois." It is a history of the French stage, or rather of the people connected with it, during the past three centuries. I doubt if it would be of any great value to the serious student of the drama in his serious work; but to him who has any true affection for the dramatic branch of art and literature and who cares to know anything of those now long since dead or those still living who have tended to make the stage what it is to-day, the book will be a source of genuine delight. Copiously and well illustrated and brightly and interestingly written the whole work is necessarily attractive. But, although so popular in style, the literary and dramatic importance of the various periods is well and clearly brought out and the value of each man's work is distinctly shown. The thorough student will probably find nothing new; but the amateur will find much and the casual reader will be interested.

R. H. E. Starr.

Paris, July 10th, '97.

# CLUB WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

BY MRS. M. D. FRAZAR

Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, will contribute to the October National an article entitled "Women in Finance."

THE Rhode Island Women's Club is one of the oldest and most influential in the country, having been organized in 1876, incorporated in 1881 and federated in 1890. Its founder was Mrs. Elizabeth Kittredge Churchill and its presidents have always been progressive and prominent women who have led the club to ever greater prosperity. Its membership is two hundred and fifty, and excellent work is accomplished during the year. One special feature of the work in this large and important club is, that the members personally do much of it, which is certainly a wise measure. There is a stimulating influence in personal work in a club and when that is combined with outside lectures by eminent persons, practical results are obtained that are of immense benefit in an organization.

Mrs. Belle H. Matteson has been president since 1895 and fills the position with distinguished success. The vice-presidents are Miss Ellen G. Hunt, Mrs. Lucia C. Kingman and Mrs. Louise P. Bates, with Miss Nellie B. Pearce as treasurer, Mrs. Sophia H. Guild, recording secretary, Miss Caroline Kelly, corresponding secretary and a strong board of directors.

The standing committees are on "Club Papers," with Mrs. Louise Prosser Bates as chairman, "Reception of Speakers," chairman, Mrs. Julia A. Thurber, "Club Teas," chairman, Mrs. H. M. Capron, and "Special Work for Members," Mrs. Sarah A. P. Liscomb, chairman. There is a Glee Club, with Mrs. Mary E. Rawson as conductor, that adds materially to the enjoyment of the organization.

The club year begins in March, and the first literary meeting, in 1895, was an intensely interesting one, the subject being "German History," with papers by three ladies of the club. The next meeting was

a lecture by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith on "Impressions and Realism," and it goes without saying that this was a red-letter day in the club's history. Other lectures by public persons were "Birds and their Habits," by Mrs. Kate S. Tryon, and the "Human Features," by Prof. H. C. Bumpus, of Brown University, with readings by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, and Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale," by Miss Ellen N. Clark, of Cambridge.

Subjects considered and treated by the club members themselves were, "Myths and Folk Lore," "Social Forces," the "Social Status of Women in Japan," "Glimpses of the Work of Busy Women," the "Atlanta Exposition," and "Holy Week in Saville."

Mrs. Annie Howes Barns, of Providence, gave a delightful lecture on the "Development of the Child Mind," and Mrs. Emma Shaw Colcleugh, also of Providence, gave a most interesting talk on life "Inside the Arctic Circle under the Hudson Bay Company's Flag."

In October, 1896, the club began a series of most enjoyable lectures and literary meetings. Mr. Frederick W. Bancroft gave an afternoon with Irish Song Writers and their songs, Miss Caroline Darron told of a journey of twelve hundred miles up the Yangtse-Kiang, Prof. John C. Van Dyke lectured on the "Great Venetians," Mrs. George Kennan gave personal experiences in European Russia, and Prof. John Graham Brooks spoke upon the relation of women to the social question. Between these special afternoons came meetings that were devoted to the consideration of pleasant literary subjects, club members themselves doing the work.

The work for the members' afternoons for 1897 and 1898 is already outlined and promises to be singularly enjoyable. First comes a study of "Child Life," with two



important books for review and discussion: "An Experiment in Education," and the "Republic of Childhood."

The next afternoon will be the Schubert Centennial, with a review of his life and works. Next follows an afternoon devoted to Sociology, with a review and discussion of Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution." Under "Poetry" there will be a review of the writings of Alfred Austin, Robert L. Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, Walt Whitman, Sidney Laurier and Paul L. Dunbar.

"Philosophical Science" occupies an afternoon with a review and discussion of Max Nordau's "Degeneration," with his views on the Pre-Raphaelites, Tolstoi, Ibsen and Wagner. Under "Household Economics" the book reviewed and discussed will be that of Helen S. Campbell upon this subject. Late in May an afternoon will be devoted to the "Novel," and its relation to fact and fancy.

Portsmouth, Ohio, has a club of which the state itself has reason to be proud, the "Woman's Literary Club." It is the outgrowth of the "History Club" that was organized in 1877, and in 1891 was federated as the "Woman's Literary Club." The motto is very apt, "the more we think, the more we live," and eighty bright, progressive women are enjoying keen intellectual life from the thought brought out in their club.

The president of the club is Mrs. Mary Adams Draper, the vice-president, Mrs. Sarah M. McCall, recording secretary, Mrs. Alma F. Caskey, corresponding secretary, Mrs. Harriet C. Gates and treasurer, Mrs. Margaret T. Johnson.

The outline for work this year includes History, Literature, and Topics of the day, the papers not to exceed twenty minutes, and after each paper there is a discussion. The first meeting comes in October when the officers will be installed and tea will be served, to be followed by papers on travel, "A Trip Abroad," "Under Sunny Skies," and the "Italy of America."

The progress for the following meetings are rich and full, including "Personal reminiscences of the Beechers," "Consideration of Robert and Mrs. Browning," "Child Study and Industrial Education," "The Function of Public Education," "The Schools a Moral Factor in the Nation,"

"Manners and Customs of Ancient Egypt," "Religion of Ancient Egypt and Israel's Contact with Egypt," "The Arts and Architecture of Egypt, Greek Influence in the same country," "The Nile," "Egypt under its Khedives," "Modern Egyptology," "The Exterior and Interior Development of Portsmouth," "A Map Study of India," "The Vedic Age, Caste, Delhi, the Taj Mahal," "A Poem in Marble," "Benares and Ganges," the "English in India," "India's Food Supply," "The Occult"—Sir Edwin Arnold, Rudyard Kipling, Henrik Ibsen, "Ohio Day with interesting data in regard to the state, "Famous Ohioans and the Woman's Club in Ohio;" "Hans Christian Anderson," "The New Scottish School," "Negro Folk-lore and Dialect," "Around the World in Thirty Days via the Great Trans-Siberian Railway," and current topics in the scientific world and in the world of letters and art.

The year book of this club is most valuable by reason of the full and complete list of books of references it gives. It will be carefully treasured for this reason, as well as for its charmingly attractive general arrangement.

There is another Ohio club that has done notable work in the past year and that enjoys distinction as an up-to-date organization. It is the Akron "New Century Club," of some sixty members. The president is Mrs. Etta W. Work, vice-president; Julia Zeller, treasurer; Ella S. Allen, recording secretary; Helen Raymond-Wells; corresponding secretary, Harriet S. Miles, and critic, Mary Miller.

The work for the year 1896-1897 was divided into sections of Science, Education, Literature, and Questions of practical interest.

The whole year was devoted to the study of the Netherlands, a most profitable and attractive subject, and on the ninth of June the club had a banquet at the Barberton Inn, with a very enjoyable after-dinner program that consisted of speeches and addresses by prominent club members and guests, and delightful music by the club quartet assisted by Mr. Scott Pierce, tenor. Among the addresses was one upon the little Queen of Holland and the menu and program had upon it a beautiful little hand-painted bit of Holland.

The yearly work began in October, with



an afternoon devoted to "How the Dutch took Holland," "The Garden of Europe," and some scientific topics of the day. To show how carefully and comprehensively the Netherlands were studied it is only necessary to give the outline for other meetings of the year:—

"The rule of the Emperor Charles V. in the Netherlands," "the Order of the Golden Fleece," "Egmont," "Flemish Tapestry," "Beggars of the Sea"—with a Dutch proverb as a motive—"Great in courage, poor in purse, sword in hand," "Dutch Painters," "The Forty Years' Struggle for Independence," "Delft Ware," "Universities of Leyden," "Utrecht and Groningen," "Flemish Art," "William the Silent," "Dutch Colonies," "Erasmus," "Dutch Costumes and Customs," "The Cities of Holland and their government," "New Amsterdam," "the Influence of the Dutch in our own country," "John of Barneveld," "Maurice of Nassau," "Arminius," "the Dutch East India Company," "Hugo Grotius," "Spinoza," "Kermis and the amusements of the Dutch," "The Two Great Republics of the Sixteenth Century," "Mechlin and Brussels lace," "the House of Orange-Nassau," "the Netherlands in the time of Napoleon Bonaparte and the Elzevirs." At each meeting there were topics of the day considered, in addition to this full and complete list of subjects.

The fact that a club is small does not prevent its doing excellent work, in proof of which is what is accomplished by the Historical Club of Coshocton, of Ohio, that numbers sixteen members.

During the year 1895-1896 Mrs. H. H. Baker was president, Mrs. Virginia Smith vice-president, Mrs. Ella McCabe, secretary, Mrs. M. B. Compton treasurer and Mrs. Clara B. Olney critic. The program for the year was a study of the English literature of the nineteenth century, and was briefly, as follows:—

"The Great Preachers," "Stratford-on-Avon," "Early Blue Stockings," "Cathedral Towns," "The Lake School," "The Cumberland Lakes," "Wordsworth Day," "Ella and His Friends," "The Queen's Palaces," "Minor Lyrist," "Kenilworth and Woodstock," "the Great Unknown," "the Queens of Westminster Abbey," "the Cockney Poets," "Literary Haunts of London," "the Great Novelists," "the His-

torians," "Carlyle and Ruskin," "Robert and Elizabeth Browning," "the Brontës," "Alfred Tennyson, George Eliot and Mrs. Craik," "Art and Artists," "the Essayists," "the Scientists," "Great Universities," "Modern Novelists," "Swinburne, Morris and Watson," "Airs from Rossetti and Austin Dobson," and the "Sacred Poets."

No more admirable plan of work could have been laid out than this, for it is practical and far-reaching, and embraces much that it is absolutely necessary one should be familiar with.

With the organization of The Contemporary in Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, there has opened a new era for the women of this city. The need of a woman's club had long been felt in the conservative old city where the "open sesame" to every door could be family *only*, and which therefore had a tendency to narrow down everything like intellectual breadth among our women.

At length, after patient waiting for many a long year prejudice was broken and "West" State Street women and "East" State Street women decided to meet together on a common ground with a common purpose—the establishment of a centre of moral and intellectual culture.

The first meeting, held last March at the charming library of the State School opened most auspiciously. Eager, interested women listened to Mrs. Longstreth of Philadelphia on a practical talk on "club methods." Her advices coming from one so familiar with club life in the Quaker City filled us all with courage and enthusiasm.

But few meetings have been held since March, but all have been instructive and delightful. Miss Williams's readings from Oliver Wendell Holmes and Miss MacDermott's talk on Chili were warmly received. Both these ladies are regular "Club Methods." Her advices coming from state schools. At the open meetings Lawrenceville was represented by Professor — who by his easy style and vivid pictures carried us all in fancy with him to Switzerland. The lecture on "The Holy Grail" by Professor Parrott of Princeton University was a fitting close to our new enterprise.

We are anxious to own a club house and hope our dream will be realized at no great distance in the future.

PUBLISHER'S

DEPARTMENT.

# LET'S TALK IT OVER

**D**O not look here for a literary placer mine! This department is beyond the pale of editorial dignity; its primary purpose is to talk shop. And yet in business chats, we often like to break forth into general comments, and a bit of every day philosophy with an after-lunch cigar. When the National solicitor observes that his hat is placed on the opposite shelf of the roll-top desk, that seems like real hospitality, and the "visitors'" chair always so convenient to that desk, is located where man woos man in business deals. It is after all like a courtship. The truth is plighted in a contract, and the grateful contractor wants to shake hands all day.

Well, why not have more handshaking and civility in business? It wouldn't consume much vital energy and would even soften the harsh words of refusal.

Now Gentle Advertiser and Gentle Reader just draw up your chair (be careful, there are only three legs) and let us talk it over. Here are the first propositions that ought to force themselves upon you.

An advertisement in The National to attract readers.

A reader of The National to attract advertisements. Let us get together. That's the problem we have that will not submit to logarithms.

It is true, The National is in the hands of young men. We feel guilty, but how long since you were young? Candidly, is that the objection? Just analyze and see if you can find merit in The National. If so, don't let that "young men" story of some of our dignified and staid competitors stand in the way. It is true we have not an array of cashiers in pretentious cages or an army of stenographers at beck and nod, but The National has tasted the success of doubling circulation and advertising in a few months.

Now we do not want to grow too fast. Every step forward we want sure and permanent. There is such a thing as in-

flated growth, and hence inflated ideas. The National does not want inflation—too sudden success would spoil the sweets of the battle. Just feel as if you owned the magazine and we were trustees, holding office under civil service rules.



**I**N February last The National published a handsomely illustrated article on the "Gold Fields of Alaska" by Mr. G. M. Hill. There has been an unusual demand for these copies since the Klondyke discoveries and it is only fair to say, that when the article was written there was little known of the Klondyke, although allusions are made to these finds, which were then very recent. The illustrations taken from photographs are intensely interesting, and show something of the hardships which the Klondyke gold seekers will have to endure. We make this statement in order that those sending for the number may not expect an up-to-the-present time article, or a "guide-book" on Klondyke. It is a good article on the gold fields for the general readers, but will scarcely inflame the spirit of the gold seeker in the candid recital of the struggles and hardships of a trip to Circle City.



**N**O, The National is not going to insist that it is the only periodical that meet the people's wants. The expression of the solitary pebble on the beach is recalled, but we cannot resist the temptation to express appreciation of the hundreds of letters received by the new management. They all seem to realize that the magazine is in the hands of young men and we are given an excellent assortment of advice which is duly filed. The pitfalls are pointed out, and if The National is not an astounding success, it will not be for lack of advice. That is right! Send us your ideas and advice. We want The National to be a "homey" magazine with the glow of the hearthstone reflected in every page.

STRANGE how some advertiser resist the attempts of National solicitors to make money for them! Well, they are patient and persistent, and having a good thing it seems to push itself along in some way. As this department is entirely outside the stern and dignified decorum of the editor, and as there are no literary diamonds to be looked for here, you advertisers will pardon our free way of talking. Confidentially Mr. Advertiser, we must say you are missing a good thing when you don't put *The National* on your list. The circulation is bounding along towards one hundred thousand. It is an aggressive, "growing" proposition. Just study a copy and reflect.

Don't you see success in it? The bright lexicon of youth is kept on our table. When you make up your list write *National*, and the agencies will do the rest. When they get through with us you are welcome to what is left.

OVER five hundred orders for back copies in one week! Well now that shows not only a future but more than a passing interest in *The National*. "Christ and His Time" is the reason for it. One eminent divine who objects to being placarded in advertisements, writes us, "It is the most popular life of Christ ever written," and a United States senator (think of it) says, "It is the most fascinating serial I have ever read," and he has been in Washington all summer, too. Now if you have not read it, read it. One subscriber writes, "For three months I skipped the Christ story thinking it merely religious, but when I started it I found it more interesting than any novel I have ever read. Send me six complete sets of back numbers." Now honestly, restless reader, have you read it? If not you have missed one of the best things in the magazine menu.

We cannot resist the temptation to quote from an article in a recent issue of the *New York Tribune*. It paid the following handsome compliment to Miss Caro-

line A. Powell, formerly of the *Century Magazine*, who now has charge of the Art Department of *The National*.

"Later, since the revival of wood engraving in England, there has been but one eminent woman engraver, and she was Elizabeth Thompson, daughter of the famous engraver, John Thompson. Most women who have undertaken the art in this country studied at sometime in the engraving class at Cooper Institute, which was started about twenty-three years ago. Engraving has also been taught at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. But both of these classes have been abandoned."

"There were formerly other women engravers. Wood engraving has been largely driven out by the half-tone and process work, which is much cheaper and in some rare cases quite as good. The high-class magazines employ for their illustration a mixture of both—that is, the half-tone plate is supplemented by the work of the engraver. The cheaper magazines use the untouched half-tones. The retouching of half-tone plates is done by those who were formerly wood engravers, and requires as high a degree of skill as wood engraving. There are no women engaged in that line now excepting Miss Knight and a Miss Powell, who directs the art department of "*The National Magazine*" in Boston. There never were but a few.

"Curiously enough, in the past our magazines made a great effort to develop women engravers, but, with the exception of Miss Powell, no woman attained to the first rank. Why they did not take to it I cannot tell."

THERE is something refreshing and timely in the two articles relative to the North Pole in this number. The demand for Nansen's book, the wild dash of Andree, Lieutenant Peary departing from Boston, and the rush to Alaska shows that the north pole has lost none of its magnetism in attracting public interest, at least. The renewed and stimulated energies are sure to result in important developments.

# ADVERTISEMENTS



PATENT APPLIED FOR.

## EVERY MOTHER

Of Two Small Children will See its Value at a Glance

The Dickey Seat can be closed and used as a single carriage, or opened in an instant (without removing sleeping child) and it is ready for two children.

When used for two children, all the weight is over the rear wheels, which makes it easy to handle.

As this is a new idea, and to introduce it, we will sell a first-class carriage like above cut, upholstered in Silk Plush or Corduroy in any color, Satin or Pongee Silk Parasol, Wood or Metal Rubber-Tired Wheels, delivered, freight paid, to your nearest freight station for \$20.00 cash with the order, or by express C. O. D. for \$21.00.

We also make a large variety of regular coaches at very low prices when you consider the quality.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

**RATTAN MFG. CO.,**  
**NEW HAVEN, CONN.**



## With the Publisher



The publication in our last issue of a story entitled "Her Roses" has placed us in a position where we owe to several parties both an explanation and an apology. While we feel that the element of responsibility should not rest entirely or even largely upon our shoulders yet the affair is such that it cannot be passed over, and the necessary explanation and apology we wish to here frankly offer. Sometime ago a manuscript with the title of "Her Roses" was sent to us over the pen name of Harry Darbers from some person who signed himself or herself "H. H. Tilley, Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y." A reading of the story resulted in our acceptance and it was published in the March issue. Directly upon its appearance we were surprised to learn—for no editor is cognizant of every story in print—that it was almost an exact copy, with slight condensation and alteration of names, of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's story "Miss Dangerlie's Roses" which originally appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* for November of 1892, and which was afterwards published by Chas. Scribner's Sons with other stories of Mr. Page's in the volume, "The Burial of the Guns."

An occurrence of this sort has certain very unpleasant aspects about it, unpleasant to no one more than to the person, H. H. Tilley, who has committed this breach of—whatever you may choose to term it. The only thing which we as the publishers have in our power to do is the extension of a sincere apology to our readers, to Mr. Thomas Nelson Page and to Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons. This, as before stated, we herewith gladly offer.

So widely popular has the Christ and His Time serial become as a valuable means of understanding Jesus' life, that to insure its broader circulation among Sunday schools and Bible classes, we desire to repeat our offer to teachers and parents by informing them again that we still have at this office a limited number of sample copies for gratuitous distribution.

All cyclists will find that every road will be a boulevard if they use the perfect pneumatic cushion and spring seat post on their cycles. They are entirely new inventions and are destined to become universally popular, as they are hygienic from an anatomical standpoint. The Perfect Pneumatic Cushion can be easily carried in the pocket when not inflated, and can be attached in a few seconds to any seat. The Perfect Spring Seat Post can be attached to any bicycle. They are recommended by physicians, and are only to be seen and tried to be appreciated. They are inexpensive and will wear as long as the cycle. Manufactured and sold by the Perfect Pneumatic Cushion and Spring Co., 13 B High Street, Boston, who offer for this month as an introduction to send both spring and post for \$5 to any address in the United States.

Ever since pneumatic tires have come into vogue the chief drawback has been punctures. All kinds of devices for quick repair have been made with more or less success, but not until last year was there any important progress made in this direction, when advertisements appeared of compounds which could be introduced inside a tire and would heal punctures. The Puncturoid Manufacturing Company, in spite of the black eye which they received from the disastrous action of some compounds, have kept their goods on the market for two seasons, in which Puncturoid has proved all that is claimed for it. They knew the popular distrust with which they had to contend, and, discounting the future, have, we understand, an article which obviates every difficulty usually found. It was to be expected that difficulty was to be met at the beginning. Dealers who had found puncture-healing compounds dangerous, refused it, but the Puncturoid Manufacturing Company sent it just the same, and the correspondence in their possession is a curious commentary on the growth of Puncturoid in popular favor. Customers who put it in their tires under protest have come back to praise it.



# Fashionable Clothing

FOR All Occasions.

It was a well-known author who remarked, "I believe in being as particular in the character of the firms I deal with as in the friends I make."

There is little that one can gain in this bit of philosophy, but to find the firm that has the character—ah! "there's the rub." In these times of sudden collapse of business houses whose integrity and strength have stood unquestioned for generations, it is not an easy matter to make a selection. Even a successful and an honorable past is not always a safe criterion. But if there be any virtue in what has gone before, it must lie in some such record as this: An existence of nearly half a century, a history of conservative and consecutive growth, a past that is unassailable, a present that is unrivalled, and a patronage that includes New England's leading men in all professions, and in their day such clientage as Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and Aldrich. There are few mercantile establishments in Boston, or for that matter in any city, who can boast of weightier claims for character than this. Yet such is the story of the Macular Parker Company of 400 Washington Street.

What can be said of the character of the firm itself is true also, and always has been, of the character of its goods. To sell an unsatisfactory garment bearing their name would be more serious in its ultimate results for them than for the purchaser.

Their clothes may, during years of use, lose their touch with fashion, or become tiresome to the wearer, but it can never be said that the work of building them was not honestly and thoroughly done. Every product is manufactured from choice and carefully tested materials, and the process of this manufacture is carried on in spacious and well-lighted work-rooms, and

not in the unclean tenements where the sweating system gives birth to poisonous bacteria and pernicious germs.

This season the array of clothing from which one can make their selection is even more extensive than ever before. The keynote lies in the title above, "Fashionable Clothing for all Occasions."

The Bicycle and Golf Suits are from the best imported and American Cheviots, the coats being four button skeleton sacks, in some cases Norfolk jackets, and the Knickerbockers made with re-inforced seats, with or without extensions at the knee.

The acme of comfort for the warm weather is found in the Wool Crash Outing suits, made without body linings and of a soft, cool woollen fabric made especially for this firm.

The Prince Alberts are cut this season with full skirts, the latest London mode, and worn with trousers of different material, plain neat stripe preferred. The material is English unfinished black worsteds and German diagonals. They are lined with pure silk satin, soft roll fronts, buttoning high or low for afternoon or evening wear.

The dress suits, outstripping everything else, are faultless in material, style and workmanship, fitting the figure to perfection. The goods are English Dress worsteds and German Crêpe; body linings of the richest, heaviest fine silk satins. Dainty white Marseilles Dress vests are preferred by many.

From the above list one finds the wherewithal to secure the happiness which Emerson alludes to when he said, "The consciousness of being well-dressed brings a peace of mind which revealed religion cannot give."



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention the National.



## With the Publisher



THE important announcement appears on another page of this issue to the effect that this number of the NATIONAL will be the last to appear under the present management. With the July issue the control of the magazine passes from the hands of the Bostonian Publishing Company to the Potter Publishing Company, the latter having recently purchased the entire rights of the publication. This change of ownership will in no respect affect the general policy or the recognized character of the magazine. It will mean rather that with a new editorial staff, a new company, and new capital, a more vigorous effort will result in the direction of making the NATIONAL a better and a more widely known magazine than it is to-day.



A year ago the NATIONAL was practically unknown, the reason being that it was only then on the point of changing its name and its character from the old "Bostonian," a magazine of local interest, to a magazine for all the country. Since that time, within a short twelvemonth, the new publication has not only entered, but has become a worthy rival, in the field of the very best ten-cent illustrated periodicals. It has accomplished this not by any sensational or meteoric ascent, but by a steady, conservative growth, which is at once healthy and stable, and which is the only sure foundation on which future progress can rest.



The great trouble which cyclists have to contend with is the slipping of the foot from the pedal. Although numerous devices for the prevention of this have been invented and placed on the market, yet we know of none, less it be the "Safety" that entirely fulfills its purpose. The "Safety" and the "Neverslip" are both in their class perfect. The former holds the sole of the shoe only, and the foot can be released at once. It does not numb the

toes and is adjustable to either ladies' or gentlemen's pedals. It cannot turn and there is no danger of catching the foot. Both kinds are made very light and only of the best and most thoroughly tested material.



There are many conditions which impair the eyesight, when the underlying cause cannot be reached merely by having the eyes fitted to a pair of glasses. Some special hygienic treatment of the eyes that will reach such cases has long been sought after by the leading oculists and opticians, both in this country and Europe. Dr. Williams, after long and careful study, has established a system of treatment, an absorption method, which is painless and without risk whereby weak and impaired vision is restored to natural health and vigor. It is perfectly marvellous to find in very many cases that have been pronounced incurable by leading oculists that the sight has been recovered without the use of knife or risk, and the patient made happy in the enjoyment of restored eyesight.



The two chief considerations, perhaps, that have won the way for the NATIONAL have been, first, the general excellence and cleanness of its character, and the well-considered policy which in its early results show the ultimate high standard aimed for, and second, the publication of the two notable serials, "Christ and His Time," by Dallas Lore Sharp, and "Some Recollections of the Century," by Dr. Edward Everett Hale. These two serials, both now in the centre of their publication, have been received with wide-spread recognition and unanimous praise. The former has been rightly regarded by the press and by readers at large, as the most remarkable popular treatment of the subject ever published; in fact the only that has ever appeared in serial form and written in a style attractive for the average magazine reader.

A  
New  
Breakfast  
Drink.

# POSTUM CEREAL FOOD COFFEE

A new breakfast drink has come into use, difficult to tell from coffee, but made entirely of grains, and which never produces any disagreeable results. It has the clean, pungent flavor so much enjoyed in coffee, but while coffee hurts the system, Postum Cereal Food Coffee goes to work in downright good earnest to "make red blood."

It is composed only of the grains intended by nature for man's subsistence. These are skillfully blended and prepared in such a way as to produce a hot drink the fac-simile of rich Mocha or Java coffee, but fattening and healthful. Stomach, liver and bowel troubles disappear when coffee and tea are left off, and the food drink, Postum, taken in their place.



## BOIL POSTUM

### FIFTEEN MINUTES,

And see that enough is in the pot to make a deep, rich, black coffee; serve with cream, and you will have a drink of magnificent flavor.

### GROCERS SELL IT

At 15 and 25c a Package.

**POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIM.,  
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.**

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention the National.

**IT  
MAKES  
RED  
BLOOD**

Concerning the latter it need only be said that these reminiscences of Dr. Hale's cover some of the most interesting phases of our American life during the past threescore years. They are written in a way that makes the reading of them a rare pleasure—chatty, anecdotal, and quietly humorous. The writer is at his best when dealing of these themes of yesterday that have been so formative in bringing our American life of to-day.



Punctured tires! Punctured tires! It is the cry of the age. And where can the remedy be found? In the little "Hatch Patch." When your tube blows up fifty miles from home, attach this steel spring with its rubber washer and behold! the deed is done. If your garden hose blows up five feet from home do the same thing. No sticky tape—no plugs—no rubber cement—just a little "Hatch Patch" you carry in your pocket and you are armed for all emergencies. See the advertisement on another page.



Early announcements promise an attractive array of articles which will appear shortly in the NATIONAL. They will include illustrated articles on "The Queen's Diamond Jubilee;" "The American Tourist in Switzerland;" "The Landing of the Emigrant in this Country;" an article on Theosophy, one on "The Beautiful Isle of Wight," and a serial on "The Life of Queen Victoria."



Inasmuch as physicians and athletes have generally concurred in the opinion that the wrist is the weakest portion of the human frame, it has been the general endeavor, during the past two years, to discover or devise some article, implement or apparatus, by the use of which the wrist might be both quickly and effectually made strong. This endeavor has resulted recently in the invention of what is known as the "Hercules Club." The club will not only strengthen the wrist but also the fingers, the arm, the grip of the hand, and, if properly used, it will renovate, build up and strengthen

the entire body. Although it has been especially designated to concentrate and solidify the grip of the hand, to strengthen the wrist and render it flexible, and to develop both the arms and the chest, it is also of very great benefit to musicians and writers, because it is so constructed that it can be used for strengthening the fingers with but little exertion and in a very short time. The "Hercules Club" is generously patronized at the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard, and has received in addition enthusiastic recommendations from the instructors of physical training in the public schools of many of our large cities.



On another page the Maculler Parker Company, evidently bearing in mind a recent crusade against conventional clothing for public functions, present a drawing showing how a certain public man would appear in one of their strictly correct full dress-suits—against which he could not with integrity have any objection.



Perfection means but one thing. The new '97 model VIVE for FIVE is perfection. It is fitted with the three speed Gundlach shutter, large square brilliant finder, holds 12 glass plates or 36 cut films at one loading, size of plate  $4\frac{1}{4}$  by  $4\frac{1}{4}$  which makes it the largest universal focus camera on the market. To see it is to buy it.



Mr. C. Lothrop Higgins, late designer with L. D. Walker, and Mme. Warren of Denver, respectfully announces through this medium his sale, without reserve, of some exceptionally stylish models and patent hats all trimmed at his chambers, 7 Temple place, Boston. Mr. Higgins as a successful designer of things of this nature, is too well known among millinery patrons to require a further introduction.



There are certain things in the world that are well worth the doing. Now, for instance, if you are afflicted with rheumatism, you couldn't for the moment do a more profitable thing than to read the "Electropoise" advertisement which appears on another page.



After Golf, or any other outdoor exercise,  
PEARS' SOAP will remove sunburn, and  
produce a bright, clear complexion.

Established over 100 years—20 International awards—Be sure you get the genuine.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention the National.



# THE NATIONAL

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR FOLLOWING ISSUES OF THE NATIONAL

Illustrated Articles which will appear in coming numbers are :

THE PARIS MORGUE,

BY HENRY HAYNIE.

THE STREET CRIES OF PARIS,

WOMEN IN FINANCE, BY MRS. ELLEN M. HENROTIN,

*Pres. General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

WILLIAM T. ADAMS, "OLIVER OPTIC,"

BY J. A. MCPHERSON.

A LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA,

BY REV. R. WOOD-SAMUEL,

*Late Precentor of Royal Church, St. Anne, Westminster.*

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF BAYREUTH,

BY JOE M. CHAPPLE.

THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS OF THE GREAT CITIES,

BY ARTHUR W. TARBELL,

# Captain Jack Crawford

## ALASKA PROSPECTING and MINING CORPORATION.

CAPT. Jack Crawford has sent the following letter to his personal friends and acquaintances, together with the prospectus of the Captain Jack Crawford Alaska Prospecting and Mining Corporation, which substantially tells all that there is to tell. "I wish to add, simply, that I am responsible for this organization. It will be builded upon an honest foundation. The directors with whom I am associated are gentlemen of intelligence and established character who have held responsible positions. The practical miners who will accompany me will be steady, experienced and reliable men. We take our lives in our hands in this undertaking, and make sacrifices which you will fully appreciate. I would not urge any one and have no inducements to offer to my friends to take stock in the enterprise, other than those set forth in the prospectus. If you have confidence in me and believe, as I do, that such a company of men cannot fail to find some of the hidden treasures of Alaska, I shall try in every way to be worthy of that confidence, and with their aid to make a showing that will be gratifying to all.

With sincere regards believe me,

Yours in clouds or sunshine,

J. W. CRAWFORD.

"Capt. Jack."

\*\*\*\*

The shares are payable either in full at time of subscription or in instalments of twenty-five cents per share or more, per month, to suit the convenience of the subscriber. Until all the stock of the company is full-paid the amount declared as dividends will be divided among the stockholders in proportion to the amounts paid in on account of their subscriptions.

The corporation is now perfecting plans preparatory to commencing active opera-

tions in Alaska in the early spring. Captain Jack Crawford, the President and General Manager of the corporation, is a practical and experienced miner, and one of the pioneers and original discoverers of gold in the Black Hills in 1876.

These miners will be stockholders in the company, each owning by purchase not less than \$1,000 of the stock, thus making them directly interested in every claim located and developed and in the consequent success and welfare of the company. They will be under contract to



perform services at reasonable wages, to be fixed irrespective of the boom wages that may be paid other miners in the country during the excitement and wages only paid when they are on the ground. The plan is to inspire every miner as to his own interests when backed by the capital of this company.

Captain Jack gives up his successful lyceum work, and as one of the stockhold-

ers of this company, will take his chances and endure the hardship of the Yukon region, because he believes in himself and in his associates, and in the ultimate success of the enterprise. His plan is to prospect for, locate and develop Lode as well as Placer claims. The Placer mining will be gradually worked out when the Mother lodes, from whence comes the Placer gold, will be developed. This is the history of all gold mining since the days of '49.

There are no promoters' shares. Every share issued will be paid for in cash.

Applications for stock can be made by letter or in person at the offices of the Company,

1510-11 American Tract Society Building,  
150 Nassau St., New York City.

Send for prospectus and circulars at once.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention the National.

# MUSIC FOR THE MASSES.

... SOMETHING NEW AND ...

## STRICTLY UP-TO-DATE.

LATEST  
AND  
BEST  
IN THE  
WORLD.



PLAYS  
Every Chord  
in Music with  
ONE Bar and  
Two Pushers.

### BEHNKE ORPHEUS HARP.

[Patent applied for.]

AGENTS WANTED  
IN EVERY TOWN.

## A GREAT SELLER.

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# MUSIC IN AMERICA



GO where you will and what institution first suggests itself as the very heart of musical education in America?

The New England Conservatory has preëminently attained this distinction. This fact is not only so recognized in America, but in the world at large, and this distinction is indeed well merited—so much so that the New England Conservatory is now everywhere recognized as the leading factor in American musical education. Little even could the great generous spirit and ambition of Dr. Eben Tourjee, realize what he had founded. He first introduced the conservatory system of musical education in America by establishing the Musical Institute at Providence, R. I., in 1859. The growth of the conservatory from that time to the present marks an important epoch in the musical history of America. It was, in fact, one of those institutions which came in response to a growing necessity, and

marks the beginning of a distinctive era in American music. It is an institution in which the people of the United States feel a personal and proprietary interest. This public interest is accounted for by the fact that the institution has been so largely built up by endowments, and is in no way a personal profit-sharing enterprise, and is devoted exclusively to the development in America of the fascinating art of music.

There are now few American families without a musical instrument. Music has become almost a part of American home-life. No matter how humble the home, the fond parents feel that the daughter should cheer the happy evenings with music. No sacrifice is too great for them to endure that this daughter may have these advantages. The vivacious spirit of the American boy is softened by its gentle influence. The musical spirit has penetrated into the public schools, and well it has. In this age of intense activ-



ity, no other recreation so relaxes the spirit and softens the cares and griefs of life. It is the innate yearning and expression of the soul which no words can articulate. Music has been the life of nations in the past and is the hope of the future.

The disease called "Americanitis" or high-pressure activity will find its antidote. It is music.

#### THE ATMOSPHERE IS ALL MUSIC.

The first impression the visitor receives at the New England Conservatory is the thoroughly tempered musical atmosphere of the place. Here are the best instructors in all branches that money can procure. Here they pour their life, spirit and enthusiasm into their work. Here the student hears the best music, talks it, sings it, plays it, in fact breathes it. Here the famous musicians of the world come to give recitals, and this direct personal contact with the best musical talent of the world at once inspires the student and bring out the best there is in them. This living, active association with the very air surcharged with music, gives the enthusiastic love for their work, that eventually results in a finished musical education. Even the traveller who visits the conservatory catches the infection and all latent musical ambition is aroused.

The thirst for knowledge is considered a primary essential in all education, and this is what the New England Conservatory fosters. Then, too, there are certain strong elements in historical associations. There is always something interesting in success, and when it is stated that Mme. Nordica, Abbie Carrington, Marguerite Norri, Maude Reese Davis, Genevieve Clark Wilson, J. C. Bartlett, Winfred Goff, and scores of other artists already famous or well on the road to fame, have received their education at the New England Conservatory—what more need be said? In nearly every state prominent musicians recall with pleasant memory the days at the New England Conservatory. This institution has abundantly demonstrated that it is unnecessary to go abroad for a musical education. What has made the music of European countries famous has been the work of just

such public and semi-public institutions as the New England Conservatory.

Like Vassar, Wellesley and other successful institutions, the New England Conservatory has associations and influences that do much in utilizing latent force and stimulating creative and original work. The "Con" girls enjoy their life as well as their work. What a volume those happy letters written home would fill! The social delights of their little clubs and friendships forms a life itself and determines careers. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, choral societies—offering the best in musical production are always accessible. The Conservatory building is the largest and finest in the world, representing an outlay of nearly \$1,000,000, located opposite a beautiful park, in the centre of Boston, and places the students in close touch with the best products of the times in the acknowledged literary and art center of the country.

#### ONLY THE BEST SYSTEMS IN VOGUE.

Instruction in vocal and instrumental music is given privately or in classes of two or more pupils. The personal needs of the student are first considered. In the class lessons each pupil is assigned such studies and pieces as are adapted to his particular case. The progress of the individual student is never retarded, but he is immediately advanced as proficiency permits. In class instruction, ease and grace in performing before others is rapidly acquired and individual and self-reliance and thoroughness is secured through the stimulating effort of class work.

The curriculum of the conservatory provides for all branches required in a complete education in music. The Faculty Concerts, Lecture Courses and Pupils' Recitals are definite objects to work for, and these combine studies in literature, languages, elocution, etc. The certificates granted upon the successful completion of the different grades of any of the full courses, while not equal to a full diploma, are of inestimable value to the fortunate owner.

The regular Pianoforte Course consists of two distinct but parallel branches of study; viz., a special and a general course. The special course including the develop-

## MUSIC IN AMERICA

ment of technique and the acquisition of repertoire, is taught in classes of three or four or privately, while the general course is devoted to theory, harmony, sight playing, transposing and analyzing, and is taught in classes only. A special normal course with actual training as teachers, is one of the especially interesting features.

In organ instruction practical church work is taken up in addition to solo playing, together with the study of harmony and composition. The general class in church playing and choir accompanying and the fourteen pipe and pedal organs furnished for practice give advantages not equalled by any other institution in Europe or America.

In voice culture the courses are admirably arranged in six grades. This department has proved equal to the most severe requirements, and the success of the graduates in itself tells the story. It includes a school of opera, with every possible advantage. At least one public performance of standard opera in costume with orchestra is given each year.

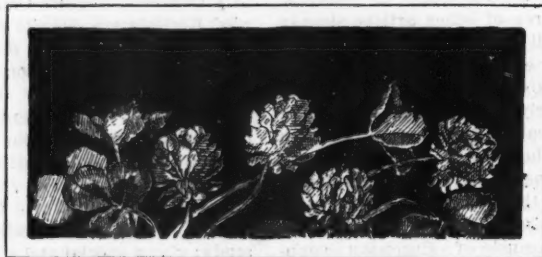
As in the case of the Pianoforte, the regular courses for graduation in Violin and Violincello consist of two parallel branches to be taken simultaneously; viz., a special course for the acquisition of execution and study of repertoire and a general course in Harmony, Theory, Sight Playing and Orchestral Practice.

The instructors in the courses for wind instruments are largely members of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra. The course of study is practically the same as that of the string instruments. In addition to the above—the other departments need only be mentioned to indicate the marvellous resources of the institution,—sight reading, ensemble play-

ing, piano and string orchestras, art of conducting, vocal music in schools, musical journalism, normal department, piano and organ tuning, elocution and post graduate course in oratory, general literature, languages, and physical culture, each in charge of the ablest instructors. The new director, Mr. George W. Chadwick, is already well known as one of the best American composers and conductors, and the course in composition and conducting is under his direct charge. The creative talent of students is given full play, and the result cannot help but prove fruitful in developing a distinctive school of American music. This is where the personality of music must be evolved, and the result of years of musical education in America will sooner or later find expression in compositions that will rank with the classics. It is only by this general growth, that the creative talent can be developed, and radiating from the New England Conservatory is an influence that is already widely manifesting itself. The New England Conservatory has a fixed place amongst American institutions. It has a mission. The two thousand students every year enrolled represent a tremendous and healthful influence all over the country. It is pledged and consecrated to music, and is working out its mission, and that is why it finds so warm a place in the hearts of the American people. The conservatory life adds to the charms of a womanly woman—the ideal mother—and the woman with her own bread to earn.

And when you say a musical education—there is an answer always ready—

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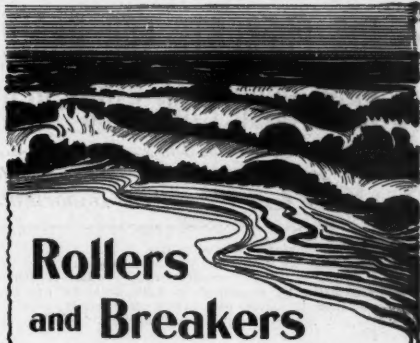
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The following 1,069 prizes will be given to the 1,069 persons making the greatest number of words from the letters in the word "NATIONAL." Use each letter as many times as you like in making words, but not more times than it appears in "NATIONAL." In any one word. Example: Nat, Not, Nit, Nil, A, At, An, Ant, Tin, Ton, Tan, In, It, etc. etc. You can use A and N twice, as in Ann, Inn, Nation, Natal. You can use the above words in making list. Use nothing but English; use any dictionary. This contest closes November 20, 1897. BEGIN NOW. Send your list when complete. No list of words received after November 20.

### Here Is the List of Prizes

1 Cash Prize.....	\$500
1 Cash Prize.....	300
1 Cash Prize.....	150
1 Cash Prize.....	100
5 Worcester Bicycles, \$100 each.....	500
10 Solid Gold Watches, \$50 each.....	500
25 Genuine Diamond Rings, \$25 each.....	625
100 Cash Prizes, \$5.00 each.....	500
200 Cash Prizes, \$3.00 each.....	600
500 Cash Prizes, \$2.00 each.....	1,000
225 Cash Prizes, \$1.00 each.....	225

1,069 PRIZES. \$5,000

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We are large publishers, and to more widely introduce our beautifully illustrated monthly, THE NATIONAL HOMESTEAD MAGAZINE, devoted to Choicest Modern Literature, The House, Garden and Kitchen, How to Obtain a Home, How to Build a House, and Furnish It at a minimum cost, and a score of other features new to the general public.

### How to Get a Prize

With your list of words you must send 25 cents, silver, postal, or express money order, or 30 cents in stamps, for a three months' subscription to the National Homestead Magazine. The person sending the largest list of words made from letters in the word "National" will win the \$500. The person sending the next largest, \$300; the next largest, \$150; the next, \$100; the next 5, each a Royal Worcester Bicycle, and so on until 1,069 presents are given away.

These prizes are given free and without consideration, twenty-five cents being the regular quarterly subscription price. Word-making is a

most fascinating and educational pastime. It is now the fad. Three prominent gentlemen, selected from three New York daily papers, will award the prizes, and certified checks will be sent to all cash prize winners. The names of the winners will be published in the next number of our great magazine immediately after the award. There will be 1,069 who will win from \$1 to \$500. It's worth your while to try it—it costs nothing. Our magazine alone is worth more than 25c. for three months.

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DO NOT ANSWER THIS if you are skeptical or unbelieving. The little 25-cent pieces we shall receive for subscriptions will not pay the cost of advertising unless we can merit your confidence and retain to the end your patronage and good will. The profits ultimately made by us come from advertising patronage to a Magazine of immense circulation at rates that amply repay us many times over the amount given away in presents to subscribers.

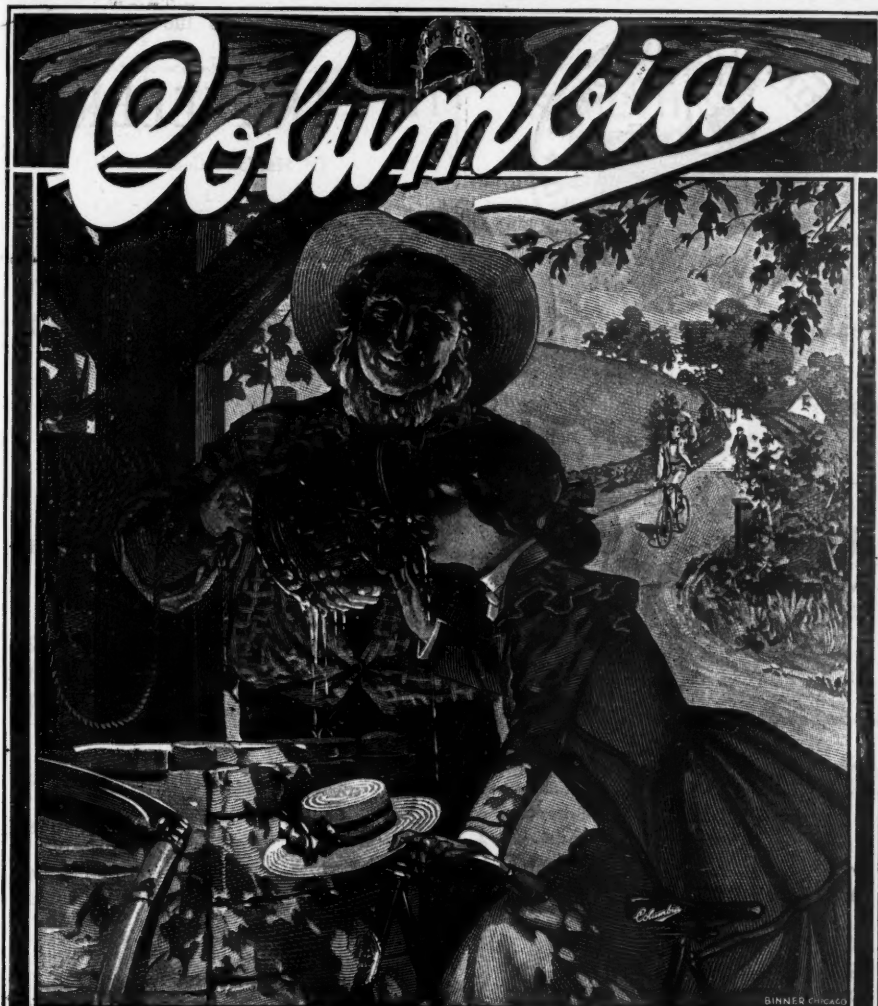
IN CONCLUSION we want it borne in mind that the primary object in publishing THE NATIONAL HOMESTEAD MAGAZINE is to present such features and attractions as will enable us to secure 100,000 new subscribers, and at the same time so educate the minds of the public at large as to enforce the belief that it is the duty of every one to own a home. The first requisite is the land. Our plan for those who acquire a homesite free is without a parallel in the history of the publishing business. And at the same time through the plans and specifications furnished free in THE NATIONAL HOMESTEAD MAGAZINE we show how to build houses costing from \$500 to \$5,000 and to furnish the same down to the minutest detail from the kitchen to the garret at a saving of from 25 to 40 per cent.

Always bear in mind that the man or woman who owns a home paid for is not only in a position to absolutely make life worth the living, but that the achievement is an encouragement to humanity in general.

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In Surplus,	388,737.03
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Premiums Received, 6 months,	2,833,794.91
(Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	

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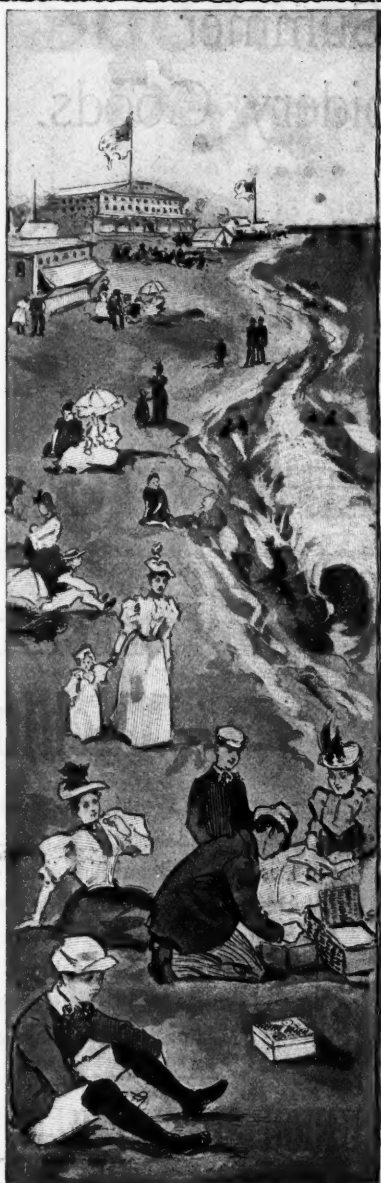
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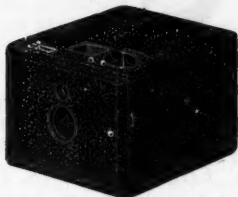
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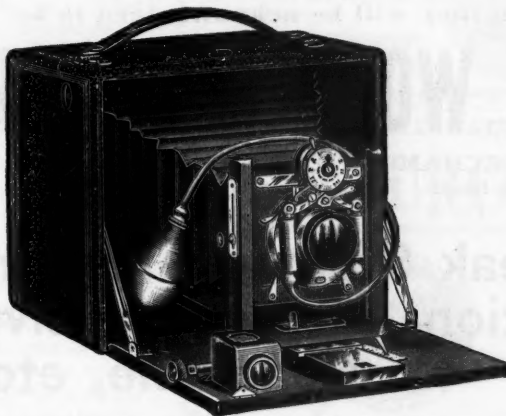
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The one section of the United States that has been most frequently compared to the English country is the Berkshire Hills, and justly so. The writer of this article, who has been in every county in England and knows it thoroughly, can bear testimony that there is no part of "Merrie England" that is more beautiful than the far-famed Berkshire Hills, and very few places in the famous island equal it. It is a particularly delightful resort for September and October trips, where the changing autumn foliage is more beautiful, it seems to us, than any other section of the country. What Nature has done for this country has been supplemented by the enterprise and wisdom of the residents of this section, who have maintained its high degree of excellence in every respect, splendid roads, excellent hotels, and wise local government, in fact everything that would make it delightful to visitors for a brief or a long stay.

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The Boston & Albany Railroad, which, as stated, is the only route direct to Pittsfield, is one of the best railways in the world. With a roadbed that (as we have frequently said before) is unequalled by any in the United States and passing through the most beautiful sections of Massachusetts, the trip itself between Boston & Pittsfield is one of the most attractive and delightful features of a visit to the Berkshires. The scenery from Springfield to Pittsfield "over the mountains is beautiful beyond description and can only be appreciated by those who have actually taken the trip. For any one trip to be taken for a fall outing we recommend this emphatically, and full information concerning it can be obtained at the city ticket offices of the Boston and Albany, No. 366 Washington Street, Boston, or at almost any station on the route.

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